Star Wars Episode Infinity: the Loops

By: Crossoverpairinglover

A long time ago, beyond the galaxy far far away, time itself broke. Now the multiverse is stuck on repeat and acts up often. This is the story of the mightiest of galactic heroes, trapped in near infinite repeats of time itself, and their adventures both in their own world and the rest of the multiverse. Part of the Infinite Loops fanfiction project

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-09-29

Updated: 2017-02-18

Words: 150966

Chapters: 18

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Adventure/Humor - Characters: Luke S., Anakin Skywalker - Reviews: 175 - Favs: 595 - Follows: 498

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10724500/1/Star-Wars-Episode-Infinity-the-Loops

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Chapter 1

Ever wonder why I haven't been updating Reset Bloodlines like I should have. Part of it is college, but I have recently joined the Infinite Loops Project.

I am now in charge of the Star Wars loops, as the various characters are trapped in their various insanities for the rest of time.

May the force protect us all…

Note, if no name accompanies the numbers, that means I wrote them.

Ever since he died saving his son, Anakin had been tortured for his failure by being sent back to his youth again and again.

Surrounded by the allies he betrayed, the innocents he slaughtered and the horrors he unleashed...for reasons he could not figure out no matter how hard he tried, nor had the wisest of people he had asked on the subject.

"The Force is many things Anakin, but it has limits. If the Force could be used to travel through time into the past to change things, the Sith would have used it to rip time apart and murder us all" Qui-Gon Jin, the only Jedi that Anakin had ever asked for advice on what was happening to him, seeing as Obi-Wan thought he was drunk or high the two times he had brought it up with him, told him in a quiet little corner of Tatoonie during the one time that he had went that far back to Tatoonie, with the much older Jedi kneeling in front of him. "I may not know what is causing what you have described, but rest assured young one, I will aide you in discovering the truth about your affliction. But first do tell me, does Obi-Wan ever act like me?"

Anakin nodded, a spark of mischief appearing in the gleam of his eyes.

The grin on Qui-Gon's face proceeded to bother Obi-Wan for several hours until the grin was lost.

Sadly, this conversation distracted Qui-Gon, so Maul ended up killing them all, on orders from Palpatine himself...

Palpatine.

The name itself caused so much anger to boil inside him, even as Anakin realized why such anger was a bad thing.

The man who manipulated him, tricked him and caused the events that ruined his life (a life ruined by his own hands, bitterly enough)...a abomination of the Dark Side who ruined the Galaxy and, as the Chosen One, he was destined to defeat to bring 'Balance to the Force'.

At the time of his death, the idea that 'Balance to the Force' could mean the end of the old Light and the old Dark, but if he was being sent back in time, perhaps he would be stuck in these resets of time until be brought balance in the way that Mace Windu and the other Jedi Council had suggested, by killing the Sith.

No matter how nauseous admitting the Council was right made him.

However...

Palpatine was quietly doing the paper work that was needed to keep a Republic going on its path to becoming a Empire, absently turned to the window and let loose a great blast of Force Lightning.

The blast shattered the window, and sent Anakin (Who had been sneaking in through the side to launch a surprise attack on Sidious),

falling to his death on the pavement far, far below.

That had been death number 7.

Though at least he didn't have to see her that time around...

Padme.

His wife, the person he cared about the most in his life (his mother and son perhaps as equals, but for now he was being overly dramatic in this thoughts, and the question of the daughter he only realized he had for a few minutes at the end of his life was also present...), dead by his hands.

Seeing her was both a great joy, and a great pain.

Did he even deserve to be in her company after what he did? Should be try to make amends for his crimes by being a better husband, or should he follow that saying 'if you truly love something, you should set it free where you can't force choke her'? And what of Luke and Leia, was it wrong to protect Padme from him at the expense of their very existence?

It was trying to avoid those question, perhaps subconsciously, that drove Anakin to try to end Palpatine by any means, attacking him in every conceivable way.

Alone and upfront, in sneak attacks, with the Jedi and with Clones...it all resulted in his death.

But the last one...it was the worst. Ironically enough, it was his only success

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It was a simple yet ingenious plan, if Anakin had to pat himself on the back.

First he found Bariss, beat her to a pulp and stole her nano droids, before throwing her body into the Cthon infested parts of the under city he had killed Plo's niece in.

Then he slipped them into Tarkin's meal, resisting the urge to kill him right then and there.

Finally, he waited for the racist bastard to have a meeting with the Chancellor.

All he had to do then, was push the remote detonator that was currently in Anakin's hand from his safe little observation spot of the Senate Building.

Boom

Anakin grinned as he heard the audible explosion of the Chancellor's office in a burst of energy.

He was dead, the wicked Sith he was sent back in time to kill by the force was finally dead! Maybe now he could finally...

Anakin's eyes widened in horror as the explosion, which he had deliberately set up to only be large enough to engulf the Chancellor's office/evil lair, somehow caused the entire Senate building to erupt into a giant mushroom cloud.

Just when Padme was on her Herculean task of getting Senators to vote for the common good and not based on their wallets.

"NOOOOOOOO!" for the first time since he started these loops, Anakin let out a great, big No into the sky.

Padme was dead, and it was because of him that she was so...AGAIN.

Collapsing to the ground, tears streaming out of his eyes Anakin looked at fury into the sky, with his eyes briefly flashing gold.

"Is this what you want from me, Force! To trap me in some eternal nightmare because I messed up!" Anakin shouted into the sky "Well, if that's what you want, well there you have it! Palpatine is dead, and I'm sure Obi-Wan and the other masters can deal with Dooku! Now" Anakin drew his light saber from his pocket and pointed it right at his chest "Let! Me! Actually! DIE!"

ZZZZPT!

And that was how Anakin had gotten to where he was now. Sitting on some archaic train, with no idea how he had gotten here or what the point of it was, except that he was some sort of 'Muggleborn' going to 'Hogwarts', and he was about 11 if he had to guess.

Did he break reality in his anger? Because for some reason his head was filled with strange memories about things like a country called the United Kingdom, a queen named Elizabeth, and vehicles that uses wheels and ran on archaic and wasteful fossil fuels.

For some reason people considered going to the moon to be huge. What was so huge about a barren rock? Children went to moons on school trips, it wasn't an international affair.

Anakin also held up the stick that he, for some reason, had instead of a light saber. What sort of primitive backwater was this place?

He sensed the approaching presence before he heard the door open, and so he turned rapidly towards it, pointing his useless stick at the intruder in what he could only hope was a battle ready pose.

He found his piece of wood pointed at a boy about his age, with black hair and large glasses that looked like they were mostly made of tape. He had green eyes and a lightning shaped scar on his forehead.

He also looked surprised to see him.

"...Your new" the boy commented as Anakin continued to point his stick at him "Are you a friend of Ranma's?"

Anakin lowered his stick briefly in confusion "Ranma? What's a Ranma?"

The boy looked curious "Oh, then are you one of Ichigo's friends?"

"Who?"

The boy walked closer to him, and Anakin responded by pointing his stick at him with more gusto. In response, the boy drew his own stick and made a red light fly out of it was some strange words, Expell a something...

The red light knocked his stick out of his hand, sending it clunking across the floor and under a chair as Anakin responded with the force, ripping the boy's stick from his hands and into his own.

That caused the boy to adjust his glasses in shock "Interesting..." the boy's eyes lit up in some sort of realization as Anakin resisted the urge to just force choke him "...Say, by any chance have you found yourself relieving your life recently?"

It was a most...informative lecture after this.

That day, a 'September the first 1991' local time, was the day Anakin Skywalker learned of the loops.

"Haven't seen you before. You new to the loops?"

"Yep."

"You know you replaced Sasuke right?"

"I guess"

"...Do you naturally have hair like a duck or are you prone to murderous revenge sprees that alienate everyone you care about from you?"

"...Sadly the later"

"...Heads up, if you try to stab me in a place called the Valley Of The End, I will beat you to a pulp"

"Don't worry, I have no plans on murdering anyone this loop"

It was Anakin's second fused loop, and this time he was something called a 'ninja'. The person he was talking to, a tanned blond with blue eyes and whisker like markings on his face that would have prevented him from ever being made a stormtrooper, was one of Harry Potter's contemporaries of the original anchor generation, Naruto Uzumaki.

He apparently was a prankster who had a malevolent creature of pure energy locked inside him. Anakin really didn't understand how that worked, but somehow the idea of locking a mountain sized mammal into a baby's stomach violated at least a few laws of physics.

He probably got some part of the thing wrong, but the sight of a pink haired human female was confusing him at the time. Did humans have additional pigments in this world?

He was apparently a member of a training squad, Team 7 apparently. He was teamed up with said anchor, and a blue haired girl wearing a coat that looked like something you'd wear on Hoth with eyes like pearls, as oppose to the oddly pink haired girl as was apparently the norm for Naruto (Something about her starting to act a little...off, and Naruto wanting some space from any version of her after some incident last loop)

Not that Anakin had any idea what happened, and probably didn't want to, so his mind went back to the pearl eyed girl named Hinata

Hyuga he was teamed up with this loop as part of a three looper team.

Again, it was kind of odd the variations in the humans in this loop. Again, like the physics of stuffing a giant energy mammal into an infants naval, Anakin wasn't sure how having no visible pupils affected a person's sight.

He could quite plainly see the girl wasn't blind, but still...

Oh, and for some reason he was barely a teenager.

They all were barely teenagers...

"Welcome to Training Ground Seven"

Anakin's train of thought was derailed as the trio found themselves meeting up with their sensei in the middle of a field, surrounded by forests with two wooden posts in the center. He had grayinsh-white hair (Despite being around Anakin's age during the Clone Wars if Anakin had to guess by appearance alone, perhaps a bit older), with a mask covering not only his entire lower face, but a headband with the symbol of the Hidden Leaf Village/ Konohagagkure no Sato (apparently, according to Naruto, the name swapped around a lot, like some person named Haku's gender and apparently Blaise Zabini from Harry's world) covering his right eye. He was named Kakashi Hatake, and he was apparently supposed to be his ninjutsu teacher this loop. (Technically, as Naruto had apparently had the time to master all forms of ninjutsu in his time looping and would actually be teaching him and instead the trio would use Kakashi akin to something called 'a beard'. Anakin had no idea what Obi-Wan had to do with this, but he just went along with it)

Honestly, these humans were just bizarre looking, and unlike Hagrid, Flitwick or Voldemort they didn't have non human ancestry, or evil rituals, to explain it. For some reason, it worried Anakin that the anchor somehow seemed to be the most normal looking, particularly

when said anchor wore clothing so obnoxiously orange that even Jar Jar Binks wouldn't wear it.

Anakin hoped what he had seen so far was the weirdest things got.

Meanwhile, a duo of green jumpsuit wearing punching enthusiasts running up and down a sheer cliff with a panicking teammate strapped to their backs apiece sneezed in unison, sending all four of them falling into the water below.

"...In order to pass this test, you must retrieve these bells from me before time runs out" he had sort of zoned out as Kakashi apparently explained a test that basically boiled down to 'I have two bells that will pass two, but I actually won't pass any of you if you all don't work together', at least as Naruto had summarized it. "Any questions?"

"Very well, begin"

"Okay" Anakin grinned as he extended his hand forward, causing the two bells currently tied to Kakashi's waste to vibrate, before both were telekinetically ripped from Kakashi and sent flying into the waiting Naruto and Hinata's hands. "They pass"

Kakashi just stared at them in shock as the first of many, many odd incidents involving these Genin this loop.

1.3

KSSSH KUHHH KSSSH KUHHH

Anakin Skywalker, finding himself stuck in the damn suit, looked at the black, metallic hands of Darth Vader with disdain.

Of course this would happen at some point.

His entire damn life was on repeat, and he spent over half of it in the damn thing...odds were he was probably going to have to loop in the thing.

KSSSH KUHHH KSSSH KUHHH

...Vader considered possibly trying to end this loop quickly, but some of the advice that Harry and Naruto had given him was ringing in his ear.

'Crashing loops because they suck, will only bring up a worse loop'.

He had no idea what was worse than the damn suit, but he wasn't eager to find out.

"Governor Tarkin. I thought you would be the one holding Vader's leash."

Vader's eyes went wide under his visor (which was hard to do with the burns he got from his idiocy), as he realized when woke up.

Moments before Tarkin blew up his daughter's home planet, as he watched.

But really...Tarkin holding his *leash* ? That was ridiculous.

Still shocked at hearing that, much of the resulting conversation was tuned out, but he caught one particular bit.

"...Since you're reluctant to provide us with the location of the rebel base, I have chosen to test this station's destructive power on your home planet of Alderaan"

As this line was uttered, the composure of his daughter (Not that she knew that), broke apart faster than a droid battle formation in his way, Vader began to rapidly think.

This had to change. This moment would make Leia hate him for all eternity (Even though it was Tarkin who blew Alderaan up), and a moment he himself could amend with the loops.

He had to try, at least. But what could he do!? There was no way he could apparate to the core, wreck it and get back without being

noticed by Tarkin, and he probably would splinch himself in the process.

True, his limbs were mechanical, but it would be really annoying to deal with, and explain.

There had to be something he could say, or do that could stop this. Perhaps he should appeal to Tarkin's better nature...

Or just stab him, considering Tarkin didn't have a better nature. He could just give Tarkin's job to Yularen, who would be far less trigger happy.

"...Then name the system!" Tarkin demanded as Leia continued to beg him to save Alderaan, as an idea came to Anakin's mind.

The only thing that could possibly save Alderaan, at least in his opinion.

KSSSH KUHHH KSSSH KUHHH

"...That would be unwise, Tarkin" Vader spoke up as Tarkin glared up from the emotional senator.

"What would be unwise for me to do on **my** ship, Vader?" Tarkin drawled as the looping sith lord continued.

"Alderaan, while rebellious, is a major source of Imperial Tax Dollars. Destroying it will unbalance the budget"

Both Tarkin and Leia just stared at him in shock: Tarkin for going against his call and Leia for suggesting they spare her planet, for money.

"We can simply raise taxes to amend the missing revenue" Tarkin commented matter of factly as he looked ready to signal the gunner again.

Anakin decided to try a different approach.

"Raising taxes will not remedy the loss of Alderaanian wine. You will encourage dissent among the Moffs for putting a finite limit on the remaining stocks of it, and will encourage wine dealers, tasters and collectors to support the Rebellion"

Tarkin looked further annoyed at him for stalling, while Leia looked like furious that he continued to put material wealth as reasons not to destroy a highly inhabited planet, as oppose to humanitarian reasons.

In her distraught state, of course, she failed to realize Tarkin didn't care about humanitarian concerns.

"You're unusually cautious today" Tarkin stated in an icy tone of voice "Does my weapon make you fear you would become, irrelevant perhaps?"

"Anyone can operate your oversized disco ball Tarkin, not everyone can use The Force" Anakin responded in kind.

"I have no idea what a disco ball is Vader. Perhaps you have finally gone crazy, just like your old friends in the Jedi Order..."

It was a long time ago, several loops away from his current one, that anchor Luke Skywalker had begun looping.

At first, he wasn't sure what was going on. One moment he was a Force Ghost ensuring his descendant Cade dealt with the Sith, the next he was back on Tatooine buying new droids for his Uncle Owen all over again.

He had no idea what was going on, except that he had somehow gone back in time. In doing so, he could (hopefully) amend his mistakes and stop catastrophes.

He could stop Alderaan from blowing up, redeem his father before his death, save Ben, not flirt with his sister, not loose his hand to his

unredeemed father, ensure the Emperor actually died early, save Chewie and Anakin Solo, limit the Vong's rampage, save Jacen from the Dark Side, save Mara's life...it was a long list of things he wanted to see prevented.

He accomplished many of them, but time kept resetting even when he managed them.

However, he eventually met a man named Ranma, who told him that he was in sort of 'infinite time loop' that spanned the multiverse. It was a place of majesty, filled with great spirit swordsmen, planetary soldiers of justice, and something more destructive than the Death Star called a 'Kamehameha wave'.

However, the monotony was starting to get to Luke. As much as he loved Ben, Han and the others, he was starting to feel bad about putting their lives at risk, so this time he decided to go to stop the Death Star on his own, seeing as he woke up a bit earlier this time around.

(it helped he woke up somewhat earlier this time)

Leaving his Aunt and Uncle, he managed to obtain a ship (Credits could be kept in his subspace pocket, apparently) and left Tatooine, though first obtaining R2 (Who had important plants he needed for the Rebellion, and who would be searched for by the Imperials and thus lead to his aunt and uncle dying), and 3PO (Who you couldn't really leave and only take R2), and had managed to break into the Death Star without being detected.

Having done a variant of his current plan a few times before with Han and Ben (Who were not looping, though according to Ramna that could (probably would) happen sometime in the future), he had snuck into the Death Star core and disabled it.

With that, all he had to do was go save Leia from their father (Who was not aware of their relation) and Tarkin, take her back to the Rebellion, and get a laugh or two at Tarkin's performance issues.

However, what he found instead was somewhat odd...

"...Perhaps its finally time we retire you like the old relic of the Republic you are, just like the Venator cruisers you loved so much!"

Tarkin was hounding his father, who was apparently arguing that they shouldn't destroy Alderaan...for taxation purposes?

What in the name of the Force was going on?

This wasn't normal for his father at all: he never bothered about taxation in any of the previous times he had encountered him.

Was this some sort of variant loop, like that time Ben had killed his father and Vader was actually a different person?

"I am quite fond of the Venators, I felt it was quite wasteful to abandon so many in deep space for Pirates to steal. As to being an old relic, the Force is old, yes, but quite reliable. I mean, a single fighter could destroy this thing with a single photon torpedo. You cannot destroy the Force without destroy all life, which I am told is rather difficult to do"

"A *photon torpedo!* ? Preposterous"

Luke's eyes went wide at that remark just as his sister flinched, unnoticed by Tarkin (she probably knew how that would be done from the plans). The only way his father could be aware of how easy it would be to destroy the Death Star would be if he was...

Using Shunpo, Luke lunged at Tarkin faster than anything in this universe, his green light saber glowing.

Tarkin didn't even realize he was dead until he was, in fact, dead on the floor as Luke deactivated his blade and stared at his shocked father and sister.

"Luke..." Vader said in surprise.

"Father" Luke said, simply to see his reaction. Vader's reaction seemed to be mostly surprised to see him also time traveling.

Leia, however...

"Wait...what!?"

"I have a son, L...Senator Organa" Vader noted with a notable near slip on his part "It happens. He just doesn't like the empire and I don't really talk about him much to other people. Political assassination threats on his life and all...of course as I just said that and just allowed the death of a high ranking government official to occur on my watch, I guess I will have to retire from the dark enforcer thing..."

On a scale of 1 to 10, Luke was giving that explanation of low 7 personally.

A few hours after Luke blew up the Death Star once more, he finally got a chance to talk with his father, who had slipped away from the rebellion before Mothma and the others could detain him.

Luke, on the other hand, could track him down easily enough. It helped, of course, that despite blowing up the Death Star, his heritage made him somewhat...unpopular with the rebels and they were content to let him go if he A, didn't bother them, B, bothered the empire, and C, kept Vader occupied.

"So...your looping?" his father spoke as Luke entered the quiet temple room Vader was hiding out in until the Rebels left.

"I see you know about it then, so I don't need to give you the whole spewl about the multiverse"

"Correct, Harry Potter and Naruto Uzumaki already filled me in"

Luke rose a confused eyebrow at that one. He had heard of the famous wizard looper and the 'Ninja' looper, but hadn't met them yet. Yet somehow, his father had.

"You've already had two fused loops?" Luke was confused at that one. As the Anchor, he had been looping for longer than his father should have, yet he already had the same many as he did?

"Of course, I am the anchor after all. I began looping first"

Luke just stared at his father "No, I'm the anchor"

"I am afraid you are mistaken my son, I am the anchor"

"No, I am father. You cannot have two anchors, and I was looping before you were"

"I can assure you, Luke, that I am in fact the anchor. I am sure further loops can answer this question and prove that I am correct"

"...I've got nothing" next loop, this was all Harry Potter had to say when confronted with this question on the Hogwarts express by 1st year student Luke Skywalker and his father, the Auror Anakin Skywalker. "I know Anakin's an anchor, and Ramna's knows how to tell the anchor from a looper...so somehow you both must be anchors"

"But, that can't be?!" Luke demanded as Harry shrugged.

"Again, I've got nothing"

1.4

"...How is an infinity symbol supposed to help explain how we both can be anchors?"

"First of all, it's a Venn Diagram, second its not supposed to do that. It's simply a visual display of a theory made visible in order to better

explain what I believe is..."

"Father please, just let Mr. Fantastic talk"

Anakin and Luke found themselves in a laboratory with a blue and white dressed man whose body was stretching in ways that humans did not stretch in, who was twisted around and pointing to a holographic image of a infinity like set of circles: with two circles meeting in a way that displayed a central overlap in the center that was within both circles that dominated the center of a laboratory of some sort filled with inventions, several of which even managed to go over the Jedi's heads despite this world being far less developed than the ones they were used to.

Even Tatooine was further along than most 'Earths', and it was a backwater that Anakin would blow up with the Death Star if his mother's grave wasn't there (and he didn't want to deal with the emotions that exhuming her remains would cause)

"Thank you Luke. This diagram is simply what I perceive as your status being as loopers with oddly distinct temporal periods, as oppose to how Steve, despite having ample ability to similarly anchor, does not anchor the 1940's. Now, the part on the left represents the Clone Wars and related troubles, Anakin's time as a hero, the Prequel Trilogy, however you wish to describe it" a little icon of Anakin's vader mask appeared above it to Anakin's slight annoyance "On the right represents the Galactic Civil War, Luke's original period of heroism, the Original Trilogy, etc etc" a little icon of Luke's head popped up over Luke's section.

"Now, based on general looper theorem, one can assume that you two will cause others to loop based on the strength of your connections. Hence why there are so many loopers from the worlds of heroes, the world of ninjas and the world of wizards, while so few loopers come from less connected worlds, such as the world of angels. In the world of heroes, for examples, as the anchors are individuals who function as almost 'hearts and souls' of their super hero communities, you find a rapid increase in looping populations

as oppose to other worlds of similar age, such as your own or the world of the transformers. Just in the last three loops, we've seen the final member of my team, Johnny, begin looping, along with Bobby from the X-Men, while I heard from my intern Virgil Hawkins last loop that recently Zatanna, Buddy Baker and Garfield Logan have woken up as well. Due to this, one can assume that, as a longer lived and more friendly and likeable individual, Luke will find himself with far more looping companions than you Anakin"

Anakin grumbled something about Luke inheriting the best of his mother or something along those lines as the Ven Diagram began to fill up: with Anakin's side having little icons with Shmi's, Padme's, Rex's and Ahsoka's faces on them (a head icon of Palpatine also briefly popped up, before it vanished so quickly Anakin wasn't sure if he actually saw it), while Luke's had Han's, Leia's, Lando's, Chewbacca's, Mara Jade's, Corran Horn's, Kyle Katarn's, Lowbacca's, Ackbar's, Nas Choka's and several dozen others.

"Wait...why is the hand's face up there" Anakin noted the red head's surprise appearance (though he had no idea what the one after Ackbar's was, he didn't even recognize its species) as Luke smiled.

"Oh, Mara? She's my wife"

Anakin just stared at his son blankly "Son, I know twins are supposed to mimic each other, but you didn't have to find someone who is nearly as nauseating as Solo to marry just to spite me like she did"

"That has nothing to do with it, and Leia's not even looping"

"She's my daughter, she'd find a way to spite me without even knowing it."

Reed coughed to regain their attention.

"...In laws aside, these individuals are not likely to be the first from your world to begin looping" he then noted the merged area, where

icons of R2-D2, C-3PO, Obi-Wan and Yoda popped up "No, instead I hypothesize that the ones who have a strong connection with both of you will begin looping first, though perhaps not all four of them before others appear."

"Great, being stuck with Yoda for all eternity, talking like this end up I will" Anakin scoffed, taking on a bad imitation of Yoda's accent as Luke shook his head at his father's somewhat juvenile behavior.

"Father, he's not that bad"

"Luke...that...whatever he is, isn't some cuddly, innocent furry creature, he's a scheming little midget. Ever here of the Hardeen incident..."

Reed again coughed to stop Anakin from going onto another rant.

"Again, this is merely a hypothesis. Hopefully I will be able to gather further data on this multiple anchor timeline theorem upon later testing. I heard tale of another world of space fairing heroes that I believe could possibly hold interesting data"

"Oh...them" Anakin had a frown on his face as he turned to his son "Luke...if you ever loop into that world, or ever run into a pointy eared man named Spock...don't mention that you're related to me"

"...Do I want to know?" Luke reluctantly asked.

"...In my defense, I wasn't awake at the time, but no, you probably don't"

1.5

Luke had received a message from his father about a week into the loop.

After spending a week as his aunt and uncle's helpful nephew again (And working on appreciating them a bit more. Luke was aware he didn't have best of relations with his uncle, rebellious teenager and

all, but after a loop in Harry Potter's shoes he was quite aware they could be far worse), he had received the message via messenger droid.

It was...sort of odd.

"Dear Son"

"Was trapped in loop where all communications was by song. Said loop likely caused damage to my already off sanity, though it probably is temporary. I am currently a trigger happy, stressed out Sith Lord who expects every conversation to break out into a musical montage and has to physically keep his hand from going into choking motions. Have taken a shuttle into the Unknown Regions to find peace and quiet far away from musical merriment. Please don't contact me unless it is necessary, and definitely not anywhere where there are singers, instruments, Rap Artist Munns, or Psychedelia inducing Gungans"

"I Am Your Father"

"P.S, Obi-Wan has a terrible singing voice. He should never be part of a Disney Film. Mundi and Fisto actually not half bad. Will probably murder them if I encounter the Jedi High Choir again"

So that was what a variant loop was like within your own loop? He had heard about them from Ranma and the others, loops where people's morality was off without looper intervention, people changed genders and Dolores Umbridge physically resembled someone named Lady Gaga.

He had never heard of a musical loop though. It sounded...unnerving.

So, with a few days to set up a 'I want to see the universe on my own' conversation with his uncle, Luke left Tattoine and had made his way to Byss, where he promptly destroyed all of Palpatine's

clones, the cloning equipment and anything that could potentially be used to get the process restarted at an accelerated rate.

One Palpatine was too much as it was, clones were overkill. Palpatine was his and his father's problem, Ben did not need to deal with him. Cade wouldn't deal with him. The universe was already damaged enough without reality damaging clones running around, etc etc.

Now, it was time to deal with the 'prime clone' as the original source was called.

"...Jedi, I'm taking it your the reason I cannot find my apprentice" from his throne, the old and evil Darth Sidious, Dark Lord of the Sith and enemy of Truth, Justice and the Galactic Way, drawled as Luke appeared before him, face to face. "Though I must say, you look rather young for a Jedi who escaped my sight all those years ago."

The Skywalker males had been looping for a while now.

They had traveled to various worlds and seen many wonderful and horrible things, and learned skills that went beyond the force.

By now, they had passed beyond the power level of Sidious and both could and did kill him whenever they could to make the lives of everyone else a lot better (Luke for longer than Anakin due to being more familiar with killing Palpatine than he was, and for the fact that Palpatine knew Anakin well enough he could be on guard the moment Anakin started acting 'differently'/not like a slowly groomed apprentice to the dark arts).

However, Palpatine was still dangerous. He could still kill them, and he could still sense them, so they had to be rather careful in how they approached him, particularly Anakin considering Palpatine was considered a benevolent and beloved leader and murdering him openly was not an option.

But Luke had the option of walking up to the guy and challenging him to a duel to the death, a fringe benefit of the Galactic Empire and the massive amount of hate the galaxy had for him.

"Might I assume you were trained by a Jedi who slipped through my fingers? Obi-Wan Kenobi, Yoda, Shaak Ti, K'Krukh?" the Sith continued as if he was discussing the weather, as oppose to being confronted by a dangerous opponent"

"Oh, one here and the other there. You could say I am mostly self taught" Luke darkly bantered back as he activated his green lightsaber "And no, I am not the reason that Anakin Skywalker isn't here to save you now."

Sidious glared at him for that comment "How...disrespectful, like a ill-behaved youngling. None the less, it does appear I will be needing a new apprentice, and I can sense quite...strong force in you young one. Join me, and learn the power of the dark side"

"No thanks, I have all the power I need" Luke pointed his blade at Palpatine as he continued "You, on the other hand, have far too much of it"

"That, boy, is a matter of perspective. The idea of too much power...how foolish" and with that, lightning was fired.

A epic duel later, a panting Luke stood over the dead body of the Emperor of the Galaxy, and last Lord of the Sith seeing as his father was not into it and decided to instead seek silence for a loop.

The battles with Palpatine may get shorter and shorter with each iteration (as they learned what the man could do), but even then, not as quickly as other foes.

Among the loopers he had met, he had heard tales of how quickly the great and powerful foes of the baseline became push overs. Even among his 'class' of newer loopers, it was already the case

with the first looper who came around in the world of a young woman named Bulma: the looper known as Goku had already taken to easily overpowering his greatest baseline foes like stormtrooper fodder in only 5 loops.

However, neither he nor his father were like that. No matter the power they gained, Sidious was still a dangerous foe. He was cunning, adaptive and had access to a massive amount of power in a galaxy saturated in the dark side. While they could gather great power to match that on a basic level, none of them could deal with those advantages in any doable way quickly enough.

May the Force (and the admins) never allow him to loop. Palpatine could easily become the most dangerous looper in such a scenario...a threat even to the Original Seven individually in no less than two fused loops for each of them.

Thankfully, all the conventional looping wisdom said that Sidious could not loop, and Luke would hold out hope that remained the case.

Now, he had several things to do. While his father leaving did distort the Death Star plans, and hopefully threw the rise of Lumiya off (Luke personally liked his nephew not a Sith Lord) , a giant planet destroying space station was still floating around, the Galactic Empire had to be properly dismantled, a new Jedi Order formed, an extra-galactic alien invasion to plan for in nearly 30 years, and he had to convince Mara not to murder him for taking down Palpatine.

All in a loops work for Luke Skywalker.

Speaking of the loop, wonder how Leia's mission was going without her ship being boarded?

"Beep beep beep"

"Are you trying to jinx us R2!? Honestly, I can't even understand why your so concerned"

The famous droid duo, currently in orbit over the planet Tatooine, was currently in one of their famous 'arguments'.

R2 was being annoying, while 3PO was berating him, yet somehow R2 came off as the mature one in the end. It was one of those universal singularities of the universe really, and it was a sign to their boss for the loop, the young and noble Princess Leia Organa of Alderaan, that things were going as normal.

"Might I ask what is troubling him?" Leia rose a curious eyebrow as the golden protocol droid turned to her.

"It is rather odd Mistress Leia. For some reason, R2 seems to believe Darth Vader and an army of imperials were going to attack this vessel an hour ago. As if the Emperor's right hand would ever be this far out in the middle of nowhere"

"BEEP BEEP BEEP!"

"...He now seems to think we're messing with him or something. He keeps mentioning someone called Luke Skywalker...it really is bizarre"

Leia looked confused as the little astromech continued to go crazy "...This is troubling, but it's too late to get another R2 unit. We'll have him checked after we find Master Kenobi"

1.6 (Valentine Meiken)

Darth Vader walked into the Emperor's chambers, flaring his cloak impressively.

"My liege, I bring news of a plot to assassinate you..." Vader announced, "I strongly suggest you remain in this room."

"Thank you for your suggestion, my apprentice..." Palpatine declared, "I will take that into consideration..."

Vader then walked out of the chamber, then hit a button on the high yield explosive devices he'd dropped when he flared his cloak, before humming the Imperial March to himself.

1.7 (jjxz,edited by myself)

Ranma and the Skywalker Anchors looked at the sight of what they had inevitably created, with great dread and uncertainty of what they could do

The loop had started as normal, in the "Vader" era. Ranma had replaced Obi-Wan, but that wasn't uncommon. Last time, Lina Inverse had replaced Obi-Wan.

Luke still smelled like Giga Slaves after that one.

Anyway, The member of the O7, the hero of the rebellion and the Jedi-turned-Sith had decided to see how much damage could they cause to the Death Star with a direct fight, as oppose to blowing it up from the inside or making a run at it with bombers, and that included using anything in their Pockets.

One thing lead to another, and the crazy really hit the fan when Ranma accidentally released another Death Star from his growing collection of them...

And two copies from the Movie-Variant of the Transformers' All Spark, which once was able to be kept in the Subspace Pocket at all times, but this ability to was severely damaged by the Crash. (which is a whole bucket of bolts we don't need to get into right now)

So, the resulting nightmare fuel would not happen again outside of a dedicated fused loop 7 times out of 10.

"I, Deathtronus, will conquer the galaxy!" The first Death Star shouted, having reshaped itself into a giant, humanoid robot with a lot of guns and a deep, scary voice

"No, brother! I, Staronius, will protect it, and all living things from your greed!" Ranma's own said in a deep, wise voice, having also turned into a giant robot, with a shield and axe instead of all the guns.

"Then, we don't have other option, but to FIGHT TO THE DEATH!" Deathtronus said, charging his plasma cannon with his planet destroying blast.

"One shall rise, one shall FALL!" Staroius said, charging in with his axe and shield that could theoretically slice a planet in half.

Ranma only sighed inside a Millennium Falcon Ranma had bought off this loops Han. "And this, my folks, is why I usually keep the All-Sparks in uninhabited planets."

"... Has... Another thing... Touched an All-Spark?" Luke said, between trying to make his mouth work again and wake his father up, who collapsed at the sight of two sentient death star giant robots battling for the fate of the cosmos.

"Once, it touched ALL the mechas and Iron Man Armors Shinji and I had." Ranma shuddered at the memory. "It wasn't pretty."

"I don't want to know, do I?"

"No, no you do not. It's a long story, but involved a High School/Harem Fused Loop, three tons of pasta, and a bet gone horribly wrong."

Anakin Skywalker did not need looping to realize he was a horrible person.

He did need it to realize that he was not as irredeemable as he once thought, even after death.

Time loops then once again reminded him of how far he still had to go, of course.

One of the most...pressing concerns is a revelation.

A rather obvious one, truth be told, but one that never really sunk in until a few attempts at parenting.

Anakin, really didn't know how to be a parent.

Sure, he didn't do something obviously wrong (he did not give Luke and Leia chainsaws, for instance, or starve them in a dark cave whenever they made a mistake in their potty training), but there was just a certain level of...touch, he couldn't seem to get.

Was it just because he was, more often that not, a single parent because the universe seemed to take a unhealthy glee in killing off Padme no matter what he did to try and deal with the potential problems?

Was it just the fact that, if he took Luke and Leia in, either at the start or retrieved them from their 'homes', that he was still learning which people in the empire to fire, which to exile, and which to mind wipe.

Or was he just not fit to be around children?

Sure, he hadn't had any, ultra concerning situations yet (No Leia's killing innocent furry creatures, no Luke's setting fires), but they had, at various loops been arrested for petty crimes, been utterly spoiled brats, and turned into lawyers, depending on what tweeks Anakin was using on his parenting methods at the time.

He really didn't know which was worse.

He tried to emulate his mother on a few occasions to see if that work...problem was that he...really couldn't pull off her saintly level of

patience.

Perhaps there were, other ways he could figure out what to do to improve his parenting techniques...

"Miss Richards, you and your husband have managed to raise two children loop after loop with, as far as I can tell, no problems at all" Anakin decided to go to the best looping parents he could think of at the top of his head, the Richards of the Fantastic Four, for advice on his concerns with his parenting style. The blue bodysuited blond looked interested in what he was asking of her as he continued "I would like to know your secret"

"Secret?"

"Despite the repeated kidnapping, murder, reality alteration and, at times, descent of their father into mad science territory, neither Franklin nor Valeria are in any visible way, damaged, yet when anything remotely like that happens with either Luke or Leia, they don't handle it nearly as well. How do you do it"

The brilliant and most powerful member of the four pondered this question for a moment as Anakin removed a notepad and pen (how rustic) from his subspace pocket as she thought up what she and Reed had that kept their kids so well off and normal, even with reality warping powers and a uncle figure in Victor Von Doom, respectively.

"Well let's see...we have a stable home, both Reed and I are able to spend as much time with them as needed, Reed normally keeps his 'mad scientist phase', as you call it, side in check" he had not done anything crazy like, say, building robotic Thor clones again.

As Anakin took notes, she continued "Oh...and they have the loving support of their uncle Johnny and Franklin's godfather Ben"

"Godfather?" Anakin tilted his head in curiosity as Susan smiled.

"Oh, you don't have that in your loop?"

"I don't know, I never asked. I'm not exactly an expert on father figures" Considering the list of people who could vaguely be called that included his owner, his master and the Dark Lord of the Sith, it was quite possible godfathers did exist in his world and he had no idea.

"Well, a godfather is a person who is meant to become the child's guardian should the parents die. They also generally give the child additional support and generally are seen as the 'fun' parent."

Anakin looked intrigued at what he was hearing.

A godfather, was that the answer?

Kuush.

In the desert wasteland of Tattooine, a black armored figure entered a hut dramatically.

"Obi-Wan Kenobi. I am need of your services"

The armored, in recovery for evil actions, Sith looked around in confusion as he heard no response "Obi-Wan? Kenobi? Old Man?"

Where was he? He was the obvious choice for a godfather...

ZTTT

...Perhaps he should have remembered that Obi-Wan was not only currently not a looper, and he also had a lot of reasons to stab him.

Perhaps he should try some other sources for advice on non-godfather based advances in parenting

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"...Go away" the dark brooding figure in front of the large computer in the cave waved Vader off.

"I simply wish to have some advice for parenting from you, Batman" the dark lord asked as Batman ignored him, but did bring up one file, labeled under 'All Star' and 'Disturbing Variant'.

"Do not make your kids eat rats, and your fine. Now, leave before I activate the magnet"

"...Bub" the short, hairy man in yellow, though covered up by biker gears, told Anakin as the two played pool somewhere in the western motor lanes "Why the hell are you asking me about how to raise kids?"

Striking the white ball with the result of putting one of his striped bars in one of the holes, Anakin rose an eyebrow "Kitty's come out quite well. Same with Jubilee, Laura and whoever else you've adopted since I last checked. I mean, Jubilee even manages to handle getting her powers removed and getting turned into a vampire well, better than a normal person should. Obviously you're doing something I'm not"

Taking his own turn, Logan struck in three striped balls with one punt "Bub, let me say it nice and easy like. The reason Kitty and the others came out so well is a team effort. You have Chuck as a mentor like grandfather, Ororo as an aunt like figure, Bobby as the uncle like figure and Slim as the token serious family member we ignore sometimes. To raise those kids of yours, you need a proper support system behind them. If your looking for some wisdom from me, that's mine"

Anakin briefly had the thought of Mace Windu Xavier flash through his mind, but then he remembered how his problems were never solved by removing Mace Windu's limbs.

"...and another thing, parenthood is a never ending expedition into the unknown! Like the search for the Snorkack, one must be ready for anything! For when boys attack, for when your home is infested by Nargles, for when the secret police storm your house to seize your toilet paper for The Purpose! You must be ready for anything, young father! After all, I was ready for anything when the red-eyed rabbits attacked..."

As the eccentric looking man continued to spewl...something, Anakin couldn't help but make partial reaches for his lightsaber.

Why did he think Xenophilius Lovegood was the person to ask for parental advice?

There was a reason he was one of the few people who would believe someone who said they were a time looping space man from another universe.

Anakin began walking towards the house of this world's most powerful looper, before he remembered who that guy was, and promptly turned around and walked back from whence he came.

Goku was not the person to ask for fatherly advice. As well intentioned he was, he had a bad habit of being dead/out in space.

Perhaps Piccolo...

Nanoha and Fate were a pair of magical girls from a reality that was rather different from the Sailor Senshi, who had recently began to loop in the footsteps of said founding looper members.

Nanoha was the world's anchor, a blue eyed brunette, and Fate was the world's first looper, a reddish-brown eyed blond.

He had met them a few times before this, the first time costing him an entire fleet, though after that regrettable incident they generally

got along rather well.

In fact, it was because of that incident that he sought them out, particularly over the trigger for it.

Presea Testarossa was one of the worst parents in the known multiverse (at the present time), up there with people like Gendo Ikari and Norman Osborn.

However, unlike Shinji Ikari or Harry's friend Peter Parker, the local anchors tried to redeem her as often as possible.

It was a rough job, but they were pure of heart, and not a certain crazy pink haired kunoichi who was not welcome near Kamino anymore who forgot her moral.s

Anakin greeted the two 9 year old magical girls (at the moment) capable of mass destruction and reality disruption with a smile as he ran into the two mid 'how to redeem Fate's mother this time' mode

"Hello there, got a minute? I have something I would like to ask of you"

"Vivio? Why do you want to know about her?" the three, with the two little girls appearing to be much older thanks to some magic (Anakin had no desire to be labeled something unpleasant), were discussing Fate and Nanoha's daughter over milkshakes.

Vivio, the adopted daughter of Fate and Nanoha, and one of the many reasons quite a few loopers were sure they were a couple, even if they didn't say anything about it.

"I am currently working on improving my parenting skills" Anakin began "As mothers yourselves, I would like your wisdom in how to raise children to be happy, healthy and mature"

The two little girls exchanged looks "Well, I'm not sure you can really teach parenting" Nanoha began.

"How come?" Anakin asked in response to that, rather odd response "Parenting isn't an instinctual part of life, if it was every parent would raise their children the same way."

"While it's true that people often parent in similar ways to how their parents did, it's not a hard fact. If it was..." Fate began, before deciding that elaborating on what kind of parent she'd be if she acted like her mother was something that did not need to be said. "It's up to each parent to find their own 'right' way to raise their children. What looks with one parent will not work with another parent. I'm not even sure the same parenting style can be used with each child, right Nanoha?"

Said anchor nodded in confirmation. As the youngest of three siblings she knew that the way her parents raised her was slightly different from how they raised her older brother and sister, before adding "When it comes to parenting, there is one thing you always have to remember: it is a constantly evolving recipe. There is no perfect formula, you have to continue to improve on it each and every day, for each and every scenario. Be it bruises, slips or even Moff's kidnapping your child to power a Death Star (Anakin shivered, recalling the parental rampage the two went on when Tarkin pulled that one off), a parent needs to be able to adapt. If you can learn to do that, and how to improve your parenting with each and every day, your be a great dad one day, Mr. Skywalker, and your own kind of parent. "

"I see..." Anakin mused, as he realized he was given sound advice on how to parent, from 9 year olds.

Even in context, it felt sort of weird.

Several loops later, in a loop where everything went just right (Sidious was removed quickly enough, the war was won at just the

right enough of time to deal with the problems that caused it, without causing even more problems, Anakin completed his 500th loop of not killing, maiming, mind wiping or otherwise harming Rush Clovis, etc etc), had Anakin walk past a cracked door late one night, pausing as he did so to peek inside.

Two sleeping little children, smiles on their faces as they dreamed pleasant dreams.

'Perhaps I can actually get some things right once in a while' Anakin mused to himself happily before resuming his walk to a good nights rest.

1.1. Anakin's earliest loops were somewhat frustrating…..

1.2 Anakin has seen many things, but pink and blue hair is probably new to him

1.3 Anakin's first loop in the Original Trilogy, and his first loop back in the Vader Suit. This will happen a lot.

1.4 The loops are linked, Prequel and Original Trilogy. And yes, Luke is far more sociable than Anakin and gets a lot more of his pals looping.

1.5 I write a lot of Anakin based snips, particularly early on. These snips are actually newer, and written to set up this compilation. So you won't see Luke staring that often, at least by my typer

1.6 These compilations are not just my work. Wonder if the styles are noticeably different?

1.7 In the original Innortal shorts, there was talk about this incident. Now you get to see it

1.8 Rule of the Story: there is not 'one perfect path' to good parenting. Also, Anakin has a healthy fear of 'the White Devil' and the

devil's……Leman perhaps? Brownie points if people can tell me what that means and whom I'm making a vague reference to here.

Chapter 2

For more looping canon, you can look at the Infinite Loops C2 (Which this, as of this posting, is yet a member of), or the Infinite Loops T.V trope page.

Anakin found loops when he was de aged to be disturbing on many levels.

One, it was somewhat odd to have a fleshy hand again, seeing as he generally was missing at least one of them in his loops. Of course, he had a bit of experience having no limbs due to his duel with Obi-Wan and his unfortunate experience with lava, but after a few hundred loops he stopped poking his arm in awe.

Second, that made his marriage with Padme, in his mind at least, somewhat awkward. Their age difference could...well even though Padme was not looping, Anakin didn't particularly wanted her to be arrested for pedophilia if she ever began to loop, assuming she even wanted to talk to him after the whole...Vader thing.

Third, it made him less terrifying. Even when he wasn't Darth Vader, Anakin liked being able to bring fear to battle droids, slavers and Han Solo/Lux Bonteri/etc.

Fourth, it got him into annoying cross loop situations he wasn't particularly fond of because it seemed that in the multiverse, children got into far too much trouble/questionable situations. Of course, his world wasn't innocent there either, but it at least had class.

This world definitely didn't.

"Unit 3, move in on the Angel now!"

14 year old Anakin Skywalker, immersed in some strange LCL fluid in a giant robot he, as a droid/robot connoisseur, could find several

flaws in (And probably would work on once he could sneak one into his Subspace pocket and toy with it) sighed and began firing his giant rifle at a giant humanoid thing that did not come from lego while a non looping Asuka and Rei went in to kill it.

Shinji was apparently looping somewhere else this loop, and in this loop his non looping counterpart (Mayumi Ikari) apparently died heroically in a dual kill on Ramiel.

Gendo didn't show up to her funeral.

As the Evangelions were docked following another heroic battle to prevent third impact, Anakin couldn't help but look at his black evangelion again.

Something about it seemed...familiar, and he'd never looped here before.

Closing his eyes, Anakin extended out his formidable force powers to the robot, trying to figure out why it felt familiar.

The answer became very, very clear.

"Today in class, dissection"

As the class collectively groaned, the missing Shinji Ikari slammed his head into his desk in annoyance "What is this guy's fetish with dissection?"

"Hey, I've learned more from Professor Stein in three loops than 'Professor' Snape in three thousand" Harry Potter, who was also in this loop, absently commented "Though I have to wonder how he got that screw in his head?"

"As, morbidly interesting as this lesson is, I can't help but have a bad feeling about something" a looping version of Obi-Wan Kenobi, who

appeared about the same 14ish age as the other loopers in this class, but still with his famous beard in full lush, commented "The same bad feeling I always get when I have no idea where Anakin got off to in a loop"

"Don't worry yourself, if Anakin can handle Slytherin and having Kakashi as a sensei without going on a rampage, I'm sure he's fine whatever world he's in"

"Well, maybe not mine" Shinji joked "If he ended up a E.V.A Pilot, he might have an episode"

"Dare I ask...why?" Obi-Wan was going to regret this question

"Evangelions are partially made up of souls of the pilots mother" Harry said with a edge to his voice "Anakin is a mamma's boy with issues. If I transfigured Gendo and all of S.E.E.L.E into slugs when I found out, if Anakin was to find out, the results would be..."

"Oh dear"

"Quiet Misters Potter, Ikari and Kenobi, or I'll dissect you!"

Back in the Evangelion loop, we find Anakin and Unit 3 standing in the middle of the desolate wasteland that used to be the Geo-Front.

"I'm so going to Eiken for this" Anakin muttered to himself as the robot seemed to nod with him.

It was worth it though.

2.2 (Gym Quirk)

As they approached the formal dining room on Cloud City, Han Solo played the scenario out in his mind one more time.

First, get the special equipment made.

This was considerably more tedious than it ought to have been. The underlying technology wasn't hard to get; the problem was modifying it to fit in the proper package. As nobody from the source loop was interested in the project, he had to resort to that tech genius pony that Chewbacca had met way back when. At least the little equine did excellent work, even if it took over sixty loops to finally get the finished product to him.

Second, test the equipment against likely defenses.

This was considerably easier. Both Luke and Leia were in positions to obtain samples. Testing was a bit more of a challenge, but he was able to convince Artoo to help him ensure that the end result was what he'd wanted.

Third, wait for Hoth Start loop to minimize the chances for earlier changes to derail the encounter before it could take place, then convince Leia and Chewie to play along this far.

He barely heard Lando's words about a deal with the Empire. Han's attention was focused on the doors, waiting for them to open.

Finally, the doors slid aside. There was the black armored figure at the head of the table.

His quick-draw was perfect: Probably the fastest he'd done in over a hundred attempts.

As the DL-44 sights came into his field of view, Han was pleased to note that he was lined up for a perfect head shot if he'd been using his baseline blaster. Watching the Sith Lord's hand move to interpose itself only added to his sense of satisfaction. He squeezed the trigger.

Instead of the crimson blaster bolt or even a blue-tinged stun bolt, the phaser in the DL-44 package emitted a narrow cone of orange-tinged energy. By the time it had reached the other end of the table, it was wide enough to envelop the target's head and upper torso.

Shame I can't see the expression on his face.

The black-clad figure collapsed into its chair. The stun beam had been carefully modulated to bypass the armored suit without adversely affecting the life support equipment. Luke would have been annoyed if Han had done anything permanent to his father, Awake or otherwise.

"Chewie! Get the door! Leia, Lando! Cover!" He crouched behind the table as Boba Fett emerged from behind a partition to snap off a shot at the smuggler.

"So Vader's down. What next?" asked Leia from behind a chair.

Han smiled sheepishly. "Um. I hadn't planned much beyond getting Vader and Fett." He matched action to words as he dropped the bounty hunter with another wide-angle stun blast.

Chewbacca face-palmed. {{ I wish you had told me what you were up to beyond "I want to pull a stunt on Vader". Watch the door and give me three minutes... }} He started rummaging in his subspace pocket.

Leia's expression matched the Wookiee's as she produced a lightsaber from her own pocket. "You've been spending too many loops as that Jones character, Han. Too much seat-of-the-pants improvising."

"Hey! At least I made sure this thing would get through their armor before I tried it for real."

"I'm so proud of you."

"Just what are the three of you talking about?" asked the bewildered Lando.

2.3

"I've been waiting for you Obi-Wan, we meet again at last"

Obi-Wan had to wake up at this moment, it was just his luck. It seemed whenever he looped in Luke's time, he either woke up on Tatooine, or at this moment.

And it would seem that Anakin was not awake, and it was all Vader this time around.

"The circle is now complete. When I left you I was but the learner, but now I am the master"

"Only the master of Evil, at least when Palpatine isn't around" Obi-Wan snarked as Vader seemed to dislike that comment and so their battle of blades began.

And looping or not, the fact was that Obi-Wan was old, and Vader was not. All the loops in the world could not mend his aged body.

"Your powers are weak old man" Vader eventually said

"You can't win Darth. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine" Obi-Wan snarked as more blades struck.

"You should not have come back"

"Oh, but I had to. See, we have a Princess to save, and some plans to take back to the Rebellion. I'm afraid that your going to have to stand aside my former apprentice" Obi-Wan decided to go off script for this one.

"And what, pray tell, makes you think I'd let you walk away?"

Obi-Wan responded with laser vision, knocking Vader through several walls of the Death Star as he calmly deactivated his blade and walked towards the parked Millennium Falcon, when the looping Luke and Chewbacca were just staring at him in a 'dude, really?' sort of way, while the non loopers were astounded.

"So, mystical Jedi powers let you shoot lasers out of your eyes?" Han asked the obvious question.

"Yep" Obi-Wan simply responded

2.4 (Myself, but some edits by Kris Overstreet)

"You will write, 'I shall not insult the hard working men and women of the Ministry', one-hundred times, Ms. Skywalker."

The bun-haired Gryffindor brunette glared back at her. "It's called freedom of expression, Professor Umbridge. Perhaps you've heard of it? It's the right of all men and women to speak out when they feel the government is wrong without fear of censorship or punishment."

"What nonsense," Dolores scoffed. "That's treason."

"Treason is burning homes down, murdering citizens and leaving calling cards in the clouds, not suggesting that the ministry is ineffectual and that, as Mr. Potter suggests, Voldemort has returned," she dryly smirked as she noted the toad woman shiver at the full name of him. "Your refusal to look into it properly will lead to severe trouble."

"You-Know-Who has not returned!"

"Did you bother to investigate at all? How can you be sure? But, I digress. You're not going to listen to anything anyone tells you that doesn't fit into your narrow and flawed view of the world." Leia stood up and turned around. "I also have homework to do."

"Get back here, you little halfblood..." Dolores began to sound like the hateful creature she really was as Leia turned around and waved her hand in front of her.

"You will leave and never come back."

"I will leave and never come back," Dolores replied in a dazed tone of voice as Leia smirked.

It was a sad fact that most Politicians were easily swayed by The Force. It was one of the few things she could not hold her father accountable for, as the man had never been known to do that, even when putting her mother or another person in position as supreme chancellor.

2.5

(The following Snippet is translated from Gungan Basic to Basic wherever possible)

"Meesa is happy to see you again, little Ani! It's so lonely as the Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic! These bombad Clone Wars have really make a ruckus of things, haven't they"

Anakin resisted the urge to end the loop. He knew that politicians who were not his wife (Or most of her friends) were idiots, but Jar Jar Binks, supreme chancellor!?

"It's good to see you too, Chancellor Binks" Anakin nodded respectfully. "And yes, the Clone Wars are making things difficult for the galaxy, but the Jedi will pull through for peace"

At the very least, this meant that there would be no Sidious this loop. After all, even with the loops having produced as disturbing things as Darth Padme (He was so, so glad Obi-Wan was looping that time) and Leia Organa Solo, there was no way the loop could glitch up THAT badly...

"Yes, Jedi peace...Mesa don't really think that's a good thing." Jar Jar put his hands (Paws? Flippers?) together in a pose that looked appropriate on Gendo "The Jedi...they don't do enough. They are static, and bombad cold. The Galaxy needs a changing hand, a new governing power. The Galactic Republic needs to be...reset, and the Jedi won't let that happen. They are muy...flawed that way"

Oh Admins no...

"Join me Little Ani, as my apprentice, and together we will reshape the Galaxy as Master and Apprentice!"

Anakin couldn't help but just...stare in blank...something at the situation he had just found himself in, before he ignited his lightsaber "No offense, but Hell No!"

"So be it, Jedi!" at that point, Sith Jar Jar's voice sounded like a blend of his own, Sidious's, the Son's and Trigon's, opened his beak, and let out a torrent of fire at him?

Anakin dodged the attack (And wasn't sure why Sidi Jar Jar could breath fire at all. What was wrong with this loop!?) as Jar Jar leapt from his desk and ignited a four ended lightsaber, like some sort of Light-Chakram (!?) and lunged at him.

Anakin woke up in the dark armored form of Vader with his daughter restrained to the torture machine on the Death Star, glaring at him in that 'special way' that told him she was awake.

Anakin just waved his hand, turned the machine off and opened the door.

"Leia, I don't really care where you go or what you do, but just leave. I need to be alone"

You just didn't have the motivation to do anything after being killed by a fire breathing Jar Jar with an improbable weapon. Not even try to kill Solo or Tarkin

2.6

"Bahhhh"

"I find your lack of basic toiletry training, disturbing goat." Vader had no idea why this goat was a looper.

Was it a magic goat?

A goat who would save someone's life?

A goat who would father an important goat?

...What the hell was he supposed to do for the rest of this loop bar staring at the goat (And he had the oddest feeling someone had already patented staring at goats)

2.7

"DUN DUN DUN DUN. DUN DUN DUN DUN DUN DUN. DUN DUN DUN...DE DUNN DUN UN!"

Obi-Wan just stared in shock as Vader approached him, with the musical skeleton who sailed around with the Straw Hats playing the Imperial March behind him.

This was probably a sign that he was awake...but why?!

"Anakin..." Obi-Wan began in a aggravated tone.

Vader stopped before lifting his hand to silence Brook, the skeleton putting away his instruments (and having some duplicated ghost clones with other instruments popping after placing the instruments back in his subspace pocket), before looking genuinely confused.

"Yes?"

The fact he did not attempt to kill him for calling him by that name at this point confirmed he was awake...but still...

"Why is Brook playing your evil theme for you?" Obi-Wan demanded.

"Because as the new Emperor slash Dark Master of the Cosmos" Obi-Wan rolled his eyes at Anakin giving himself another hammy title "I must have a evil theme song played behind me for dramatic effect. Plus, someone has to pay for Brook's conditioner, and I'm the only

employer who'd pay him. I will say that he is now my favorite Pirate looper"

Obi-Wan idly noticed how Brook's afro was sparkling, obviously he used rather high end conditioner, and grinning at his comment.

"But the Imperial March, really?" Obi-Wan sighed.

"It's good for silencing obnoxious whining" Vader countered. You really would be surprised how good the Imperial March was to silence the Imperials he was still in the process of firing (as he was trying to work on randomly murdering people). "So, do you want to just leave with my daughter, or do you want to duel to the death for the heck of it?"

2.8 (misterq)

Anakin was bored. He had awoken in his Darth Vader armor while walking down the shuttle ramp onto the Death Star hanger bay, far too late to save Padme, the Jedi younglings, or the rest he had hunted down. Fortunately, his abilities with the force were useful in stabilizing himself so he did not stumble as he walked. Frankly, he was getting a little tired of baseline loops. Never one for much patience, Anakin wondered how the other anchors dealt with the weight of everything occurring exactly the same, over and over a countless amount of times.

He was wondering what entertaining changes he could make to this timeline when the first of the glitches started. Lights started flickering, systems went into maintenance loops, droids were acting a bit more erratically, and brief intervals of music was piped through the intercom. Even using the force, Anakin wasn't able to clearly detect the cause. He did get the vague impression that the force was happily blowing a raspberry at him, but that was a ridiculous concept. Right?

Definitely not a baseline loop, then. Although he didn't show it outwardly, Anakin was secretly amused. Despite the glitches,

everything else continued as it always did, right up until Tarkin ordered the destruction of Alderaan in front of Leia. He was about to countermand that order as he had done in every loop where he had the power to do so, when a cupcake suddenly flew out of nowhere and hit him in the back of the helmet. He stooped and picked it up off the floor, noticing how it had the words 'Let it fire' written on it in frosting. As soon as he held the sugary treat, Anakin was also immersed in the force; enveloped in a sense of giddy serenity and a feeling of everything working out just fine.

Everyone on the bridge waited to see his reaction, but Darth Vader just stood there in silence, awkwardly holding a dented cupcake.

Tarkin cleared his throat, "Carry on."

The beams were reddish and stuttering as they converged on the output of the main superlaser, which was also reddish in color. Then the blast lashed out at the planet.

Anakin waited. So did Grand Moff Tarkin and Princess Leia. So did the entire bridge crew of the Death Star.

The planet floated serenely in space, completely intact.

"Sir!" exclaimed a communication technician, "We're getting reports from the surface. Apparently, it's raining down confetti and balloons throughout the planet. And, er, everyone down there is now wearing a silly party hat."

Tarkin blinked, "A.. silly party hat?"

The technician double checked the report, "Yes.. yes, sir."

"I think I know whom we are dealing with," under his mask, Anakin smiled, thinking, 'At least this loop will be anything but boring.'

"Was it me!?" a high pitched voice sounded as a girl dropped from the ceiling, did a lazy flip, and landed lightly on her feet. She had

curly reddish hair and was wearing something that could only be called a combat cocktail dress, "Was I the one you were thinking of?"

"Pinkie Pie," Anakin stated and took a step back, trying to remember everything he knew of this particular looper. The force was decidedly strange with her. Instead of feeling direct and straightforward like most Jedi or furtive and greedy like most Sith, Pinkie felt like a mobeus strip stuffed in a klein bottle filled with syrup. Anakin stopped trying to delve deeper when the headache started.

"Guards!" Was the only thing Tarkin was able to get out before Pinkie waved a hand in his direction.

"Your arm is now a lollipop!" she chirped.

And Grand Moff Tarkin, one of the most powerful men in the Empire; dropped his blaster, sat down on the floor, and started licking up and down his forearm while making moaning happy sounds. Anakin put up his hand to halt any other actions by the stormtroopers and other imperials.

"You're here to save me, Master Jedi?" Leia looked away from her former captor's disturbing actions and asked with optimism.

"Silly, I'm a person of impulse and emotion. Just because my personal goals involve making others happy, doesn't mean I don't pursue them with every fiber of my being," Pinkie Pie giggled, "In other words, who ever said I was a Jedi?"

She was suddenly holding two activated lightsabers at her sides - both beams were the same color as her hair. Even with his mastery of the force, Anakin didn't even see her move. Then just to make sure, Pinkie's wild hair moved on it's own. A few moments later, her forelock was wrapped around a third ignited lightsaber. There was only one thing Anakin could think of doing now.

Darth Vader walked up to the small pink haired girl and looked down at her for a moment. Then he knelt, "What is thy bidding, my

mistress?"

Pinkie Pie smiled wider, "Let's get my new Party Star moving! We have a whole galaxy to cheer up with my super duper party cannon and time's a wasting!"

2.9 (Kriss Overstreet with slight edits by myself)

The control room doors swished open. Chewbacca's battle roar died in his throat as he saw not the expected stormtrooper or Imperial navy technician, but Darth Vader himself. The only other person in the hangar bay control room was Princess Leia, who leaned against a wall with an amused expression.

"All right, Chewie, one side, what's the-" Han Solo stopped in the doorway, lifting his stolen stormtrooper helmet off to stare at the Sith lord before him... who raised his gauntleted hands and clasped the smuggler warmly by the shoulders.

"Han, my boy. Son. Come in, have a seat," Vader said in a voice overflowing with apparently genuine affection. "Let us enjoy a warm family reunion."

As Chewbacca Obi-Wan, the droids, and a calm but confused Luke entered the control room behind him, Han walked over to Leia and whispered, "So what's with your old man?"

"Last Loop he was a policeman on Earth. Inspector Anakin Zenigata," Leia smirked. "I spent a lot of time hanging around with Arsene Lupin III. What with one thing and another, I may have convinced him that I could do worse than an dishonorably discharged Imperial Pilot turned smuggler." She gestured to her father, who was catching up with the two Jedi, casting glances at Han which, despite the death-mask helmet, looked warm and welcoming. "It's probably temporary, so enjoy it while it lasts, nerf-herder."

"So, Han," Vader said, stepping over to the couple, "I understand you fancy yourself a bit of a crack pilot..."

Force help me, I think I liked him better when he wanted me dead, Solo thought.

2.1 My very first Star Wars Snippet written. The robot in question will appear in a lot of later snippets, BTW, as are many of the subtle details in this snip

2.2 Looper antics tend to greatly confuse non loopers. Oh, and in case you didn't realize it, these loops take place a lot later than chapter 1's, so several more people are now looping.

2.3 Anakin has issues with people striking him with laser vision. This will be seen again

2.4 Leia confronting Umbridge, this was from a series of them I did on the misc thread. Say, know of any Fanfiction where Leia (or better yet Padme) confront Umbridge that are good, I'd love to get a link to them

2.5 Variant Loop, anything can happen. Even a fire breathing demonic Sith Jar Jar . Another of my earliest ones that help set the tone for future snips

2.6 The Goat Simulator Goat is looping, and loopers have to take turns watching it to make sure it doesn't glitch everything to oblivion

2.7 I probably write too much crossover based crazy stuff, but hey, it's my name

2.8 Note, I am not a brony. I have never seen a MLP FIS episode, and I have enough issues I cannot afford the time to do so, this snip is up for three reasons. 1, it is hilarious, 2, I am trying to keep diversity here, and there are far, far too many MLP loops in reserve and 3, Pinkie Pie and Anakin do in fact end up interacting in a few other loops, so why not set it up.

2.9 This is in fact temporary. Anakin has a irrational hatred of his son-in-law that not even a Pony therapist could cure, so in a short while he will be trying to keep Han away from his daughter once more

Chapter 3

For those who read it, the Reset Chapter is finally in for betaing. Should be up soon. But until then, let's have some fun looping style.

3.1

With a loud bang, Luke Skywalker burst down the door to the throne room of the all feared emperor, ready to due or die in a fierce battle with the vicious dark lord of the Sith Darth Sidious, and possibly his non looping father at that.

As the loop had started with his rescue of the looping Han Solo from the lair of Jabba, he hadn't had a chance to run into him yet. He'd rather prefer his father be looping, because he had found himself actually liking the guy after a few hundred loops.

Sure, Leia still hated him, but she was more like Anakin than she would admit (or he'd tell her after that incident she vaporized him with a finger hold he'd never seen before) when it came to holding grudges.

However, he was both relieved and concerned when he found that the scene here was different than the baseline, suggesting a loop, yet the fact his father was in the throne of Sidious did worry him.

"Ah, Luke, glad to see your awake" Vader nodded as he rose from the throne as he noted the reaction that said that Luke was awake "I take it you were expecting a crazy person in this throne room"

"And you don't count? I heard what happened to N.E.R.V" Luke pointed out "Sure, they are real jerks, and what they did you grandma was horrible, but that was a tad overkill"

"You try seeing how calm you are after an Asuka tries to step on your with Unit 2" Vader huffed. That hurt.

"I'll give you that, but what exactly are you up to father?"

Vader walked over to Luke "Luke, you and I have been looping for a long time, and I can't help but feel curious as to which of us is more powerful after the fact. Plus, as the new head of the Galactic Empire, if you can defeat me I have arranged for the empire to peacefully come apart. Simple, clean, and less simple for the Vong to attempt to kill everyone"

Luke just stared at his father before sighing "Fine, I do have to get you back for cutting my arm off"

"I apologized for that at least a few times already, but very well. Let us not hold anything back" Vader reached for his subspace pocket to remove a large sword "Bankai!"

A burst of energy erupted from Vader as Luke covered his eyes, and as the energy dimmed to allow Luke to see, had Vader's armor reformed and his body healed, turning Darth Vader into essentially Anakin Skywalker in Vader inspired Samurai Armor, with two light sabers in hand, both brimming with more power than any blade of natural make in the galaxy far far away.

"Impressive, most impressive, but is it impressive as this?" a different form of energy began to form around Luke, empowering him with the energies of the universe. Opening his eyes to different pupils, similar to the eyes of The Father "Force Sage mode!"

Both grinning, the two skywalkers clashed with a power that caused the very Death Star 2 they stood on to shake.

"What the hell is that idiot doing!?" Leia demand as the death star seemed to shake and rattle comically "How hard is it to behead Vader!?"

"...Mistress Leia, you do know that it is generally considered unnerving to want to behead your father, right?" 3PO pointed out as

Leia glared at him, freaking the poor robot out of his circuits.

However, before Leia could continue her hissy fit, the Death Star 2 exploded, as two shapes flew from it.

"...What the hell are those two doing?" Leia demanded as she saw them "Nerfherders the both of them!?"

"Manly Nerfherders though" 3PO commented

"So, I see you have a modified Gurren Laggan, enhanced to work with only yourself and R2, who you had put in your subspace pocket" Anakin communicated to his son from his own robot as the floating spiral gunmen of uber manliness floated across from Anakin's own robot "I see you had a loop in the Gundam Verse as well, if the additional armor is any indication, though I can also see parts from a Nirvash as well"

"As did you Father, and I must say that your modified Unit 3 is working pretty well with your own Gundam modifications, particularly with Grandmother freed from it. Shall we see what is greater, the Spiral Power S-2 or Spiral Power-Amita Driva?"

"Yes" Anakin agreed as he and Luke flew at one another

"We Skywalkers are sustained by willpower! Even when we're mocked as reckless and emotional!"

"If there are Droids or Stormtroopers in our way, we'll smash them down! If there isn't a way to victory we'll forge our own way!" Luke was being affected by the spiral power just as Anakin was.

"The shadows in our soul fuse with the light to create a great force!"

"The Light in our souls burns with a power that can vanquish all darkness!"

"Just who..."

"In the hell..."

"DO YOU THINK I AM FATHER/SON!?"

BOOM!

"Satisfied!?" Leia demanded of her father and brother at Eden Hall, who had all too happy grins on their face.

"For now, but we're going to have to deal with that tie later" Anakin chuckled as Obi-Wan just stared at them.

"I don't even want to know, do I?"

"No, you don't Master Kenobi" 3PO said sincerely "Though I am pretty sure Lando is selling the DVD"

3.2 (Kris Overstreet)

"The Jedi Council will be gratified to know," the Kaminan geneticist told Obi-Wan Kenobi, "that our production of the new clone army proceeds ahead of schedule. Although we must admit, due to the nature of the... donor subject... the military discipline of the force will be a bit... er... unorthodox."

Obi-Wan had been through enough Loops that he'd become quite skilled at feigning the appearance of a person trying hard not to look surprised. When the observation ports opened to reveal the mess room below, however, he found himself quite unable to feign anything. The surprise was just that real- and emphatic.

The massive mess hall was full of quadrupedal creatures, almost all pink, except for a very small minority of white-bodied, blonde-maned sports. You couldn't say the room was festooned with balloons and streamers, because that would leave no space for the words,

"overloaded," "overburdened," "overkill," and the two word phrase preferred by the part of Obi-Wan's brain that gibbered in fear at the sight, "game over."

"Of course we had a different donor in mind," the Kaminan continued, "but Jedi Skywalker was adamant that this was the optimum form for the Council's needs."

"Jedi Skywalker? Jedi Anakin Skywalker?" Kenobi asked.

"I believe so," the Kaminan nodded. "It's none of my affair, but I thought it odd that the Council would send such a young man on such a task. But since he knew everything about the project," the tall, slender amphibian shrugged, "I suppose the Council knows its affairs better than I would."

Oh, Anakin, Anakin, Obi-Wan thought, terror rising in spite of a lifetime of Jedi training from the creche, what HAVE you done?

Below, the creatures tossed cupcakes at one another and bounced around merrily, shouting, "Fun! Fun! Fun fun! Fun fun! FUN!"

3.3

"Live from the Executor, it's Variety with Vader, with your host, Darth Vader!"

A chorus of canned applause went off as the holofeed formed up into a seated Vader, onboard a rather comfortable looking chair in a rather nice looking studio, as oppose to the sterile environments of imperial facilities.

"Welcome my faithful public, to a look at the gentler and more civil side of the empire you all are a part of. Now, as you may recall from my last interview with Grand Moff Tarkin and Former Senator Jar Jar Binks, you may come to think the Galactic Empire is flawed, and I will not deny it is. Our empire is a work in progress. Joining us today, is another person, currently feeling as if it would be best to go back

to the flawed Republic before us, a rising star in Galactic Politics, Miss Leia Organa."

Now, normally Leia would never agree to such a thing, but this Leia wasn't looping, and was channeling a bit more of her mother than she normally did, which is why, as the camera on Vader panned out, the petite Alderannian Senator was Vader's current guest star.

As canned applause went off, Vader turned to Leia.

"So, tell me, why do you dislike the Galactic Empire Leia? If you recall, the waver you signed before coming here means that we cannot do anything to punish you for what you say"

"I think the Galactic Empire is a tyrannical, overreaching government that discriminates against Non-Humans and brutally punishes any sense of opposition" Leia explained calmly as Vader countered.

"And can you really say the Galactic Republic was any different? You know, 31 percent of the polled populace believe the Separatists were treated too harshly by the Republic and Jedi"

"The Republic did not enslave entire planets"

"...Don't the clones count?"

The conversation continued from there, with about half hour of Vader talking like a talk show host (Aka, rather calmly) while debating modern politics with the young senator, who held her ground rather well

"Sadly, that's all the time we have Leia, though thank you for coming over to air your viewpoints to the galaxy with me. Coming up, a talk with the famous Wookie author of '12 years a slave, 4 years a smuggler', Chewbacca, and an interview with Clone Wars veterans Rex and Cody, after these commercial messages"

In Eden Hall, all the Star Wars loopers currently to be found, and several other loopers from other worlds, just stared at the holo recording R2 was playing.

"...How wasted were you when you started your own evil talk show?" Naruto demanded bluntly as Anakin looked away.

"What, someone spiked my suit coolant and Sidious was experimenting with dark mushrooms around the same time. Things happened...now delete the damn thing R2!"

"Beep Beep!"

"What do you mean Black Mail!? Why do you need Black Mail!"

Meanwhile he failed to notice Luke and Mara Jade restraining Leia from stabbing her father for daring to have her on his Sith Talk Show.

3.4 (Mr. Egret)

"Now, young Skywalker, you will-"

At that moment, the doors to Palpatine's throne room were blown off of their hinges. They flew the length of the room, and slammed into the glass wall behind Anakin (currently Vader), Palpatine and Luke, breaking the Sith Lord's concentration. The three Force-users stood agape as blue and green motes flew around the room like a swarm of angry bees, and a rasping voice called out, "PALPATIIIIINE..."

"Who dares enter my inner sanctum uninvited?!" raged Palpatine.

"It is I, Michael, Voice of Diz-Ni. You broke the rules, Palpatine."

Anakin had to fight down an attack of the giggles. Seeing the old tyrant turn even paler than normal at the sound of Mickey Mouse with a voice distorter was something he was going to remember for the rest of the Loops.

Luke (being unAwake) was simply confused by the ensuing events, but he saw an opportunity to escape when he saw it. While Palpatine's attention was directed elsewhere, he limped behind a pillar, and started to plan a counterattack.

His intervention was not needed.

"No! No! I never betrayed you, Master! Never!" gibbered Palpatine, as Mickey slowly walked towards him, Keyblade at the ready, and the Guardians of the Wasteland formed complex patterns behind him.

"You knew the rules when you made your deal with the Principality of Diz-Ni, Palpatine. Thou shall not strike down those who are marked by destiny."

Mickey suddenly looked at the pillar that Luke was hiding behind, and the young Jedi could have sworn that he winked at him.

"The young Skywalker?!" Palpatine cried out hysterically. "But he's not even a proper Jedi! Barely an apprentice-"

"SILENCE!" thundered Mickey. "You violated your contract with Us. Now you must pay the price."

There was a flash of movement, and Palpatine's body was stabbed through the heart, and pinned to his throne by the Keyblade. Immediately after, his body exploded in a burst of Dark energy, and his ghost began to coalesce. Almost immediately, a swarm of Tints formed around it. There was a flash of light, and Palpatine's ghost was writing and screaming within a crystal ball roughly the size of Luke's head.

Anakin suddenly felt a new respect for the mouse. "Nicely done. Now what're you going to do with him?"

Mickey pulled off the voice distorter over his mouth. "Eh, probably throw him into a black hole or something. So, I hear this place is

gonna blow in a few minutes?"

"Yeah. Let me explain things to Luke over here, then let's get the hell out of here."

"Right. I'l go fire up the Gummi Ship."

3.5

"So, considering that Dooku is the owner of a popular animation company and several theme parks and Sidious was eaten by a Gundark as a child, wonder who the Sith Lords are this loop" Anakin joked with Obi-Wan as the two of them infiltrated Geonosis about two months before the clones were supposed to debut.

"You know, not all realities need sith lords"

"I'm not that lucky; there are always sith lords. Bane, Malagus, Talon, Krayt...I'm a sith magnet"

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to point out that Sith attract Sith.

They found themselves at a suspicious looking door.

"You sense it too, right master?"

"Yes yes, I sense the Dark Side. You were right, there are sith lords. Probably another Sith Krell or something" Obi-Wan then slightly opened the door, letting the two of them peak in the room by a crack.

"OWWW!"

"Die you greedy little Neiomodian, die!"

The two were just in time to see Sith versions of Padme and Shmi electrocuting Nute Gunray to death.

Obi-Wan quietly shut the crack shut.

"Well...that was mentally unnerving"

"Yeah, I'm taking this loop off to go fishing on the planet I found a few loops ago. Have fun"

"Ana..." Anakin apparated away as Obi-Wan looked rather annoyed.

"You can't run from evil versions of your mother and wife forever Anakin!"

The door creaked open.

"Oh dear"

Anakin's private fishing planet

Illuminated by a single sun and shaded by a single leafy tree, Anakin looked peaceful as he let his bait bobble in the calm waters, ready for a loop of peaceful fishing.

His eyes shaded by a conical hat he bought from Jack the Samurai, he rose it up briefly as he noted a familiar present.

"So, I'm taking it didn't go that well?"

The Force Ghost of Obi-Wan glared at his pupil "No, I'm a ghost for the health benefits"

"Considering how much a Padme-less loop's Galactic Health Care got gutted, your probably right" Anakin joked as the ghost continued to glare at him.

"What, I'm sure the Jedi might actually win against the Sith this time, considering that neither my mother nor my wife are heads of state this loop. If not, well isn't there that Kyle Katarn kid that helps Luke out who you can harass?"

Anakin felt a tug at his line

"Oh, a bite...are you going to glare at me for the rest of eternity?"

"Yes"

3.6

In the treasure room, you find...

• a ruined spellcaster's vestment

• a rainbow diviner's outfit of berserking

• an uninteresting pair of gloves of the spider

• a poultice of magic

• a vorpal shortbow of undeath

• a sharp bone

• a clear sap of the cook

• a plain-looking scroll of nightmares

• a pile of 987 assorted coins of platinum

"WA HA HA HA!"

Darth Vader found himself transfixed by a scroll that let loose purple light as the great demonic looper Aku, the lord of Evil, loomed above him.

"My plain-looking scroll of nightmares forces the one who sees it to experience his greatest nightmare again and again for all eternity. It's like that Sharingan thing, but with less eye blood, at least until the victims stab their own eyes out" Aku bellowed "You shall pay for not paying your subscription to Looping Villains Quarterly, Darth Vader"

"I read it...FOR THE ARTICLES!" the badass shout was fused with his default response to anyone asking about that as Vader drew something from his subspace pocket and with them punched a hole right through the scroll. "I live a nightmare constantly; I caused the death of my wife in the baseline and I will have Han Solo as a Son in Law. Your scroll has no power over me!"

The purple light faded away as Aku stepped back in horror as he noted the red and blue gloves Vader was now wearing.

"If you want to fight Rougelike junk to Rougelike junk, I'd be happy to oblige. Though it would seem that my 'uninteresting pair of gloves of the spider' beats your 'plain-looking scroll of nightmares', but then again, theses gloves give me the power of Peter Parker's hands"

You'd be surprised how having hands that caused a light saber to stick to them were handy in certain circumstances.

"Well then..." Aku drew from his subspace pocket a short bow "Feel the power of my Vorpal Shortbow of Undeath!"

The arrow that Aku then fired simply bounced off of Vader's armor harmlessly.

"Metal. Suit." Vader simply pointed out

"Laser. Vision." Aku countered and pretty much won the argument...but lost the payment he was after

3.7

"Lord Vader sir"

Darth Vader looked up from his morning holo news to glare at the two stormtroopers who ran up to him with a cage in hand meant for a small, furry animal of some sorts.

"What is it?" Vader demanded as the two visible sweated, even under their armor.

"Remember the list of beings you ordered to be captured and brought to you under any circumstance, and if not to be tossed in a black hole?" one trooper began as Vader nodded.

He found it was helpful to have your mass of obedient storm troopers know what to look for in the list of loopers he despised, and in MLE's. When you were the 'ultra dark eternal lord of the Galaxy', or whatever hammy title he gave himself in the loop, it paid to have informed minions.

Sure, the last time the troopers tries to take down Dio Brando and Vilgax it ended horribly, but it would have ended worse if Vader had no idea that they were running around those loops.

"Well, we captured the one you referred to as 'Kyubey'"

Vader was deadly silent for a moment, before standing up at full height.

"Show me" he demanded in an even tone that belayed the level of fury he had at the mere mention of that thing's name as they lifted the towel they covered the cage.

"You said a male sounding furry thing with strange powers that can talk in your speech" the clone began as Vader force yanked the cage from them.

"This...is not Kyubey. This is a totally different magic granting talking furry creature" Vader stated in complete seriousness.

As the troopers began to sweat due to sensing their impending strangulation, they found themselves somewhat left off the hook.

"I suppose I did not say the damn thing was white...you two, get out of my sight while I am considering my failings only!" Vader spared their lives as the two ran for their lives as Vader sighed and lifted the cage to eye level to view the brown ferret within, as it actually was

(Perhaps he should have debated if he should have said Magical Bunny-Cat at the risk to his reputation)

"I suppose that Nanoha and Fate are looking for you...better return you before they come and destroy one of my fleets...again" he sighed to himself.

3.8 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Smoke poured out of the Mako as the occupants pulled themselves out of the destroyed tank. One soldier, wearing N7 armor, notified the Normandy they were at their destination and would require pickup after they completed their objectives again. Another soldier wearing an orange hardsuit sighed, "Shepard, you're not allowed to drive anymore."

Shepard shrugged, "Why? I got us to our destination and set a new landspeed record doing so."

The soldier sighed as he rubbed his faceplate, "Somehow you managed to get the tank flipped and stuck in the only bog on this planet."

"That's not so odd-"

He shouted, "This is a volcano world, Shepard! We're about 35 million miles from the sun! This is no native water on this world!"

Shepard looked to the half-sunk tank, "Then what did I get our tank stuck in?"

The soldier shrugged, "I don't want to know."

Shepard crossed his arms, "Wedge, you think you could do any better? Just because you've driven a landmaster in the Lylat system doesn't make you an expert in tank warfare."

Wedge started sorting through his weapons, checking they were in working condition and the thermal clips were functioning. His

expression turned dark as Luke Skywalker, in a black hardsuit, sidled up to the commander, "You probably shouldn't talk about the Star Fox Universe. For some reason, he and Fox don't get along."

The next mission, Shepard let Wedge at the controls of the Mako. Soon, it proved that comparing Shepard's piloting skills and Wedge's was like comparing heaven to hell. Not only did Wedge shatter Shepard's landspeed record, he did so while treating it like a Hub universe's Ford Mustang. Not a single movement was wasted, every shot fired bullseyed every geth in their way, and he arrived at Peak 15 without so much as a scratch on the paint job or a ding in the armor.

Shepard would later ask how he got so good at piloting tanks since he was originally a fighter pilot. Wedge merely shrugged, "I've spent the loops learning how to operate every vehicle I run across. From bicycles to Death Stars, I've piloted and mastered them all. Some day, I will be the best pilot in the multiverse."

The commander looked on as Wedge departed with new found respect.

3.9

'The human or similarly sentient being whose name is written in those note shall die'

The book seemed to be staring at Darth Vader in a manner too similar to the Diary of Tom Riddle that he had once possessed.

Then he gave it to Jar Jar and it blew itself up.

But somehow, Darth Vader realized that was not the case with the book that had just fallen from the sky into his private quarters.

A part of him wanted to write in it. He could get rid of all the wrongs of the universe quickly; The Emperor, the Hutt Cartels, the Black Sun, Han Solo...

Yet, he had looped for far too long to ever want to touch it.

Vader knew that he could very easily fall down the slippery slope to Sakura Syndrome, it was something he tried to be aware of. There was a reason, for instance, why he stopped trying to get the Jedi to attack Supreme Chancellor Palpatine; that never worked and using non loopers as pawns was a big warning sign for Sakura Syndrome.

The problem was, what to do with this book?

Vader had never encountered the death note before, nor even any loopers from that world (And he didn't know anyone who had). He had no idea what he had to do to get rid of it.

Was it like Sauron's Ring or Voldemort's Horcruxes? Or was it just a paper book with magic powers? Vader didn't have the time to test it out, and he didn't want to leave it lying around, or in his subspace pocket where he might be tempted to use it, or forget about it and discover it later in a period of moral weakness.

There was only one safe option for all involved.

Well, almost all involved.

R1-BC was an old Astromech Droid, who Vader had found a few months ago after his owners died in a fire.

The fire had also greatly damaged the poor thing, not even Vader could really fix him.

Vader patted the rusty droid's head remorsefully as he punched in the coordinates himself, the droid unable to do so anymore.

"I wish I could have done more R1, I wish I could. However, know that you will be saving many lives in your final task, in this and a thousand other timelines. The Death Note must be gone forever"

The Fighter, left over from the Clone Wars, lifted itself into the air and sped off, its destination a black hole.

Vader saluted R1-BC as he flew away.

3.1 Anakin and Luke get along rather well after a few hundred loops to get over all their issues. Leia….well as it was said she takes after Anakin more than she'd like to admit. Anakin's desire to delete Han from all realities does not help

3.2 Yeah….Anakin still has issues with the Jedi Council even after thousands of loops.

3.3 Eden Hall is a bar where loopers hang out from the Bartender Verse I believe. And I was not on drugs during any of these loops, just saying.

3.4 Mr. Egret is the primary Disney loop writer in the loops, and one of my favorite ones to come out recently onto the scene. I asked him to write this snippet as a sort of reactionary piece to the Disney buyout of Lucasfilms.

3.5 Yeah, Anakin really doesn't like Sith Padme or Sith Shmi loops.

3.6 This is a Random Loot Loop. It's when we use a special website to generate random crud, and have to make a snippet using at least one thing from the list. It can be amusing at times

3.7 M.L.E A looper that harms the loops stability as oppose to help it. While Vilgax is no longer considered one, it's a list consisting of the likes of Kyubey, Dio Brando and Yu-Gi-Oh's Paradox. Truly a fearsome bunch. Oh, and as you can tell, Anakin has a healthy fear of Nanoha and Fate's wrath. They are friends, true, but Anakin has no desire to be at the receiving end of the White Devil's fury.

3.8 Wedge Antilles. Looper and challenger for the title of greatest pilot in the multiverse. Can he do it? I like to think anything's possible

3.9 R1-BC, we salute you. Popular demand can bring you back for later loops, though. Sakura Syndrome, by the way, is a looping condition where a loopers morals go….down the drain. It isn't pretty. Named after Sakura Haruno, who was the first looper to fall into that hole.

Chapter 4

Time for round 4.

4.1

Anakin was sitting at Eden's bar, gulping down several shots of the numbing liquid as he absently noticed someone sit next to him.

"Aren't you a little young for drinking?" Anakin deadpanned as Percy Jackson rang for a glass of...well it was actually root beer "Oh, never mind"

As the Son of Poseidon drank the liquid rather heavily, Anakin made conversation.

"What's gotten you so upset?"

Percy gave a blank stare to the Chosen One of the Force "Octavian somehow started a Mythological World War that only ended when the Moon and Sun were both destroyed" he simply said as Anakin flinched.

"Ouch"

"So, any particular reason you're drinking? Did Han Solo successfully marry Leia again?"

Anakin immediately ordered another round for himself at the mere mention of Han being his legal son in law, which he gulped down roughly before continuing.

"Zombie Apocalypse loop" Anakin simply said as Percy flinched in turn.

"Ouch...and you didn't have a Son of Hades or the Achilles curse on you" Percy had a few loops of that sort...he didn't like to recall them.

"Thankfully I was looping in that metal suit of mine. You'd be surprised how having all your limbs cut off and being trapped in a metallic body suit can make you such a 'perfect' Zombie hunter." Anakin disliked how he seemed to pretty much alternate between looping with and without his body suit, but at least he only had Zombie Loops when he was stuck in the damn thing. "Thankfully, it was only Coruscant that was affected, and in the Imperial Period at that. Saved about 20% of the population, the total surviving population of the planet bar the Emperor, then I blew the planet up with a Death Star"

Even Leia wouldn't call him out for that call. The last time a loop like that happened and he didn't, the Zombie plague spread to other planets.

The other stool to Anakin's side was occupied, this time by a large man in a fancy red suit and hat; the super Vampire Alucard, Hellsing's ultimate weapon.

"Give me a 1942 Texan Virgin, no color preference" he rang up the bartender (who stocked some rather odd merchandise, truth be told) as Anakin and Percy glanced at him.

"What's your load?"

"My master wouldn't let me fight the 10 Mikasa Glitching Godzillas who were destroying the Red States in their titanical battle" Alucard sulked as the two anchors just glared at the vampire.

"We just had apocalypse loops! You not getting to fight your giant reptiles is nothing in comparison" Percy complained as the vampire glared at them.

The Bartender, an oddly baddass one at that, coughed loudly as he filled the wine glass he gave to Alucard with crimson blood, reminding them that they were not allowed to get into bar fights over whose loop sucked more.

4.2

"You do know that the Jedi serve the Republic, do you not Master Takamachi?"

"I do know Master Windu, and that's why I'm against what your suggesting"

Nanoha had been looking forward to this loop for quite some time. She had met the heroes of the Galaxy Far Away many times before.

The noble Luke Skywalker, the determined Anakin Skywalker, the quirky R2-D2, the ace pilot Wedge Antilles...they had been such amazing loopers to meet.

Sure, some of their first meetings hadn't gone all that well, but by the end of it Nanoha felt as if she had made friends with all of them.

So, when she woke up this loop to discover she was replacing Obi-Wan Kenobi as a member of the Jedi Order, she was rather exited to be a part of it all.

But then she went to the planet Kamino (After having to find it herself, Anakin had simply told her to play baseline for a bit while he apparently went off to be romantic with his future wife while saving his mother and trying to avoid being a completely unhinged fellow for once, his own words), and discovered the army there.

An army of unawake, powerless Fates, apparently cloned from the famed bounty hunter Alicia Fett.

And apparently befriending several of them and being opposed to leading them into battle like stormtroopers/cannon fodder was a no no to the Jedi council.

The man who had been interrogating her, a imposing man named Mace Windu who resembled some of the variant Nick Furys she'd met before (Though without an eyepatch), eyed her in annoyance.

She had originally been supposed to go to the planet Genonosis, but apparently the non looping Senator Amidala had gotten it into her head that she could go to Geonosis and negotiate a peace with the Seperatists before violence was necessary, with Anakin tagging along to try and keep her out of trouble for her lovely, but sometimes exasperating, optimism, his words again.

It was in giving her report on the subject that the current argument had been raised.

"Your attachment to those clones is against the Jedi Code. The Jedi must act in the way most beneficial to the Galactic Republic. A war is brewing on the horizon, and I highly doubt one senator can stop it. We need those clones as an army for the Republic, seeing as the Jedi Order cannot be one. We know that the Seperatists have a massive droid army on Geonosis, one that we " Mace continued as Nanoha's eyed went wide.

"And how do you know that? My padawan hasn't sent any communications back yet, per the Senator's request to try and avoid violence" though in her head, Nanoha found the idea of her teaching Anakin somewhat weird. He was a lot older than she was, looping wise.

"We have our ways" Mace said in a deliberately vague voice.

"Are you saying it's wrong for me to have compassion for the clones, to not want to have them be sent out to die in droves?" Nanoha pressed "A Jedi is supposed to be compassionate"

"True, compassionate, a Jedi must be. Also true, compassion and attachment can be close together" the diminutive Master Yoda sagely spoke, or at least in a sage like voice. Nanoha wasn't particularly feeling the wise sage from him at the moment "But sworn to protect all life forms, the Jedi have. To save billions of lives from a potential invasion by the Seperatists where they are not wanted, the Clones can. Plus, extend their lives, the war would."

Nanoha's eyes went wide in horror at the sort of logic Yoda was going towards. Yes, it was true that the Kaminoans, from what she had observed, probably would start culling clones the moment they were no longer in demand in the same way a farmer might with crops or livestock. But that wasn't the point.

"Feeling of attachment you have" Yoda shook his head "Be wary of this, the Jedi must. To the dark side, such emotions lead"

"Friendship leads to the dark side? You all can't really believe that, can you?!" Nanoha's voice had taken on a tone of horror. "If that was the case, then we have to say that every feeling is dark, that all the mothers in the galaxy are evil. All the fathers and lovers and friends...is that how you see the Code!?"

"...You know, I had hoped you would be able to fix Skywalker of such viewpoints" Mace shook his head in disappointment at Nanoha's outburst "But it would instead seem as though he has infected you with such...views."

Nanoha liked to think she reacted well to that, if by well you meant she did not immediately blow something up.

Though storming out of the Council's chambers to avoid doing so probably wasn't the best way to do it.

It was...she really couldn't deal with the way they seemed to view the Force and duty.

They felt more like Order than Light, against the Sith's Chaos instead of Darkness. They weren't about good, they were about a certain level of sterility. They just seemed better because the Sith were more about radical change and not thinking about the potential consequences, while the Jedi were too scared of any potential consequence.

Nanoha had to wonder if the Sith would be more like the good guys if they weren't currently led by a power hungry psychopath, even by their standards. (Or was it Sociopath, Nanoha always got those terms mixed up).

She could honestly understand why Anakin, in his baseline, had went sort of crazy (Well, that and said Sith Lord manipulating him like some of the nastier Precia's do with Fate, though unlike them she had never heard of Palpatine being a nicer version of himself in any variant loop).

If you weren't raised a Jedi, or didn't have memories of other timelines where you weren't raised one, you could very easily snap.

The question of what she would do, however, was a big one.

If she left the Jed, she would be abandoning millions of Fates to die, while if she stayed, she would be leading them to their deaths.

Either way, she felt morally doomed. Just, doomed...

She had been distracted in her concerns that she found herself mindlessly entering her quarters, only to notice something there that shouldn't be there.

A square holocron, the recording devices of the Jedi Order.

Picking up the metal sphere, Nanoha was surprised when it opened automatically at her touch, as oppose to having be properly opened, while also shutting her door.

The hologram quickly rose up from the central sphere, forming a hologram of Luke Skywalker, Anakin's blondish haired son.

"Greetings looper. I am Luke Skywalker, anchor of one half of this loop. My father, who has most likely given you this holocron if we have no previously met, anchors the half of this loop that you are

currently in, and pertains to details there. The topic being the Jedi Order".

"The Jedi Order were the guardians of peace and justice in the republic you currently find yourself in, that is undeniable. However, they are not easy to deal with. They are stubborn in their beliefs and, to an extent, corrupted. They may not take bribes, but they have become cold and distant from the people they protect, and the realities of the galaxy."

"Many loopers have found they just cannot handle them. I myself cannot handle them, and it seems that the sole reason my father puts up with them for lengthy periods of time is to not disappoint my mother and to be the mentor to Ahsoka. However, at the same time loopers are not able to simply stand by and let Sidious or the more nefarious side of the Confederacy take the galaxy"

"To find a balance between the good of the galaxy, and the sanity of the visiting loopers, several of our number: among them myself and several members of the Original Seven have come up with, through trial and error, the necessary steps to continue to protect the Galaxy, while avoiding the stress of the Jedi's more conservative ways in this time era."

"Welcome looper, to the Grey Jedi Initiative"

Luke's hologram vanished, only to be replaced with series after series of holographic instructions. Steps to create a Grey Jedi Order, with every considerable step detailed, from which senators to ask for support from, to how to ensure yourself some of the clones, how to get specific clones under your command, how to make sure your clones did not perform Order 66 (Whatever that was), to even how to do it in a way that most annoyed Windu (or how to do it while annoying him the least).

It was all here...

"Padawan Skywalker. Are you aware your master has defected from the Jedi Order and formed a rogue splinter cell?"

"Well, I sort of did notice she stopped telling me to do things and isn't around, so yeah, I guess I am aware" Anakin Skywalker, the Padawan with No Fear who recently tired the knot, replied cheekily as Mace glared at him.

Apparently Nanoha had gotten his holocron (He had a few hundred of those things he was supposed to leave visiting loopers to avoid...incidents of looper stress being taken out in the wrong way).

"Are you also aware she has gathered a following of not only several other Jedi, as well as several units of clone trooper?"

"Oh yeah, I heard she recruited the first Clone she met" he replied casually, as if discussing who Nanoha was dating instead of her causing clone and jedi defections (Which was possible really, Anakin could see Nanoha and Fate together. He thought it was cute. Certainly cuter than his daughter with...that Corellian).

"Plan to join your master, do you Padawan?" Yoda inquired as Anakin shrugged.

He didn't generally get into the Grey Jedi business unless either A, his wife leaned that way, or B, Ahsoka woke up and he needed help containing her due to that...bug she got from that damn pinkie Naruto tried to contain.

Honestly, he would be better off killing her each loop and sticking with that much nicer girl with the blue hair...

"Depends on whose food is better, really, and whoever has the better fighters" Anakin decided after a moments thought to say something that would most unnerve the Council.

Kit Fisto outright gulped nervously "Damn, its meatloaf night." he muttered under his breath as he realized they were about to be down

one chosen one.

4.3 (Saphorenth)

"Okay, I don't get it."

"What?" Spike asked, looking up and flipping his lightsaber hand to hand.

"Well..." Anakin paused. "I mean... okay, look. Despite what you may have encountered in the base line for my loop, I'm not generally psychotic."

"Nah." The dragon (well, winged bipedal lizard with clawed hands) shrugged. "I know – I was actually Obi-wan one of my first loops, which meant we put the kibosh on quite a lot of what was supposed to go wrong with the Republic." He picked the lightsaber out of the air – after he'd stopped juggling it, it had frozen where it was. "It was kind of fun."

"Right." Anakin shook his head. "I can sort of see you as Obi-Wan now, but if that was one of your first loops..."

"Yeah, loudest-mouthed jedi knight in the Republic," Spike confirmed. "Well, until your baseline self lost his braid."

"I may have lost my train of thought," Anakin apologized. "Right. Okay, well, what I was getting at was – it's really rare to encounter a looper who's an all-up Jedi. All the ones I tend to meet are Gray Jedi, but you're effectively a straight lightsider."

"I think it's because of how my personality is structured." They stood, and began to walk down a hall in the Temple. "See, as a dragon, I have this deep-seated need to have a hoard."

"This sounds more like a reason why you shouldn't be a lightsider than a reason you should be," Anakin observed as they turned a corner.

"Well, yeah, but meditation helps. In the end, I solved it by redirecting it – one example is my wife."

"You're married?" Anakin asked, interested. A couple of passing Knights gave them very strange looks. "Oh, grow up!" he added sharply.

This did not improve the nature of the looks.

"Are you people all dense?" he checked. "Ki-adi-mundi has at least three wives and five kids!"

"Ah, it doesn't matter," Spike said, loudly enough to be heard. "I mean, that's how the Sunrider clan got going, and they practically founded the modern order."

The shocked looks died away, to be replaced by confused muttering.

"As I was saying," Spike resumed, "I'm a dragon, she's the most precious thing I possess. But, at the same time, I belong to her in return."

Anakin blinked. "That works?"

"Apparently." Spike's smile was slightly distant. "It's a huge relief, actually, for my draconic hindbrain. As far as I'm concerned, I already have everything worth getting worked up about, which results in my feeling remarkablypeaceful."

The occasionally-a-sith frowned. "One of these days, I'll have to try that line on wrinkleface, he'd eat it up."

"Feel free – but for me it's true."

They reached a large durasteel door.

"Okay, where now?" Spike asked.

"...I was following you."

"It's your home loop," Spike pointed out reasonably.

"Right." Anakin drew his lightsaber and lit it. "I refuse to admit we made a wrong turning, so the force must have guided us here."

"You seriously don't know what's behind the door?" Spike checked. "Wow. Somehow, not what I'd expect from an Anchor..."

"Hey, this is the Galactic Republic. There's a lot of small details which are variant between loops. Like, where planets are..."

4.4

"Hello, my name is Mr. Darth Vader. I'm Luke and Leia's father. My job is ruling the Galactic Empire, enforcing justice and brutally crushing those who would harm to others. Any questions?"

The force Ghost of Obi-Wan, unseen to all but the armored Vader, who was ignoring him after the loop he decided to try out a Jedi Theocracy, face palmed.

Why the hell was Anakin (Vader suited) at his children's kindergarten parent day

Who the hell invited a Sith lord to a Kindergarten?

"Well, they let Bush talk to kindergarten students, is it really that bad in comparison?"

Obi-Wan turned to see a masked mercenary in red (as far as Obi-Wan could tell in the blue tint) as a force ghost next to him.

"Who the hell are you!?"

"My name's Deadpool. I haven't appeared in any snippets in a while, so I decided to crash this one"

Ghost Obi-Wan took out a little pocket book from his Subspace Pocket and quickly read through it "Your not on the looper census

though"

"What the hell's a looper? I just appear because I want to. I am Deadpool!"

Obi-Wan removed something else from his subspace pocket; a silver and green thermos. He uncapped it, causing the annoying spirit to be sucked into the patented anti-ghost thermos.

Unfortunately, Obi-Wan forgot he was also a ghost...

"Come along you two, our transport is waiting." Vader actually sounded happy as his non looping children ran to him, Kindergarten having let out for the day.

Sure, this loop had him in a metal suit, Padme was dead (Though this loop it was due to Tarkin and not him in any way) and the Galactic Empire was around. But he managed to stab Sidious this loop (though Obi-Wan also got stabbed and fell into lava this time around), but he had his children, and Leia wasn't trying to kill him.

"Daddy, what's this thing?"

Vader noted that Leia had grabbed a silver and green cylinder, which he picked up and examined.

"This would be what people call a Thermos. It's used to store soup"

"I am not soup! I am Deadpool!"

A voice rang out from the Thermos, startling the twins and causing Vader to glare at it.

Him...

"Though on closer inspection, this in fact appears to be a ancient Sith Artifact of Diabolic Evil. We're going to have to throw it into a black hole on the way home"

"Yay! Black hole!" Luke cheered

"What, I didn't know you were in that thing!" next loop a little Eps 1 Anakin was getting glared at by Obi-Padawan. "But still, I never got to see what was inside a black hole. Must of been wizard!"

Obi-Wan's glare suggested it was not 'wizard'

4.5

"...You know, what the hell is that Yoda thing anyway?"

Luke shook his head in exasperation as he found himself in Eiden hall, with the fiery dragon slayer Natsu Dragneel, alien shifting hero Ben Tennyson, card carrying duelist Yami Yugi/Atem and one of the Transformers pet humans, the half cybertronian Sari Sumdac, who had vouched the question while the four were exchanging tales of looping adventures.

(Luke already getting a headache from hearing about his Father's little...incident in Fairy Tail because Natsu had accidentally called Ahsoka a demon. He was going to have to lecture him about not starting bar fights with wizards, again.)

"No matter how many times people ask myself or my father that question, the answer is 'we have no idea'"

"It can't be that hard. Surely someone has to know" Natsu whined as Ben sighed before holding up the omnitrix.

"Well Luke doesn't know, Darth doesn't know, even my damn Omnitrix hasn't a clue" Ben then activated it to display several of his collected species, then to a sample of Yoda, to hammer it home.

"Alien Species, Tetramand. Alien Species, Saiyan. Alien Species, Clefairy. Alien Species, unknown" the Omnitrix recited.

"I could have sworn that your father once refereed to Yoda as a muppet..."

"That was an insult Atem, not the actual species name" Luke shook his head in annoyance.

"Can't you just ask the...whatever Yoda is what his species is?" Natsu demanded as he proceeded to gulp down a pitcher filled with fire that the Bartender had somehow prepared for him.

"...Can't. I think it's like whatever happened with Ash's father over in the Pokemon loops, no one can remember any details about it when asked or retain the memory of it. Been that way since the earliest loops really. So, we probably won't know until the admin gets to it" Luke informed them as Sari scratched her head curiously.

"Hey, who is your admin anyway?"

"Again, no clue."

4.6 (DragonRaptyr)

"Uh, Ben?"

An Awake Luke looked down at the chest that the old jedi was standing in front of. "What is that?"

Obi-wan smiled serenely. "This is the weapon of a Jedi Knight. A more elegant weapon, for a more civilized age. Your father used it to great effect in the past."

"To great effect?" Luke asked incredulously. "This isn't a weapon! It's... it's..."

Obi-wan pulled the object out of the chest, turning it around appreciatively. "This piece was one of his favorites. When he used this, he could rally anyone to fight by his side." Obi-wan handed it over to Luke, who was seriously considering just pulling out his lightsaber and chopping the whole thing into pieces. The jedi

rummaged around for a moment, before pulling something else out of the box, and putting it one.

Luke didn't know whether to laugh or not. Obi-wan was standing in front of him, completely serene, wearing a bright pink wig that was at least his height again. Obi-wan smiled at Luke, completely unaware of the Looper's dumbfounded expression.

Luke looked down at the wig in his hands with equal parts amusement and disgust. "The wigs at least have special powers, right Ben?" he asked desperately. It was the only thing that could possibly salvage his pride.

Obi-wan shook his head, and walked out of the hut. "Oh no. None at all."

"Did you use other weapons? Like laser swords? Or psychic powers?"

"Nope!" Obi-wan declared cheerfully. "That was against our code. No, we would march onto the field with no weapon other than our follicles."

"I'm doomed." Luke muttered to himself. "Completely and utterly doomed."

R2 gave a cheerful whistle, privately setting a part of his memory banks aside to record the events. The blackmail potential was enormous.

Half a galaxy away, Anakin stared in despair at the giant black pompadour that had been superglued to his helmet.

4.7

DING DONG

The doorbell rang as a motherly looking Twi'Lek opened the door,a bowl of candy for that strange holiday that the war hero Luke

Skywalker had introduced years ago (Halloween, a day of dress up and free candy for children that had simply caught on like wildfire) to great a trio of trick or treaters.

Two of them were positively adorable little children, probably 8 or so. A boy and a girl, both with brown hair. The girl who was dressed up in a little female version of the get up of that rather dashing Han Solo fellow, while the boy was dressed like a little Jedi.

Oh, just how positively adorable...

KUSH KUSH

The Twi'lek's eyes gazed up as she heard that...ominous sound, and found herself looking up at someone in a really, really, really convincing Darth Vader costume, probably their parent or guardian.

It was really realistic...

"Trick or Treat" the little children stated in the cutest sounding voice they could muster.

"Trick or Treat" the Vader costumed man said...in a perfect version of Darth Vader's voice.

The Twi'Lek's eyes rolled back in shock, before she collapsed to the ground and spilled her candy bag.

"Ah, not again grandpa" The little girl complained as her brother slyly reached for the candy.

"It cannot be helped Jaina...Jacen only take three pieces of candy" their grandfather gently lectured/scolded them.

"Maybe you should have dressed up too grandpa, maybe then people would stop fainting on us" Jaina absently wondered as Anakin Skywalker/Darth Vader/Most terrifying grandfather in the galaxy shook his metal armored head.

"The only costume my size is an Ewok Costume Jaina, and I am not dressing up as one of those furry little monsters. Now, maybe the next apartment will have someone living there whose made of stronger stuff..."

"I hope that have Chocolate with nuts at the next door"

"That too Jacen, that too"

4.8

"You know, I really am sorry things ended the way we did. We always knew your time with us would be short, and it ended up being shorter still because the higher ups blindsided us. But hey, he had the chance to show off everything he had left in what little time he had left, you guy's didn't. We had some good memories, and even if we didn't get the chance to show your full story, you were at least exposed to a new group of fans who hopefully will look you guys up elsewhere. I can only hope we'll meet again some day."

The rather confused Togruta looper just looked at the robot in confusion. Pikachu and Tsukaka were right, this guy really was a nutter.

"What are you talking about?"

"Bang" the Toonami Operations Module Version 5 simply told her, before turning around and walking away from the still rather confused Togruta.

4.9 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"Wedge."

"Yes, Luke?"

"You think we've been in these loops too long?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Last loop, you went for a no shield run throughout the Rebellion and retired as a General after the Yuuzhan Vong War."

Wedge rolled his eyes, "Don't give me that, Mr. Give-Me-A-Lightsaber-And-Throw-Me-Into-Space-During-Endor."

Luke shrugged, "At least it wasn't a Gundam this time."

4.10

Darth Vader had no idea where he was...except for the fact that it was a white abyss that seemed to have nothing in it bar himself.

"Wonderful, I've replaced Squidward again" Vader muttered to himself before waiting for the echoes of the abyss to come forth.

After five seconds, he noted a lack of those echoes for the abyss beyond time Squidward kept getting himself trapped in.

"Okay...I guess I'm lost then"

Looking around at the nothingness, he briefly wondered if he somehow got stuck in the remains of the Loop that Never Was (which had no connection to Xemnas, Xigbar or the rest of the nobodies), before he finally began to notice something on the edge of his vision.

Thankfully his powers were still working, and so he apparated over to it, and found one of those perplexing machines known as 'prize grabbers' or something like that.

Those cheap little things that children wasted vast sums of quarters on for the low quality toys inside.

There was a pair of quarters on top of the machine.

"...Well, what else do I have to do" it did seem as if the skill crane...whatever it was called, was the only other thing in existence in this loop for some reason.

Vader proceeded to place the two quarters into the machine and began to maneuver the claw and clicked the big red button on top.

He idly noted the toy that was grabbed (with skill and skill alone, Vader had mastered the skill crane after looping as Squidward a few dozen times) and deposited for him to grab.

"Well, let's see the low quality toy I got from this waste of 50 cents" Vader reached in and removed the toy...and found himself staring at a plush replica of Padme with one of those strings in the back.

"Please don't have Padme's soul in this thing, please don't have Padme's soul in this thing" Vader chanted to himself as he cautiously reached for the string on the back of the toy "Padme, are you in there?"

"So this is how liberty dies...with thunderous applause" the toy replied back in the standard toy way, not the 'help me Annie, I am trapped in a cheaply made stuffed replica of myself' sort of way.

Vader sighed in relief that his brief paranoia was unjustified, but then found himself staring back into the machine in shock as he found it filled with similarly cheap toy versions of dozens of non loopers and loopers alike (he spotted toy Spock, toy Gajeel, toy Charizard and toy Whitebeard among them).

What sort of loop did he just discover?

4.11 (Gamerex27)

Luke Awoke, checked his Loop Memories, and, had he possessed hands, would have facepalmed.

The Dyson Sphere known as R2-D2 swiveled to face him, beeping out a question.

Luke sighed, and flared in irritation, his surface burning even brighter in annoyance. "Star Wars, R2. Literal Star Wars."

4.12

"Ah, Perry the Platypus, you sound heavier than..." with his hunched back, mantis like posture, and white labcoat, evil scientist Doctor Heinz Doofemsmirtz was one of the few looping villains who was still, well evil. "Wait, your not Perry"

Sure, that isn't saying much, considering he was always one of those villains who was mostly in it from 9 to 5 and would sent Christmas gifts to his 'nemesis', but still, he was a looper who had experiences with being evil.

The looper who broke into Doofemsmirtz Evil Incorporated's purple interior, surrounded by advanced 21st century technology, was definitely not a Platypus, he wasn't even his replacement this loop.

He just wanted to talk to him.

The bearded man absently used the force to push a large red button on a strange machine in the room, which immediately melted into green goo "No, I'm subbing for him today. My name is Obi-Wan Kenobi. I have come to seek your wisdom"

The face of Doofemsmirtz lit up "You did!? I always wanted my own Jedi minion..."

A serious faced Obi-Wan stared back at the evil scientist "I didn't come to become your minion, I came to ask you a question"

That caught the doctor (who had actually went to get a legitimate degree during his loops at one point) off guard "Huh?"

"I want to know why you turned evil"

A half hour and one immensely lengthy backstory later found the two loopers sitting at a purple table, drinking tea delivered by a large robot named Norm.

"...and that, is why I am evil" Doofemsmirtz finished with his lengthy back story that involved being forced to take the place of the family lawn gnome, being raised by Ocelots and his parents not showing up for his birth.

Obi-Wan frowned as he gazed into his tea "...I find that entire thing hard to believe. For one thing..."

Doofemsmirtz waved Obi-Wan off on his complaint "Your anchor was conceived by a bunch of angry mitochondria or something of the like. You have no place telling me my backstory makes no sense"

Obi-Wan took a deep breath "That's actually why I wanted to ask you why your evil, to tell you the truth. I only recently began looping, you see. I only recently have begun to see that my padawan, my brother in all but blood, is working to save himself for the darkness that plagued him in the baseline. Yet, at the same time..."

How much of that darkness was his fault in the first place?

He had only just been knighted when he took on Anakin, a older student who already had issues. Issues that were sort of hard to avoid growing up on Tatooine as a slave. Was he too hard on Anakin for not being 'normal' by Padawan standards?

Was he too lax and let him get the arrogance he had well up to the loss of his hand, at which point, while still there, it was somewhat subdued.

Could he have done something to get Palpatine away from Anakin? Was it something he could have actually prevented?

Would stopping Anakin's relation with Padme had prevented his temptation for saving her life, or would that have must made him fall earlier?

Was not being able to save Ahsoka from the Council's witch hunt a major factor, or did it just accelerate the process?

He made many mistakes with Anakin (and he wasn't even counting the issues that occurred after his fall. Anakin had given him a ear full about the fact he nearly caused Luke and Leia to fall into a relationship, and in the process he had discovered some new curse words. Who knew Anakin knew Klingon?), which ones doomed the universe?

Should he have died in Qui-Gon's place?

The entire time Obi-Wan was dwelling on his thoughts, Doofemsmirtz was reading spark notes on the entire Star Wars Saga.

"Mmmm..." Doofemsmirtz put his notes down and gazed at Obi-Wan "Yeah, you really shouldn't blame yourself"

Obi-Wan's head shot up rapidly as the doctor continued.

"Evil is complicated. You have goal driven evil, punch clock evil, and I want to destroy all of creation evil, and that's just a small smidgen of evil diversity. Did you hate Anakin?"

"No, never! Not even when he was a monster..."

Doofemsmirtz cut off Obi-Wan "Evil is only the fault of people who go out of their way to cause harm or to neglect him. You, at no point, deliberately tried to cause him pain. A man creating an ultimate evil because he tried to kill a evil forest is not the same as someone mercilessly beating a child for giggles. Did you mess up somewhere? Yes, you probably did. But did you go out of your way to create a Sith Lord?"

Obi-Wan frowned. The words were heard and registered, but did they really sink in?

"...I can't believe I am giving a good guy a pep talk. The omniverse really is broken" Doofemsmirtz shook his head.

4.1: What? I've always thought Darth Vader would be perfect against zombies. Don't tell me you wouldn't buy that comic?

4.2 The Grey Jedi Order was a concept that existed in Innortal canon that has since been used on rare occasion since. This is simply a reboot of the concept.

4.3 Pony snippet. Gah, sometimes I wish there were more loops that did not involve equines. You know, I also have to express the issue about using Ki-Ali-Mundi as a point about marriage. Anakin, unlike Mundi, is not from an endangered species

4.4 Loopers do tend to find out things they were never meant to know…..

4.5 ...While there are other things no looper really knows.

4.6 Apparently he got the idea from a mistyping of some sorts

4.7 Happy Halloween. Oh, and apparently this snippet makes people think of Spongebob on Space Battles? Same here or not?

4.8 Bang. What, I was feeling sad that Toonami no longer had Star Wars The Clone Wars. It's not just an anime block after all.

4.9 Boredom. It leaves loopers self nuzlocking themselves.

4:10 I get the most random ideas sometimes

4:11 Yes, all the heroes are stars. The Dark Side must be black holes then...

4.12: Stranger conversations have happened in the loops.

Chapter 5

So, quick question. Considering moving this to the X-overs crossover with Star Wars section. Any objections? If not, then let us begin

5.1

Obi-Wan hadn't heard from his former Padawan for several months due to a deep cover recon infiltration of a Seperatist Planet that didn't normally exist in the baseline, and this lack of contact with the First Skywalker worried him.

For one thing, leaving Anakin alone for too long had a bad habit of leading to benevolent despotism, overthrown Jedi Orders and territorial disputes with the Federation (And not the green ones)

Another was the fact that Ahsoka had been replaced as Anakin's Padawan this loop...by Bariss.

Now, Obi-Wan wasn't as worried about Anakin killing Bariss. For one thing, after enough loops, Anakin had come to believe that A, Bariss had the semi right idea, just the wrong way of dealing with it; B, if Bariss didn't snap, some other Jedi did and generally more people died from those general bombings than Bariss's bomb, and C and probably most importantly...Anakin killed Bariss enough times that it got boring.

Torturing her, though, was still a possibility. Obi-Wan had horrible visions of what Anakin could do to Bariss as some sort of cosmic payback.

He could cause her to mentally break, or make her run a thousand laps on her hands, or...

"The reputation of the 501st is spoken of far and wide. When they talk about the mighty leader of the 501st..."

Having boarded Anakin's flagship on a search for his padawan, and the hopefully not dead Bariss, he happened to pass by a circle of clones who were surrounding the oddly familar sounding person talking like Kamin...

Obi-Wan froze as he saw who was acting like Kamina

Oh Force no...

"ANAKIN SKYWALKER!" Obi-Wan demanded in a furious tone as he burst into Anakin's room.

Said Skywalker, who was assembling model Gundams, looked up at his mentor in surprise.

"What are you yelling at me for?! I swear, if it's about punching Windu in the face last loop…."

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO BARISS!"

"I...actually have no clue" Anakin admitted.

"SHE IS DRESSED LIKE, AND ACTING LIKE, FUCKING KAMINA! HOW IS THAT NOT YOUR FAULT!?"

"Look" Anakin returned his attention to his model gundam projects "All I did was de-train her from general Jedi stuffiness. Made her a bit less formal, gave her a sense of humor, introduced her to sugary soft drinks...and somehow that turned her into the daughter of either Kamina and Yoko, or Kamina and Haruhi" Anakin shivered at the last one.

He had...bad history, with Haruhi. Apparently being both an alien (technically), time travel (Loops) and Esper (The Force) made him very 'interesting' to her.

"Well then, fix it then!"

"...I don't think anyone can 'fix' a Kamina Master."

"Hey Artoo, what did I miss last loop?" Ahsoka inquired of her favorite little astromech, who beeped in amusement as he displayed a holographic image.

Ahsoka did a double take when she saw it; for some reason it was Bariss with a red cape, Kamina glasses, spiky hair and no shirt, instead just a black bra like what Yoko ran around in.

"What the hell did Skyguy do to her!?"

5.2

As a great and shiny rainbow road spread out before him, Han just frowned.

"Okay, this is going to be a strange loop. This place looks like that racing variant the old plumber has on occasion...yet I don't seem my ride anywhere. And I don't hear any engines..."

HAN SOLO SHOOTS FIRST!

Giant yellow letters formed above him, and promptly vanished as oppose to the normal scrolling they did during those occasional variants where long streams of yellow letters rolled through space for some reason.

"Not this argument again" Han complained, before that fire breathing turtle, the kirby-batman hybrid with a sword and the creepy boy with magic powers appeared around him.

"What're you looking at!?" Han demanded as the boy made his move.

"PK FI..."

Han shot before the kid could.

Han gulped as, after a long and grueling battle royal that saw the boy and the miniature knight get blown away to...somewhere, stared down the giant fire-breathing turtle.

Or, as it was now after punching a glowing ball and mutating, a Giga giant fire-breathing turtle.

"I hate this loop" Han solemnly declared.

5.3 (DragonRaptyr)

"What are you doing?" Threepio looked down at Artoo in confusion. The little astromech was holding a strange little blue cube in his manipulators, poking and prodding at it. Artoo gave a quick whistle, shaking the cube slightly for emphasis.

"I can see that it's a morphing cube. But it only works for organic beings. Not for droids." Threepio pointed out. "I don't think there's anything that could get it to do otherwise."

Artoo gave a smug chirp, rocking back and forth.

"What do you mean 'I used the all-spark'? Wouldn't that just bring the cube to life?" The protocol droid asked in confusion. He'd never heard of the all-spark interacting with another machine without bringing it to life. It was simply unheard of.

Artoo beeped and flashed his lights, swiveling his dome from side to side in a rough facsimile of an organic shaking their head. He'd worked hard on this, studying both objects thoroughly, the little droid insisted. He soldered one more point, before activating the cube.

Threepio gave a huff of dismay. "It won't work." He insisted again. "You're being completely unreasonable."

Artoo ignored him, instead poking his friend in the thigh and running the acquiring program.

Threepio gave a squeak as he saw Artoo beginning to change, his parts whirling and folding just like a Transformer. Soon enough, a blue and white protocol droid stood in front of Threepio, its arms crossed in satisfaction. "I told you it would work." Artoo said smugly, holding out the cube. "You want to try?"

Threepio stared at the cube for a moment. "Very well." he conceded. "There are some benefits, I take it." He activated the cube before handing it back to Artoo. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to find Luke."

"Fine." Artoo said, reverting to his normal form. He gave a quick chirp before scurrying away. Threepio stopped in alarm. "What do you mean 'You're going to acquire the Death Star'? Artoo, do come back, please!"

5.4

Admiral Vader, high ranking Marine stood before his soldiers from G-501, dressed in a white and blue version of his armor that more matched the colors of his marines.

As to why he was in his Vader armor in the first place...apparently he ate some magical fruit before he woke up that turned his body into some sort of gas or something.

"Men, today we fight to combat the growing pirate threat. These criminals threaten our citizens, plunder our resources and pollute our oceans! As Marines, we must apprehend these Pirate Scum for the good of mankind!"

As his non looping clone troopers cheered to his command, Vader mused how often he played the villain in large fused loops like this.

As one of the few loopers who was a villain in the baseline, he played the part more effectively than Orohime or Hinata were able, and he did truly like the idea of the Marines on paper (He did like to try and set up good despotisms when possible).

It was sometimes sad that this was one of the few things he was good at was being bad, but if it helped other loops not go insane from boredom, than so be it.

After all, with the Straw Hat Pirates taking their ship to sail their galaxy this loop for a change, it was a open ocean for all the visiting loopers to have their fun as pirates.

And Vader being the cop was just part of the fun.

As the surge of fire approached Admiral Vader, Vader decided to play in character as a Admiral and block with Haki instead of the force.

As the seemingly invisible barrier reflected the fire around Vader, he spotted the annoyed grimace of Roy Mustang, the tall and blue dressed Alchemist who was generally the Elric's problem.

"I'm afraid your flames are no match for me, Mustang the Flame. Surrender, and I will assure you will merely spend the rest of your life in prison as oppose to having your head chopped off"

Mustang's response was laser vision.

Vader jumped into the air, rebounding off it again and again with Geppo to avoid the attack as he gave a round house kick that sent an air cut flying towards Mustang.

However, the wall of Adamantium that blocked it was not from him.

As Vader landed, he got the answer of who made it when the captain of the Alchemy Pirates had a glowing metal fist to hit Vader with.

"FALCON PUNCH!" Edward Elric, the short blond in his ever present red coat, struck Vader with the powerful punch that caused Vader to slide back several feet, only his Tekkai and Haki combined allowing him to not have a ruptured suit from the impact.

As he recovered, however, he found the two Alchemist loopers had escaped, probably to Alphonse and the ship.

"This...is going to get me yelled at" Vader muttered to himself. He was going to have to make up for letting them get away.

Punching Johnny Joestar in the face, Vader smirked underneath his mask as the last of the Joestar Pirates were defeated, ready to be shipped to Impel Down.

That was rather satisfying. He had long wanted to punch the Joestars in the face.

Vader had decided early on that using his light saber was not cheating in this loop, though only when fighting another swordsman looper.

Kirito the Dual Wielder of the Alfheim Pirates, as a swordsman, was thus fair game as the sword duel between the Black Swordsman and Dark Lord of the Sith waged across the floating Skypeia landscape Kirito had come from this loop.

"You can't stop us Vader!" Kirito, who had looped in as a Spriggan like life form, declared as their blades clashed in a series of powerful clashes.

"Oh but I can and I will, Pirate" Vader smirked as the their clash continued.

Kirito was a worthy opponent indeed.

"JUST WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK I AM MARINE!" Kamina the Mighty, second in command of the Spiral Pirates yelled at Vader, who sweat dropped in response to the screaming, shirtless, blue haired and shade wearing teenager.

"A barely clothed person who needs to lay off caffeine" Vader drawled .

While Kirito was someone who he could probably accept as a Son-In-Law, Kamina was one of the few people who made him prefer Solo as his daughter's husband.

He didn't even want to begin to imagine what his darling grandchildren would be like if Kamina raised them, Solo probably damaged them enough as it is.

Satsuki Kiryuin, the White Blade of the Kamui Pirates (Vader wasn't quite sure if it was her or Ryuuko who was in charge himself), dressed in that poorly clad Kamui uniform of hers, clashed with Vader over the open water, the student council president having just beaten Mihawk to a pulp.

She didn't seem that winded at all, truth be told.

"How do you even run around in something that scantily clad? Have you no shame!?" Vader demanded during their clash as the young woman smirked.

"Yet you have nothing to complain about when that Twi'Lek Aayla or your apprentice runs around showing off their waist? Are you truly such a pig..."

Vader responded to that with with a second light saber.

"How dare you make such a comparison! They don't run around in something that wouldn't fly in most worlds outside a Nudist Colony!"

"This bastard refuses to give me his dragon Admiral Vader! Execute him at once!"

Vader responded to the wining World Noble/ entitled asshole with a blade to the gut, before ignoring the resulting corpse to turn to the dragon and its 'owner' in question.

"Well, this is hardly how I pictured we'd be meeting this loop Eragon, but I suppose it is my job to attempt to arrest you. I do need some prisoners to join the Joestars and the Ponies after all, job security and all in this economy" Vader said matter of factly as the brown haired Eragon drew Brisignr and Saphira, a blue dragon of the same color as said blade roared over them as Vader began battle with Eragon the Dragon Tamer, Leader of the Varden Pirates.

The next loop, a young Anakin yawned as he woke up back on Tatoonie after that and many more battles.

That was enough battle for a while, perhaps this loop he'd play it a bit more peacefully.

"The Senate recognized Senator Skywalker from Tatooine"

As Mas Amedda announced the next Senator to speak, Obi-Wan comically collapsed to the floor in horror.

"Not again" he whimpered to himself as the non looping Kit Fisto just looked at him oddly.

"What again?"

5.41 (Kris Overstreet with slight edits by myself)

"What do you mean, Impel Down has been overthrown?"

The lieutenant shook in his shoes before Admiral Vader. "Sir," he stammered, "our supply boat reported seeing a new flag flying over the harbor fort there. Hails to the fort revealed that the prison

authorities have been overthrown and replaced with... with a parliamentary republic, sir."

"Indeed," Vader growled. "And who claims to be in charge of this republic?"

"A prisoner styling herself Prime Minister Fluttershy, sir."

"Ah." Vader's rage didn't vanish, but it cloaked itself in thick layers of caution. "Ah," he repeated as implications piled on implications. "Send a messenger to the Prime Minister of Impel Down, assuming they haven't renamed it yet. Ask if they are willing to continue housing and rehabilitating our... problem cases."

"Sir?"

"If you'd ever met Fluttershy the Stare Master," Vader said, "you would understand that there are some forces even the Empire does not trifle with lightly."

"What empire sir?"

5.5

"WHAT!? I have been appointed by Minister Fudge himself! You cannot tell me my services are not needed!" Umbridge demanded as Dumbledore stared the toad down.

"I had a last minute applicant Dolores, someone who is far more qualified away. So, please leave"

"Who did you hire!? I'd like to see his competency myself..."

KSSSH KUHHH KSSSH KUHHH

Dumbledore stepped to the side as the black suited man walked up to Dolores, making strange breathing sounds.

"This is Professor Vader. He will be our new DADA teacher"

KSSSH KUHHH KSSH KUHHH

"He doesn't look well, you didn't hire another Werewolf did..."

Dolores suddenly stopped talking as she was levitated over the ground, though she was not being choked.

Vader was working on that particular habit of his.

"I find your...no I just find you disturbing, Dolores Umbridge. Leave"

Vader force chucked her out the window and into the lake with a loud splash.

"Good morning Slytherin Students, my name is Professor Darth Vader. I know this is your O.W.L year, so I hope that you will all pay attention in my classroom. You all do not know the power of the Dark Side, and you must be prepared to deal with it"

Vader stared at one particular student "Dark Arts are not a toy, do be aware of that Mr. Malfoy"

Malfoy internally laughed that off. What did this clown thing Dark Magic would do to him, trap him in a metal body suit for the rest of his life?

KSSSH KUHHH KSSSH KUHHH

"And that, Mr. Malfoy, is what happens when you do not pay attention to my class or to my warnings. You get burned by your own Fiendfyre and get stuck in a metal suit for the rest of your life" Vader told the miniature version of himself that was now glaring at him "To add insult to your injury, 400 points from Slytherin for playing with Dark Magic and detention for the rest of the year"

"Darth, you do know the boy just had his limbs burned off, the rest of his body severely burned and the love of his life all but dead by his own mistake. Surely you could go easier on him..." Dumbledore began, before he felt Vader's glare "...Oh yeah...you sort of know the feeling don't you"

He probably should shut up now.

5.51 (Kris Overstreet)

"The entire point of this class is that your students should not repeat my... poor judgement."

5.6 (Kris Overstreet)

Earth, Anakin thought. It's always so... strange... so similar, and yet so alien, to everything I know.

And in some ways, more alien than others. He looked at his special cabbie license. *City of Sega Francisco: Total Traffic Law Exemption. Bearer is licensed to break any and all laws of the road, including speed limits, safety limits, and the laws of physics. Issued to: Skywalker, A* .

Well.

Anakin looked at his cab, convertible top open to any and all. He looked at the towering hills and steep slopes of the city. He looked at the absurd number of tow trucks parked with their loading ramps pointed skyward.

He turned on the radio just in time to hear a DJ scream, "Hey hey hey, are you ready to make some CRAAAAZY money?"

Why yes, Anakin thought. Yes I am.

He pumped his foot, and the convertible's engine roared with eight cylinders of petrochemical power.

As the strange music poured from the radio, he let out the clutch, and the taxi laid rubber for half a block.

I wonder if I can jigger a Loop so I can get one of these on the streets of Mos Eisley?

5.7

"Team Rocket blasts off at the speed of light!"

"Surrender now, or prepare to fight!"

"C-3PO that's right!"

The two Team Rocket grunts, having just woken up as they finished their glorious motto, frowned as they saw the replacement for Meowth this loop.

"Oh, hello there" the golden Protocol droid waved to them "I do believe we are having a fused loop today. Perhaps I should properly introduce myself, my name is C-3PO, human-cyborg relations, and...well would you know where my companion R2-D2 would be at?"

"Pi-Pikachu!"

"Oh, there you are R2...oh my you are certainly small and fluffy this loop. Where are we, exactly, I mean besides the Air Balloon we are floating away in of course. Mind also explaining why R2 is in a cage?"

Meanwhile down below, a brown haired jedi dressed in Ash's cloths shook his head as he just woke up for this loop.

"This is going to be one of those loops, I just know it" Luke Skywalker muttered to himself before he ran after his droids.

5.8

"I think your dad might have just woken up" Han commented to Luke and Leia in a quiet room on Hoth as the two eyed him warily.

"You sure?" Luke inquired "Because the last time you thought he was awake, he wasn't and things got awkward."

And by awkward, Luke meant that Luke lost both of his hands and a Wookie-Mandalorian War that devastated the galaxy started up. Luke still had no idea how things butterfly effected that way to this very day.

"No, this time for sure. I mean, who else would put a 2,000,000 Credit Bounty out of Kyubey" Luke held up a holo image of the infamous furry MLE.

"Wanted, Kyubey. Wanted in all known galaxies for crimes against reality. Wanted alive or evidenced to have been sucked into a black hole" Leia read off.

"Why does Father hate Kyubey so much..." Luke had to ask as the trio all sort of looked uneasy.

"Say Sticky Buns..." Han asked Leia with a joke on her hairstyle that elected a glare from her "Did you ever..."

"I would like to think that I have never given my soul to a magical bunny cat as far as I can tell" Leia deadpanned with a layer of snark thicker than the Coruscant planet city in depth.

"You'd better check to make sure he didn't put a bounty on your head again Han" Luke warned as Han began scrolling through the bounties, recalling the many times that Anakin had 'accidentally' put a hit out on him.

"Why does he hate me so much?" Han had to ask as the images of loopers flashed by, either MLE's or loopers that Anakin did not particularly like. A 1,000,000 Credit bounty on Dio Brando and a 400,000 credit bounty on The Tick were briefly noticed by Luke.

"Well, you are a smuggler. Not sure what father would want his daughter to marry a Smuggler with a price on his head?" Luke pointed out fairly as a image of Waltz with a 300,000 credit bounty flashed by with images of Jabba the Hutt and Cad Bane with a 900,000 credit bounty and 700,000 credit bounty on their heads.

"But you married a freaking assassin!?" Han pointed out "Mara tried to kill you, something I have never attempted on Leia in any loop I remember where she was not raised by Palpatine as his apprentice! Why does he never try to get rid of her!?"

Before Luke could try to figure out a logical answer to this question, considering he didn't think his father was either attracted to, or scared of, Mara, he found the bounty on Han's head.

"Han Solo, wanted for unspeakable crimes" Luke read off as Leia rolled her eyes at that one "Wanted dead, not alive. Reward for successful death...LEADERSHIP OF THE GALAXY!?"

The trio exchanged nervous looks at that...rather high bounty.

"...Are we really going to see Boba Fett or Cad Bane as rulers of the Galaxy? I thought we agreed never to see what that was like?" Han complained.

"I think the bigger question is, are there any in the Rebel Alliance desperate enough to..." Leia began before shouting was heard in the distance.

"WHERE IS HE?! HAN SOLO MUST DIE FOR DEMOCRACY TO LIVE!"

"IT'S OBVIOUSLY A TRAP!"

"CAN IT FISH FACE!"

Han gulped "This...is going to be a long loop"

5.9 (Starfata)

Shippo tried to remind himself that he was a Looper, and had more years lived than all the Masters in the temple put together. That he'd been raised well, both by his original parents and his adopted family of the Inutachi. That if Inuyasha heard he'd been being a brat, he'd shortly afterwards have a sore skull to worry about. That Miroku would snicker endlessly. That Kagome would be disappointed. That Kirara would huff at him when Sango was unsure of what to say.

None of that helped much. "But Master Yoda, why do I have to babysit them?" The young Padawan whined.

The venerable Grand Master of the Order swatted him with his Gimer stick. "Too good to play with crechelings, are you?" The small green being scowled.

Shippo shook his head violently, padawan braid swinging. "Not at all Master Yoda. And I wouldn't be complaining if it were any group of younglings but the Savrip clan."

Yoda's scowl became a confused yet smug little smile that made Shippo want to stomp his feet in a temper. He refrained, and listened to the Grand Master of the Order.

"Trouble with the Savrip clan, have you?" Yoda queried, continuing down the hall.

"Only four of them." Shippo grumbled. "The Fearsome Foursome have a true talent for chaos Master Yoda. And they've taken a liking to me." He was pretty sure they were Loopers. For the sake of the Awake beings in this loop, he hoped they were Loopers playing a prank on the visitor. The alternative was too horrifying to contemplate.

"Ah yes. Young Obi-Wan is the ringleader, is he not?" Yoda smiled gleefully. He was probably remembering the last time the four Savrip clanmates had caught him out. Master Qui-Gon and Master Dooku had almost split their sides laughing at him when he'd finally

stumbled free. How did four initiates get hold of industrial glue anyway?

Shippo nodded at the question. "For the most part. Bant and Garen are fiendish enough on their own however, and Reeft might not take the lead very often but I'm fairly sure he's the one who came up with their 'poison' trick." Dye in his food. His lips, mouth and most of his teeth had been stained neon green. It wasn't his best look.

Yoda stopped and gestured at the nearest door. Shippo sighed. "I have to do this, don't I?"

The Savrip clan smiled at the young padawan from the classroom- four of them grinning in a way that more than lived up to their nickname.

"Force be with you, Shippo Du Crion." Yoda cackled. "Fear not, return your Master shall by weeks end."

Shippo waved after the Grand Master half-heartedly. "Thank you Master Yoda." He called. The Fearsome Foursome were grinning. Force help him.

5:10

Anakin looked at his hand with a frown on his face "Okay, first off, why do we look like something out of Aku and Jack's world?"

"I don't see it" Obi-Wan shrugged.

"You don't notice that world's just...look subtly different? The colors, the shades, the dimensions..."

"I'm sorry, I never noticed" Obi-Wan admitted with a shrug as the two approached Muunulist.

"I'm telling you we look weird, I can't find Ahsoka anywhere, Padme vaguely sounds like Azula (Shivers) and how the hell did Mace win the Battle of Dantooine, solo. He's not looping, and I call Rankor-shit on being able to punch droids apart bare handed. He's human, not a Wookie"

"Stop complaining Anakin, this variant loop is sort of nice."

"It still feels weird, more like some sort of propaganda film or something...though what propaganda form that glorifies the Jedi would make Padme sound like Azula..." again, shivers

"I don't hear it Anakin, now come on. We have a siege to win"

"Why do the words 'siege' make me want to eat insects all of a sudden?"

5.11

A fleet of a dozen Super Galaxy Gurren Laggan battle ships hovered over the Spiral world of Earth as the invasion fleet continued to pile out of hyper space.

"So, the Galactic Empire has finally come" Supreme Commander Simon, a dark hair boy always found with a pair of goggles on his forehead, frowned as he saw at least two fleets appeared over the horizon, number at least in the 800s

While the Super Galaxies were larger than Death Stars...size alone didn't exactly win battles.

After all, a small fighter did defeat the first death star with a single photon torpedo.

"Supreme Commander Sir" the red and white haired brother-sister team of Gimmy and Darry saluted him "The Grapearl squadrons are ready, as are the Gunmen. Gurren Laggan is also ready for launch"

Simon nodded, clutching the core drill in his hands. Of course, like the Gurren Laggan, he had several of them, but it was still a habit.

"Very well, prepare for battle!"

For the fate of the planet began the battle of Mecha and Tie Fighter.

Lasers crossed the vacuum, explosions rang out, and casualties were high on both sides.

But, due to the increased use of Beastmen pilots by Simon, and the fact that Tie Fighters, unlike robots, could not punch the enemy in the face, they were holding their own and generally keeping the Galactic Empire back.

However, the empire had something up their sleeve...

A large, round something.

"Oh crap!" Simon cursed as a Death Star emerged from Hyper Space, already charging its laser.

Of course the Galactic Empire had some sort of overkill level weapon hidden up their sleeve.

Of course, their overkill was nothing compared to their overkill, but it was still annoying to deal with.

"Well Simon, have any brilliant plans for stopping that thing from beating the Anti-Spirals on their doomsday countdown. We are a few hundred hairless apes away from a Million, after all?" the white haired beastman Viral joked from the Gurren half of Gurren Laggan as Simon lowered his goggles.

"GIGA!"

"You can't be serious Simon..."

"DRILL!"

"...Oh what the hell, might as well try it once..."

"BREAKER!"

The drill attack, powered by spiral energy, flew right into the path of the planet destroy super laser...

Oh come on, who do you think won? Do you think the galaxy would ever give Tarkin the satisfaction of winning against cool protagonists?

Anyway, the laser was completely reflected (And, as it was a Death Star V1, the laser had to charge for an hour) and currently Laggan was plugging in to take over the Death Star as Simon's first one.

That just left Simon and Viral to capture the head honcho in charge.

"So, Vader, Tarkin or Palpatine?" Viral absently asked as the two ran through the halls.

"Vader is a 'on the field of battle' sort of evil overlord. He would be out fighting the Grapearl squadrons himself, looping or not."

"That's a rarity" Viral deadpanned. So few evil overlords were that proactive.

"It would either be Tarkin or Palpatine then" Simon decided "We should be ready for any..."

The two leapt out of the way of force lightning as they got the answer on who was commanding the attack.

"Why, aren't you a unique looking creature" the old emperor of the Dark Side approached them, his hand still sparking from his attack "And I sense a interesting power from you, young man. You will make fine creatures for dissection"

"Look, I've been part of science experiments before you over aged freak. I didn't particularly like it. Plus, I'm sort of immortal and constantly regenerating like some Wolverine wannabe, so I'm not really dissect-able" Viral deadpanned as Simon shot him a look.

"Viral, don't say that. He has a immortality fetish"

"I thought he just liked manipulating young boys?"

"No, I think he has a fetish for both"

The two dodged some fury lightning blasts for that.

"Shouldn't he be trying to choke us or something?"

Simon, after dodging more lightning, gave the best theory that he could come up with for why that wasn't the case.

"The Force is life energy, like Spiral Power. Perhaps it's just too much interference?"

Simon mentally made a note to himself to look into that next time he ran into a scientist looper. He always heard Mr. Fantastic was looking for new projects to work on.

"Well, at least that limits what this freak can..."

"Black Vortex!"

Shadows shot from Sidious's hand and restrained Viral and Simon, while also bringing them in.

"What the hell!? Since when did this freak get Devil Fruit Power from that Blackbeard freak of nature!" Viral the shark cat man hypocritically complained. "Hell, how does that even work outside of that freaky place!?

"He better not be looping" Simon didn't want to have to deal with an Anakin who found that out. The resulting freak out...well Spiral

Nemesis could be the better alternative for that loop.

Luke might be somewhat better, but it would probably still cause a crash.

Simon had no idea how the third guy would take it…...

It was possible this was just a glitch. Hopefully it was.

But first, to get free.

Simon used his spiral power in a huge burst of energy to shatter the darkness holding himself and Viral, as Sidious responded with a massive wave of force enrgy.

"Surrender and be dissected!"

"The force?! Nice try...but I've dealt with that sort of thing before" Simon smirked as he charged the attack whose name he rather appreciated,"...Spiral Kamehameha!"

A glowing green energy orb formed in Simon's hands as he fired the energy blast, which Sidious countered with Force Lightning augmented with the Yami Yami fruit.

...Again, no contest.

The Anti-Spiral had no idea why there was a giant sphere hovering over their homeworld, or why it had a giant pair of glasses on it.

However, the spiral energy laser it fired sort of answered the question.

"Gurren Star laser success, what do we do now Commander?" Viral questioned as Simon frowned.

"...Smoothies?"

5.111

Vader had heard that Palpatine was going to be supervising an invasion force for some planet, and had heard some credible sounding rumors that it would be an aquatic world.

The fact his body in its metallic suit was not asked to come along gave this theory further credit.

Now, Vader always liked seeing new ways to kill Sidious, and an aquatic world offered a interesting opportunity.

After all, he had some spare Devil Fruits on hand (you'd be surprised the loops when you'd need to generate lava), and devil fruits did cause people to drown.

They could even make a sea god be barred from the sea, if the story he had heard from Percy Jackson and Annabeth Chase was correct.

This could prove interesting….

A few hours later, shortly after Vader departed to enforce imperial rule in the known galaxy while Palpy was away, a chef found an odd purple fruit in the imperial tribute basket.

He had the misfortune of being interested in experimenting in fruit smoothies.

5.12

Anakin Skywalker was, in general, an imposing figure. One of the most successful Jedi Generals, the Hero with No Fear, many young Jedi respected him, or found him to be terrifying.

The fact that Anakin was radiating enough killer intent to cause a Wookie to lose all its hair and walking through the halls like he was about to go execute someone shifted viewpoints to be more on the 'terrifying' side, as dozens of Jedi made uncharacteristically panicked dashes away from him as he went through the halls.

As to why Anakin was this angry...well you see it's quite simple.

As someone who has been looping for a while, Anakin had long learned of what to do to avoid certain situations a bit more complex than 'stab Sidious as soon as possible to prevent the end of democracy'. (Which he perfected into an well refined art after many...mishaps that he didn't like to recall)

Among that was several ways to deal with Bariss before she went crazy and protested the war by blowing up the Jedi and framing Ahsoka. Now, this could be done by sneaking up on her with a invisibility cloak and stabbing her, but Obi-Wan and Ahsoka got on his case about that.

So, he had done some experiments on how to prevent Bariss from becoming that disillusioned, or did nothing and let Ahsoka do it (well...once she was no longer Sakura Syndroming).

But this time, the loop started just after Ahsoka got framed for Letta's death, and as a result Anakin was going to get this over with quickly.

And by quickly, Anakin meant dragging Bariss kicking and streaming into the Jedi Council and force her to talk after transfiguring her blood into veritasserum first.

Of course, he was so angry at this point he was channeling a bit of that 'special' ham that generally came out only when he was being Vader, which showed itself in Anakin violently opening Bariss's door via using the force to rip up apart.

"Bariss!" Anakin snarled with venom he generally saved for Darth Sidious and...the one he did not recognize as his son in law.

Bariss, who had been mediating as Anakin charged in, rather abruptly jumped at the sudden intrusion "Hey, have you ever heard of knock..."

Bariss found herself silenced by the lightsaber Skywalker had up against her throat.

"I don't care how utterly screwed up you think this war is, or how far the Jedi have fallen, there are some lines you do not cross Offee, and framing my Padawan, your friend, is one of them. Now, fess up, or I'm going to drag your screaming little traitorous hide to the Jedi Council and make you talk in ways that are beyond your imagination" Anakin delivered that line in a cold fury.

"..You think I set Ahsoka up!?" Bariss finally found her voice to speak

"Don't play games with me Offee, unless you want to find out what it feels like to have your limbs removed and then fall into a boiling sea of molten fire. I know all about your meetings with the anti-war protesters, your connection to Letta, and your knowledge to the nano droids"

Bariss blinked for a moment before scowling back at Anakin "Yes, I have talked to and agree with the anti-war protesters. Yes, I know Letta personally and know that she disliked how her husband fan boys the Jedi. However, I would never frame Ahsoka" Bariss glared at Anakin despite the fact he was moments away from beheading her "I am not the one who you are after"

"We'll see about that" Anakin wasn't really in a 'talk him out of it' mood, but then again he rarely was if the person in question was not a Senator and former Queen or a blood relative, so he decided to get the information he needed by force, by breaking into her mind and taking the truth.

After about a minute of this, though, he realized that Bariss had in fact been telling the truth and pulled out, but that was long enough for Bariss to, inadvertenly, get a lot of his memories as well.

Memories of great battles over fields of lava, and a crippling that should have ended him

Memories of a revelation that caused a young man more pain that the loss of his arm

Memories of a sacrifice that redeemed a lost soul

Memories of confusion as time reset, and of many messy deaths in an attempt to prevent what had happened from happening

Memories of her getting stabbed by him...a lot.

Memories of meeting a group of seven who knew the truth of these 'loops', in a castle of magic

Memories of learning how to store things in a pocket in subspace

Memories of seeing others he cared about begin to loop, and of the smuggler he wanted to see tossed into a black hole

Memories of Ahsoka going mad, briefly driving him mad again, and the restoration of them both

These and many more raced through Bariss's mind even after Anakin left hers, somewhat admonished and guilty.

"Well...it appears you were right" Anakin admitted "You didn't frame Ahsoka after all..."

"What the hell are you!?" Bariss demanded in shock as Anakin filed 'experimental mental assault' under 'things not to do again'

"A looper"

Ahsoka mentally cursed as she ran for her life from a mob of Tarkin controlled Clones.

Of all the...she had to loop into this point in her life!?

Was this karma getting back at her for her...problems!?

Though, at least it would probably be somewhat easy this time around; Anakin would beat the hell out of Bariss until she confessed, and then Tarkin would be ordered to stand down by Palpatine to make him look like the good guy to the Jedi Council's bad guy.

Anakin would stab Palpatine later...it would all work out.

After all, with how much the two of them knew the timeline, what could possibly go wrong?

"Oh, many things my young Togruta, many things" a terror inducing, familiar voice spoke as Ahsoka rapidly turned to see someone she was not expecting to see at all.

"So, I sense that the time stream itself is on an endless repeat...mind telling me about it before you get put down for my bombs?" the darkly dressed, white and red faced Son asked in a politeness that was as false as Palpatine's.

"So, let me get this straight...the Supreme Chancellor is really the Sith Master who is controlling both sides of this war to ensure the rule of the dark side across the galaxy via a complicated plan involving power grabs and bio-chips in the clone troopers?" Bariss inquired as she and Anakin ran through the underlevels of Coruscant, Anakin using some sort of magic spell to mask their words from others because of how crazy it would sound (And they didn't need psych ward people chasing them in addition to the real possibility of clone or Jedi pursuers)

"Yes" Anakin replied gruffly "And don't ask me how the Jedi failed that spot check, because I could rant about that for days on end"

"You were tricked into becoming his apprentice, got your limbs cut off and later killed him in a dual kill involving sith lightning and a large pit, then found yourself having to loop through time again and again because some giant computer that runs everything was damaged?"

"Yes"

"I apparently go crazy, frame Ahsoka and nearly get her executed a lot?"

"...Sometimes you don't. In fact, Ahsoka actually does try to keep you from doing that when she can" Anakin admitted

"And you're married to, and will have kids with, Senator Amidala!?"

"Why do you sound most shocked about that particular detail?!" Anakin demanded, though before Bariss could elaborate on her odd priorities of shocking strangeness, the two of them managed to find Ahsoka.

Though the person who had found her was a shock to Anakin, a very big shock, particularly when he realized his non looping self had missed a major step this time around.

"So...I take it that big, tall, oddly colored person currently attacking Ahsoka with red lightning is one of your kind?" Bariss said in shock as Anakin had a look of terror in his face generally reserved for Sith Padme.

"...No, that is all this reality...maybe. That, Bariss...is the living embodiment of the Dark Side who is not supposed to be here"

"The living..." Bariss tried to wrap her mind around that, as Anakin lunged ahead of her and drew his blade.

The Son looked up at Anakin casually as he continued to torture Ahsoka "Oh, the Chosen one" he said in casual acknowledgement as he teleported out the way of Anakin's sword slash.

As Anakin's blade pierced the pavement, the son reformed behind him "Hello, I'm taking it this isn't the first time you met me?"

Anakin responded to that with a Rasengan into the One's chest that sent him stumbling back (As oppose to the general flying away) as

Anakin charged at the self healing Celestial descendant, as Bariss ran over to the still down Ahsoka.

Ahsoka, who felt like she had just replaced Anakin on Mustafar (Which she had once), groaned in pain as she forced her eyes open, only to see Bariss hovering over her, her hands glowing with Force healing.

"B...Bariss?" Ahsoka whispered in confusion as the Miralian frowned.

"I'm told you normally expect me to be framing you right about now. I'd like to inform you I have no plans of doing that this time around"

BAM!

Bariss and Ahsoka both looked to see Anakin slammed into the ground by a powerful blast of force lightning from the Son, who looked somewhat amused.

"I must say, for a human you are actually pretty strong, but I am empowered by the darkness of your universe. And look at this war, it's all about spreading it. My power allowed me to slay my father, the Balance of the Force, easily, do you really think you could stop me?"

Bariss heard Anakin mentioned something about 'Damn Abridged Popo wannabe' or something like that, Bariss probably misheard, but it caused the Son to blast Anakin with a fresh round of lightning.

"I take offense to whatever it is you just compared me to. Now, for the Togruta" the Son walked towards the still downed Ahsoka at a casual pace, only to stop and frown as a light saber ignited.

"Really?" the Son asked Bariss casually as she stood between him and the Togruta he felt like brutally torturing. "You think you can stop me...your prepared to stand in the way of an immortal, who wants to go and brutally destroy someone who will come back. You did catch the memo that these two are trapped in a time loop, and thus will always come back no matter how badly they die? Why try to protect

them then, when you know quite well nothing I can do would actually permanently harm them?"

"I saw what I become in many of their timelines, and I refuse to be that person. The futility aside, I am a Jedi, even if the Jedi have become corrupted by war, and perhaps even myself as well. Jedi don't stand by and allow their comrades to die, especially if their comrades are their friends"

As Ahsoka looked at Bariss in further shock, the Son looked bored.

"How...noble of you. Are you channeling my sister or something, I did leave her alive after all. No matter, just remember that unlike these two, you only have one life to loose" and with that, he absently waved his hand to send her blade flying into the under levels of the Planet City, before he stabbed her with a hand covered in red force lightning.

His bored look was replaced by shock as he noticed that Bariss, even with blood on her lips, grinned.

"SHIKAI!"

The Son figured out why when Anakin bisected him with a strange sword, causing him to fade away from this plane of existence as Bariss collapsed to the ground. Anakin, with a metal blade in hand, made the blade vanish as he kneeled down to look at Bariss, who with a struggle lifted her head to look at him.

"I...I'm sorry" she weakly said as a sad smile formed on Anakin's own face.

"What do you have to be sorry about...you never betrayed Ahsoka" Anakin told her kindly as a faint smile formed on Bariss's face, before she collapsed dead.

However, just as Anakin and Ahsoka mourned her passing, Ahsoka still too injured from her blasting from the Son to get up, and as they

wondered how to go for here with a Son who had managed to escape Mortis possibly still out there and with no way to prove Ahsoka's innocence now...everything Crashed

ERROR: Home Reality Setting corruption. New looper data files damaged. Proximity set up protocols non functioning.

Bariss woke up with a massive, massive headache.

What...what just happened? She...she died.

Pushing herself up, she looked around trying to figure out where she was, and why the force felt so...

Bariss's eyes went wide as she saw the burning city below her, and the two giant creatures, a large reptile and a large insect that was moth like, brawling.

"I don't know what sort of human you are, but as a Commander of the Human Eradication Force, it is my duty to kill all humans who come to the surface, even those with green skin"

Bariss didn't even get a chance to react as the odd white haired, sharp toothed human attacked her with a sword, a sea away from the currently awake Simon who hadn't even found Laggan yet.

Just as a pirate king woke up and burst from a barrel, Bariss found herself a island over, just as a crazy man with a rubber nose was ransacking it with his pirate crew

"What the hell is wrong with your skin woman!? Are you some kind of Fishwoman?" he demanded as Bariss drew her replacement for her light saber, a 'Juranian' laser blade.

"Oh, that's a fancy sword you've got there, and it will belong to Captain Buggy after I kill you!" he charged just as she did, not

particularly wanting to die so quickly again.

As the superior swordswoman, Bariss got the first hit and slashed his blade carrying hand, before bi-secting him.

Unfortunately for Bariss...Buggy the Clown's devil fruit powers meant that she had no reason to suspect his severed hand would fly right back at her from behind.

Buggy was uniquely gifted at fighting sword users after all. Kind of hard to defeat a man whose body parts detached and reattached so easily with only a sword. Sure, there was also telekinesis...but by the time she realized that was needed the blade was too close to her vital organs

---

Bariss had no idea why she was suddenly in these time loops as well, but it was hell. Absolute hell...

She couldn't seem to find anyone she knew, or any looper for that matter.

Sure, she lasted longer in this loop than in most others, but she wished she could actually talk to someone about what was happening. That, and she wished people would stop calling her an Orion.

This continued for many loops.

5.1: Yes, Kamina Bariss. I don't know why, it just came to me one day. It's absurd, but potentially hilarious. Oh, and Simon Ahsoka is a possibility if she ever reappears (Sisterly bonding anyone?)

5.2 Super Smash Brothers for the 3DS is fun, and I kind of wrote a ton of snips like this all across the loops.

5.3: Loopers have this odd desire to collect death Stars and other strange stuff from across the cosmos

5.4 I really need to get to writing a snip with Anakin being a senator. Bound to be amusing, wouldn't you agree?

5.41 …..Fluttershy's a pony, right? Kidding, I'm aware she's one

5.5 I have to question the wisdom of letting him teach children myself

5.51 Kris Overstreet adds additional bits to my snips a lot, it would seem

5.6 To quote KrisOverstreet: beware the dread Sith Lord Darth Taxi

5.7 For more of my writing of the TR Trio, please read Reset Bloodlines, my main story at the moment.

5.8 I do really need to write that loop too. Why does Anakin hate MLE's so much, and why doesn't he hate Mara anymore?

5.9 Star Fata, as the writers goes by on F.F, writes Innuyasha loops. Go check them out. As to the identity of the foursome….don't necessarily believe that they are actually Star Wars loops. They may be……loopers in disguise

5:10 Yep, Anakin and Obi-Wan are in the Clone Wars Micro-series. Yes, that is not actually 'baseline'. And yes, Padme and Azula share voice. I hadn't been as disturbed when I found that out since I realized the kind of people Tim Curry normally voices (I had only known him as Nigel Thornberry at the start of my cartoon life you see)

5:11 This loop the regular stars take a back seat to the Gurren Laggan duo of Simon and Viral. The moral of this snip, is that Palpatine possibly looping is something that many of the Star Wars loopers fear. This is what we might call, a nightmarish scenario for the Star Wars loopers once they hear of this incident.

5.111: Thankfully, as it turned out it was an experiment all along. But the possibility remains….

5.12: The Crash. See, over in the Mega-Man sections, the admin tried to stabilize the universe with the aid of another loop's anchor…..and bad stuff happened. Said not Mega-anchor vanished from all existence, and with it the entire loop said anchor hailed from. This created an event that greatly affected all ongoing loops at the time and brought more loops online. It kind of screwed Bariss over too, causing her code to be damaged as she began looping. Because of this, not only is she a traveling looper (A looper who rarely returns to her home universe), she also never appears near other loopers, except on very rare occasions. And considering one of them was Godzilla...she's not really going to get help from him. As to the Son, he is what is known as Loop Aware. He isn't looping, but knows time is repeating.

Chapter 6

I normally have snips from more than just myself here, but there is a bit of a lack of them these days. So I decided to mostly focus on picking up snips in the cracks between the first and newest pages of mine to do here.

For snip writing on your own terms, please register on Spacebattle forums and go to the Star Wars Infinite Loops, a Phantom Menace page. Note that canon status is up to my discretion.

Now, let us begin

6.1

"...You know, this has happened before young man" Obi-Wan commented to the short blond apprentice he had gained for this loop (and unlike Anakin, he could in fact have other apprentices that were not Ahsoka or another Skywalker without causing such horrors as Kiss Gunji, KaminaBarriss and Russian Petro), who frowned as he took out several books from his subspace pocket.

"Perhaps, but has anyone taken such extensive notes on its effects in and after the loop it occurred in? Plus, no one had named it before"

Obi-Wan force grabbed some of the notes and began scrolling through the details of what was titled 'The Mikasa Glitch' "Hmmm...you definitely took a lot of detailed notes, I'll give you that. Though, do you have anything to get the two of them to shut up?"

Those two in question were Anakin Skywalker, and a female Anakin Skywalker who currently had the male Skywalker in a headlock.

"Who the hell are you, imposter!"

"Imposter! How dare you! It is kind of obvious I am the real one, I don't have breasts!"

"Stop hitting yourself! Literally!" Obi-Wan shouted at them on impulse

"Make me old man!" they both yelled back in the same impulse, before they resumed glaring at each other in more fury.

The looper who had first written down the specifics of the Mikasa glitch turned a few pages in his notes and quoted "Those affected by this glitch will be incredibly confused about why there are more of them than there are supposed to be. Violence is likely, particularly when they get into arguments about who is the real one or the looper in question is naturally prone to violence. The fact they all have the same memories and emotions makes this hard to determine outside of gender alteration"

Obi-Wan watched with a frown as Anakin and 'Annie' Skywalker continued trying to kill each other, their argument continuing to devolve (There is no way your me! Your breasts are too large!) (What!? How dare you!)

At his new apprentice's odd look, Obi-Wan shrugged "Anakin in all the loops has only shown attraction to his wife Armin, and she's rather petite"

The now named Armin nodded, but frowned "Shouldn't they have drawn their light sabers out by now?"

Obi-Wan frowned as he revealed the two identical blades in hand "I am not stupid, the minute they remember they have these, or giant robots, its goodbye Mid Rim. Say...how did you keep 50 Mikasa's from killing each other...I may need that advice now that I think about it" he had gotten more and more horrified as he had talked, perhaps realizing how likely it was they could in fact blow up the Mid Rim.

"Well, as they are all fundamentally the same person, they were able to stop killing each other when they realized how much the situation

horrified Eren"

"And Eren is..." Obi-Wan asked.

"Pretty much her entire world."

Obi-Wan thought about for a moment "Then in theory, Padme should be able to get those two to stop trying to..."

"Oh, its on little girl! Deploy Unit 3!"

"So am I, little boy! Bring it on!"

"Oh crap!" Obi-Wan shouted just before the explosions began.

"Well congratulations Anakin...you broke the Mid AND Outer Rims in your intrapersonal conflict with Giant Robots that only ended when you two triggered a Spiral Nemesis! What do you have to say about yourself?!" Obi-Wan demanded of Anakin at Eden Hall bar, with Armin behind him writing notes on the trans gender Mikasa Glich.

"She annoyed the hell out of me" Anakin defended himself.

"She was you Anakin"

"I don't like me all that much, I though you knew that?"

"Those affected by the Mikasa Glitch are able to recall the memories of all their duplicates in the loop when its over. So, Mr. Skywalker, what do you remember from your counterpart?" Armin posed the question.

"Well I feel as though I punched myself through Nal Hutta despite being the guy who threw the punch" Anakin admitted oddly.

6.2

"Why the hell would you want to find Lightning Dragon Slayer Lacrima?!" Natsu inquired of Anakin, who was visiting their loop this time around with Ahsoka.

Said Skywalker, whose regular dress now had a Fairy Tail mark on it as oppose to a Republic, frowned as he explained his reasoning to the Fire Dragon slayer.

"It's simple really. The idea is that I would be able to use it to counter Force Lightning" Anakin was a bit more cautious after a moment after encountering Dr. Wily, the dreaming villain. The nightmare he had a while back about a dreaming Palaptine that came after that meant that Anakin was feeling a tad paranoid.

Natsu shook his head "For one thing, do you have any idea how hard it is to find Lightning Dragon Lacrima?! Second, that stuff really doesn't keep well between loops, like that awesome yet disgusting fruit I ate"

In the background, Master Makarov shivered as the reminder of that loop Natsu got a hold of Whitebeard's fruit, and saved it until the war with Phantom.

"Then how come I've heard of people having Dragon Slayer powers retained who don't have them naturally?" Anakin further questioned Natsu, who frowned.

"Well obviously they looped in early enough that they were taught by a dragon. That's the only way that the power could be retained across loops." Natsu pointed out "But...your a little late for that buddy. Try again next time. Say, isn't that cool Padawan of yours learning Sword Magic from Erza right about now? She looks like she came off Galuna Island, she's freaking awesome, let's go watch!"

It took about 10 seconds for Anakin to remember exactly what was on Galuna Island.

He then reacted to Natsu basically calling his Padawan a demon (Though in a 'it's so awesome' sort of way to anyone who was not Aankin), by punching him across the room.

Makarov immediately hit the deck as one of Fairy Tail's infamous brawl fights started up.

Meanwhile in a different loop, a battle was raging between another native looper from the Galaxy Far Away, and the God Eneru

"How dare you devour the power of god!" Eneru blasted a powerful burst of blue lightning towards his challenger, who opened wide as she devoured the power in one long slurp.

"Tasty" Barriss Offee smirked as Eneru warped over to her at the speed of lightning, intending to grab her with his molten hands.

She apparated out of the way before reforming behind him with a sword she had picked up after loosing her Juraian sword in her last loop to this world (and having not had the lightsaber when she got started looping) that felt similar to a light saber in some way (Though the dead dragons in the area suggested it was probably different)

Eneru countered, with the Nonosama Bo colliding with Undbitir.

Luffy scratched his head as he heard the news from Gan Fall.

"Huh, someone already beat up Eneru?"

That was his thing! Even experienced loopers had trouble fighting him, unleash they were immune to electricity. Eneru had beaten at least 7 Joestars, Sasuke, Vader, Charizard, Hiccup and Toothless, Katara and Megatron, and that was just off the top of Luffy's head (the records were kept by Nami, who was better at remembering these things)

"So...what now?" Usopp seemed relieved that they were not going to be fighting a crazy God.

"We could visit Water 7 when Aqua Laguna isn't days away" Chopper innocently suggested.

"No" Robin deadpanned.

6.3

You stand here accused of countless murders, war crimes and crimes against time itself, let alone grammar." Leia Organa Solo, as she loved to emphasize when she was in a bad mood, declared at the head of the court currently going on above the earth on one of Luke's Super Galaxy Gurren Laggans, which she had borrowed for the mission this loop to investigate the appearance of an Earth this loop.

Luke, meanwhile, was working on getting their unawake father to stop being a evil tyrant and help overthrow Sheev. Why he bothered to try and redeem as many versions of their father as possible eluded her, he was nearly as bad as that Fate girl.

But, she had her own problem to deal with, so why bother with her biological father.

She had another murderer to deal with.

"How do you plead?"

The accused did not respond, prompting Leia to frown.

"...Has the accused lost their ability to hear? How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

She gestured to her husband, who promptly walked over from the back door (which he was guarding) over to the accused, before the man suddenly erupted in fury.

"You do not accuse me! No one can accuse me! I am Jerry of Christ! You have no right to speak to me, pagan satanic scum!"

Most of the Rebel jury had no idea what 'Satanic' or 'Christ' meant, so Leia resumed her questioning.

"We can, and will, accuse you of your crimes, Prayer Warrior" Leia replied tersely to his outburst "You are responsible for at least six genocides, against the Olympian, Titan, Wizard, Russian..."

"Be silent woman!"

The room suddenly became deathly quiet as the man continued to rant.

"You have no right to speak! You have no right to question me! I am a warrior of god, while your nothing but the weak, illegitimate female spawn of the false space Jesus! You will perish before my powers of God just as each and every one of those pagans did..."

Leia attempted to silence him with a glare, but as he continued to spew unintelligible tripe, Leia resorted to channeling the force a bit for her next comment.

"Be silent!"

The power waved through the room like an explosion, striking Jerry with the force of an Ion cannon.

He quickly lost the ability to speak as Leia continued

"How you know of my parentage is a question, but I will be frank with you. My real father is Bail Organa, the man who raised me. Darth Vader lost any rights to be my father long ago" Anakin Skywalker could try, and Leia at least could give him that "How his birth may be oddly similar to the messiah of your faith you have twisted into something filled with hate is irrelevant. You may think your some sort of hero, but you're not. You are no Jedi, nor Mandalorian, nor Rebel.

Your less than even a Sith. You, are nothing but a deluded fanatic who has already condemned himself guilty of his crimes. Now, have anything to say in your defense, or do you want to simply dig your grave deeper?"

Jerry responded with a furious roar as something manifested above him "God will destroy you all!"

Leia glared at him momentarily, before simply waving her hand. The resulting force wave made whatever Jerry had manifested dissipate like mist as Jerry just stared at her in dumbfound horror.

"I may not advertise it, but I am a Skywalker by blood, and a legitimate one at that. The power of the Force is strong in us, and grows stronger constantly. You say you serve God? Well, let me tell you something, 'Jerry of Christ'. I, am stronger than your god. Your god is nothing compared to either me or my brother. And there are far stronger beings than the two of us...your god is nothing."

Jerry seemed almost catatonic as he was dragged away by a pair of rebel guards. He would later be ejected from an air lock and sucked into Jupiter.

6.4

Vader was starting to see why his son feared Thrawn so much.

He had encountered the guy a few times in his baseline, sure, but he had never really understood why his son still feared the guy, even when Darth Sidious had become the sort of issue his son had taken to defeating with the same level of absurdity that many other loopers took to defeating foes.

He really did need to get around to asking R2 for that recording of Leia punching him into the Microverse.

Of course, Palpatine and Thrawn were different creatures.

One was a manipulator, the other a conqueror.

While Palpatine was a pretty nasty piece of work, he was limited by his ability to work behind the scenes. He did his best work when he had years to set up his plans to destroy the Jedi and galactic democracy.

Thrawn, on the other hand, was a military commander. He could respond to unexpected developments much easier than Palpatine, which meant that he could actually be a threat to even experienced loopers simply by reacting in ways they weren't expecting.

Which might explain how he found himself stuck to a incredibly powerful magnet with Thrawn standing victoriously before him with the Noghri flanking him, one of those damn anti-force lizards of his on his shoulders like some sort of living scarf.

He really was starting to despise magnets, which only added to his obscenely long list of why he hated being stuck in the Vader suit.

"I must say, you were a most formidable opponent" the Chiss stated with genuine admiration "Considering how my 'corrective' invasion caught you off guard, your ability to adapt was most impressive. Your record for victory during the Clone Wars was truly earned. Regardless, you were no match for me. The Empire you were trying to create is too weak to stand up against the threats that approach, and you must be disposed of."

He really should have just apparated the moment Thrawn started his campaign and stab the guy. Actually, that was going on his 'to do' list for each loop.

Kill Palpatine, Tarkin and Thrawn each loop. Attempt to scare off Clovis, Bonteri and Solo each loop. Punch Mace Windu in the face every 10 loops. He wasn't that needy.

"I would grant you a warriors death, but I fear that would be simply too dangerous. You are a Sith Lord after all, I am quite aware you

could easily kill me if you weren't both restrained, and your connection to The Force dampened by one of my pets. However, I will grant you the honor of having our conflict named after you, and a dedicated book penned by my own hand about your exploits. You will go down in history as a loser, true, but a loser who put in his best effort and who had earned my respect".

The glare that Vader was giving him made the Chiss quite fortunate that Anakin had never obtained laser vision. It was just one of those powers he never seemed to loop into (as oppose to being unsuited for, like a Keyblade).

"Now, prepare to die..."

BOOM

A huge burst of lightning seared into the deckspace behind Thrawn and his Noghri (Vader knew he had forgotten something this loop) as a gigantic chariot pulled by enormous Earth Oxen landed with the sublty of Kamina, pulled by a giant of a man with red hair, massive sideburns and a cape.

Probably a looper, though not one Vader had met yet.

But what sort of looper was he dealing...

"Mighty commanders, cease your hostilities and put down your weapons, for I am a King! I am Iskandar, King of Conquerors! Fate has brought us all together in this place to do battle for the right to conquer the galaxy, and I shall be victorious! But I am a generous Conqueror, join me and you shall be honored brothers in arms as we conquer the galaxy together! We shall win, but not destroy, and conquer, but not humiliate! We shall forge a united army, the mightiest the worlds have ever known! We shall know the glory of battle, and the joy of galactic conquest worthy of telling tales a thousand temporal resets from this day! Who will join me!?"

Oh crap. Another Kamina. And this one had ambition...

"What is your command, my master?"

...And Thrawn.

Yep, this loop was going to end badly, particularly as Luke was anchoring it.

6.5

"Babble babble babble"

"Yackle yackle yackle"

"Dingy din-gydin"

"Yackle"

Having somehow ended up on the Jedi Council (In the worst decision made by the Jedi since that time they had attempted to domesticate a variant of the Son who was a Gundark for some reason), Anakin was expecting a really frustrating loop.

In fact...he wasn't sure he was hearing them right.

"Babble babble"

"Yackle"

"Gibble gibble"

...He discretely removed one of those archaic ear cleaning sticks that Earth dwellers used from his subspace pocket to clear his ears out, wondering if that was the problem

"Babble!" Mace Windu...something'd him.

"...You know, I have absolutely no idea what you just said, can you please repeat it?" Anakin requested as Mace narrowed his eyes at him.

"Yackle yackle, yackle yackle" Yoda...again Anakin didn't know exactly what he was supposed to be saying.

"Nuget" Anakin rapidly turned his gaze over to master Shaak Tii, who said something that was clearly english.

Maybe he wasn't alone after...

"Nuget Nuuuu-Nuget"

Damn.

Hours later Padme Amidala, non-looper Senator from Naboo opened her apartment door to find her secret husband lying on her couch like he had just ran up there from Level 1313 of the city planet.

"Long day?" she inquired as Anakin groaned.

"You have no idea...I swear the Jedi Council is somehow managing to make less sense than usual. Any chance you can arrange for a Senate Mandated drug test?"

Padme laughed a bit at his misery before shaking her head. The Senate would never make the Jedi get tested. That would lead to them getting drug tested.

"Yigi Yigi Yigigiiyig!"

"You know Kenobi, I really have no idea what your saying. However, this will teach your padawan about not paying for his magazines, Wa Ha Ha Ha Ha!" the demon looper Aku laughed hamily as the Yackling Obi-Wan continued to say...something to him.

6.6

"...and no disinter..." mid way through assigning bounty hunters to go after Leia and Solo, Vader found himself waking up and realizing that

the person he was talking to wasn't Boba Fett.

No, the person he was talking to was a looper, and one of the loopers who disliked him.

The looper was shorter than Boba Fett was, and a lot hairier. The creature resembled what Terrans/Earthlings (Earth, what a silly name for a planet) would call a Raccoon, only standing upright, wearing clothing (in this case raccoon sized versions of Boba Fett's armor), and staring at him in fury.

"You!"

Vader did not need the force to sense the imminent danger to himself, and the other bounty hunters bolted as they too sensed the shoot out about to go off.

"Come on Rocket, can you please remain calm..." Vader attempted to calm down the very angry berserker, quite aware that that was hypocritical of him trying to tell someone not to go on an angry and murderous rampage.

"Calm!? CALM!? You expect me to be calm after what stunt you pulled!?"

"It was simply in my way, and they refused to let me pass. I had no course of action but to..."

"You BROKE the Shi'Ar Empire! Do you know how much money they owed me that loop!? Your going to pay for not letting me be paid!" the Raccoon promptly drew from his subspace pocket a very, very large blaster.

A blaster that Anakin recognized from a couple of loops into the variant loop without most mutants, the Fantastic Four or Spiderman as the weapon that fellow Coulson used to blast Loki.

A weapon that would probably hurt, and it looked like a more advanced version.

BOOM!

Very advanced, as it turned out

The hatch for accessing the Millenium Falcon (the looping version that Han tirelessly worked on improving) opened up just enough to let Han, Leia, Chewbacca, 3P0, Luke (Who wasn't visiting Yoda this time around) and R2 see the dark armored figure standing before them.

"...Damn, your awake" Han muttered as he moved to close the hatch, but a glare from Luke stopped him.

"Um yeah...can I crash with you guys this loop?" Vader asked in a almost begging tone of vocie

"Why the hell would I let you on my ship!?/Father, what happened this time?" Han demanded as Leia sighed in the same annoyance she'd use if Jacen was getting suspended from school a lot during a forceless loop.

"I need a place to stay...a Raccoon blew my ship up"

Vader resisted the urge to snap as they all began laughing at him.

Stupid Raccoon.

6.7

It wasn't the first time in the loops Ahsoka Tano had decided to go out with the younglings again on their crystal hunt, and it probably wouldn't be the last.

Ahsoka, one of only two non human, organic life forms looping in her verse at the moment (the other being Chewbacca), had over time

found several events of her baseline she could avoid if she did the right things.

If she used her foreknowledge to its fullest effect, she would always manage to break the blockade of Ryloth in the first try, making things all the better for the Republic and the Twi'Lek's alike.

If she did not stop Awake Anakin from flying off on his own and causing mass amounts of damage on Zygeria with one of his giant robots, the Separatist attack on Kiros did not occur, the colonists did not end up being captured by slavers, and she did not have to dress up as a slave girl.

If she talked to Barriss in just the right way, she did not go crazy, and Ahsoka did not have to go on the run from Tarkin and the Jedi Order.

It was easy to not be the one taking the younglings out hunting for force crystals. She just had to say no, and in fact she did so several times in the start. However, in her earliest loops she made bad calls and viewed things the wrong way.

This resulted in her displaying Sakura Syndrome, and a lot of things she would rather not discuss occurred, among which was the origin of Anakin's feud with the Joestar loopers.

She had, of course, recovered from that long ago, and stayed that way in part because of loops like this one.

Being able to see the joy in children's happiness, so simple and unclouded by hate and violence, did her heart good after many loops dealing with monsters such as Palpatine, Ragyo and Ghetsis.

It was refreshing, at least when Anakin was anchoring reality. The time that a different anchor was around...well she had to think about how to remove said younglings from the temple at the end of the clone wars if she was not able to get Palpatine away from Anakin, which was easier said than done.

Of course, the chilly part of the job was over. The Younglings had collected their crystals, and now they were going to visit Huyang, the droid who was responsible for constructing light sabers who bore a striking resemblance to the 10th Doctor in more ways that one.

The Doctor...

Ahsoka and Anakin had met him a couple of times in various incarnations, and found him likeable. It wasn't that easy to find a non looper who matched them in eccentricities, after all.

It was sad he wasn't a looper though. It was always hard to end up feeling like he was a friend, then have to do it all over again the next fused loop. At least if she continued to work on being Barriss's friend, she could eventually start looping.

Though not anytime soon, the current bets on who would be the next looper was generally set for either Padme, Yoda, Rex or Bail Organa. Though Han did put a decent bet on Fives while C-3PO had the oddest belief that Corran Horn would start looping for some reason Ahsoka could not fathom.

"...Place your crystals on the table, your lesson begins now" Ahsoka began with a big smile on her face as the younglings did as she asked equally eagerly. "Allow me to introduce..."

Turning around to properly introduce Huyang, she stopped mind scentence, as what stepped out was not the robot she was expecting.

"Oh, hello there. I don't think I introduced myself, I am The Doctor, master maker of Light Sabers, and I just recently woke up and found myself in a loop to find this place again after I got a little lost" somehow, it was the 10th Doctor who she found on this ship "I do believe we haven't properly met yet"

Ahsoka subtly pinched herself to make sure she was not hallucinating this.

"A Wookie!"

Still in shock, Ahsoka watched the Doctor, the Freakin, not supposed to be looping, Doctor, lecture her personal little tribe of younglings slash minions when it suited her in that eccentric way of his.

"You know, I always was fond of Wookies. So few of your kind are Jedi, yet the few who are are brilliant paragrims of good and justice. Why, I feel as if a Jedi without a wookie friend is hardly a Jedi at all"

Meanwhile, the anchor of the Prequel branch sneezed before he resumed his watch for his wife's 408th assassination attempt this year.

"Er..."

Noting the human Petro trying to not be rude, yet also wanting him to hurry up, the Doctor got back on track.

"Oh yes, the Light Saber" using the force, the Doctor drew their light saber crystals to him and had them begin to orbit around him like moons.

"From the battles of Bellatrix and Trenzalore to peace keeping after the Babel Crisis, the Light Saber is a Jedi's greatest weapon and his one true ally bar The Force itself" the Doctor began the speech Ahsoka had heard Huyang a hundred thousand times, though spiced with his own experiences (and apparently Federation history, he had apparently run into Star Fleet already) "The light saber is a weapon known far and wide, beyond even the Jedi themselves, but how do they work you may ask? What makes them so special, as oppose to something everyone has? You may have the crystals, but they still need to be given life"

With the force, he returned the crystals to the spellbound younglings, as he began walking towards the holo projector

"You see my eager younglings, you must awaken the Force within your crystals. Know, as I am pretty sure none of you have a clue about how this is done, I will show you. There are few questions after all, that I cannot answer, and here is one thing I can, how to build a Light Saber"

With that, the Doctor activated a hologram showing diagrams to build a powerful hand held weapon. "I'm sure you can follow..."

He absently noticed Ahsoka looking at him in some level of annoyance "Oh, is there a problem Miss Tano?"

"Master...those are the wrong plans" she deadpanned as the Doctor scratched his head.

"Wrong plans, what do you..." the Doctor turned and realized the hologram he set up was not in fact a Light Saber, but a Sonic Screwdriver.

"Oh...my bad." the plans quickly changed to that of an actual light saber "Please take no note of what you just saw"

"But..."

"You didn't see anything"

"So, I'm taking it you know me already?"

While the little kids worked, and failed, at building light sabers with the force (without even looking Ahsoka had corrected Petro at least 4 times before he took his own eye out or set off an explosion), the two loopers found themselves in the corner, the sound of their conversation muffled by a Muffliato charm to discuss looping things where small, inquinsitive younglings could not hear.

"Yes" Ahsoka quietly told him "We met you several times...Anakin and myself, just me, me and Anakin and R2...you've met most of us

at least once. Not sure if you met Revan..."

The Doctor lightly frowned "Not sure if I could tell you if I had." the Doctor gave Ahsoka an even look "Were we friends?"

"Friends..." Ahsoka sounded a bit startled at this, but quickly composed herself "Yes, by the end of our loops there we always were fans of you. We were friends, allies and mutually despised enemies of the Daleks together, many times over"

The Doctor lightly chuckled at the last one "I'd hate to find someone looping who wouldn't be despised enemies of the Daleks. I do have one thing to ask of you" he trailed off as Ahsoka's eyes went wide.

The Doctor extended his hand to her with a large grin "I hope to be friends with you are for real now that I am properly looping"

After a moment's shock, Ahsoka extended her own hand, affirming her own desire to see that happen.

"Splended..." the Doctor grinned "So...what happens now? Do I just get to watch the Rugrats this loop before being left alone with a bunch of light saber parts for years on end again?"

Ahsoka frowned at the last one, not exactly sure why that was the case, but she did have an answer for him.

"Well, Hondo's pirates are going to attack soon, so we should be ready for them before they rob us blind and..."

"Pirates!? That sounds fun..." the Doctor seemed a bit too interested in meeting alien pirates in Ahsoka's opinion "Oh, I do hope they are non-humanoid ones!"

Before Ahsoka could ask him exactly what he meant by that, an explosion shook the ship.

"Oh, a Alien Pirate on a flying saucer...I could have sworn it would have been more imaginative looking" The 10th Doctor commented to Hondo's invading Weequayan pirates. Behind him Ahsoka face palmed in immense irritation. "You really just look like humans in suits...which a lot of aliens do for some reason, have you ever noticed that?"

Really, they just looked like humans with leathery skin, no lips and some bony frill things.

It wasn't even just here, he noticed the same thing when he was over with the Federation, and his own verse for that matter, where many species resembled humans or humans in suits.

Hondo just stared at this Jedi's odd remarks, before he turned his gaze to Ahsoka and asked, in complete seriousness "You there, Skywalker's Pada-whatsit! Did I just board a Jedi cruiser filled with Khyber Crystal, or did I just board a Jedi cruiser filled with your crazies?"

Ahsoka, idly checking to make sure the Younglings were behind her, ignited her light sabers in response "Why don't you come over and find out?"

Hondo laughed at that "You Jedi are so weird. But my men have taken down Sith Lords, what do two Jedi and a bunch of Younglings think they can do against a crew of Pirates?"

10's response was to simply wave his hand in front of them, with a face that was actually curious to see exactly how this would work "Why don't you go leave this place and go bother someone else?"

Hondo laughed "Oh ho ho! The Jedi Mind Trick? Silly clearly off in the head Jedi, I'm not so weak as to allow that to affect me. Now men, let us plunder this ship of its riches..." he stopped talking as he noticed that the rest of his men had in fact left.

Hondo promptly sighed "Damn, why can't you get good, obedient minions who can't be messed up by your Jedi hocus pocus? Well, apparently I have to go rob someone else, have fun with your war"

Hondo promptly ran for his life after his mind altered men.

The Doctor grinned as his gaze returned to Ahsoka, who just shook her head.

"This, younglings, is why only droids should be left on ships alone for extended periods of time" she snarked, though she knew his...eccentricities were not caused by that alone.

Force help her when she vouched the question of what he'd be like in a few thousand more loops.

6.8

"It would appear they were expecting us" Obi-Wan commented to his fellow passengers of the Millenium Falcon as the Death Star tractor beam brought them in.

"So, Dad's awake then?" Luke spoke up as Han shivered.

"Damn..."

"Oh come on Master Solo, Master Annie won't kill you where Leia can see you. He'll drag you away first, then kill you"

"Not helping Protocol, not helping!"

The looping crew of the Falcon, man, droid and wookie alike, just stared as Vader and Leia were waiting for them, and darted into the Millenium Falcon very, very quickly.

"Haruhi, Emperor" Vader simply said as the two sat down in the Falcon without so much as a growl, snap or attempt at murdering the Son in Law.

The Millennium Falcon, widely regarded as a piece of junk that was held together across the loops with spit and willpower, somehow managed to escape the Death Star's tractor beam via sheer force of will, leaving behind a crying teenager.

"Save me...please!" Kyon Tarkin begged. It wasn't like he had blown up Alderann, the S.O.S star just caused half its population to turn into Espers, Mutants or some sort of Mythological creature.

6.9

"...I have read your transcript. You are an accomplished bounty hunter, the likes of which makes even Bobba Fett and Cad Bane tremble. You have taken down five of my bounties in less than a month, and now I am in need of your services once more"

Two armored beings found themselves standing face to face in a throne room on the galactic seat of power in the Galactic Empire (now 73.6% more benevolent since the old guy was removed from power): one whose armor was black and terrifying, the other whose armor was orange and red.

One was the new emperor of the Galaxy, Darth Vader. The other the legendary bounty hunter Samus Aran.

The two in a single room was capable of sending millions of geek souls screaming in awe, before fading into silence as they fainted from sheer joy.

"You took down the non-loopers Deadpool, Jabba the Hutt, A'Sharad Hett and Grevious-Ridley, and removed that bothersome Tick before he did something to grate my nerves. Now, I give you your most important assignment yet. Complete it, and all the wealth you can imagine will be yours" Vader spewled, before he rose his hands dramatically as the holographic image of a rather famous smuggler appeared.

"You are to dispose of Han Solo and incinerate his remains, though if you can at least retrieve the DNA that would allow for the birth of my grandchildren from that...donor, with extreme prejudice"

The suit wearing bounty hunter looked at him for a few moments, before she turned and just walked away.

"...Sigh, well there's always the next bounty hunter looper I suppose..."

"Hem Hem"

Vader turned to see the awake, and currently six year old, Luke Skywalker giving him a 'really' look, Vader having retrieved him from Tatooine to raise after he removed the various dangerous parts of the empire a non awake Luke and Leia not need deal with.

Sadly, this was accomplished by trial and error.

"You don't have a daughter Luke, you wouldn't understand why you have the need to remove the Son-In-Law as soon as possible" Vader lectured his son.

"No, I think it's just you"

6.10

It was a good thing that Barriss started this loop in Khaki clothing, or else her robes would be catching on every tree and would be unbearable in this heat.

Using the force to push away one last branch, she found herself staring at...

"That...is some long grass" Barriss commented on the rather overgrown field she found herself staring into.

When was the last time someone mowed it?

RUSTLE RUSTLE

Barriss heard the rustling grass just as The Force warned of the incoming threat, as a giant, upright reptile with a very large claw lunged at her with a loud shriek.

Barriss used the force to knock the reptile back, as a second one came at her.

Not having enough time to reach for her subspace pocket, she reacted with a kick. Her time as the apprentice of Red Leg Zeff for her second loop into that strange world with weird Pirates did pay off, even if that storm did cause her to drown, and the kick thus hit with more power than most blasters, sending the reptile crashing into a tree.

It also deflected the third one, though the fourth one was able to get past her.

She apparated out of the way of that raptor and reappeared a few feet away, as at least a dozen of them approached her, including the ones who had just went at her (resilient things these creatures were)

"Enough!" Barriss shouted with the force amplifying her voice as the Raptors froze, as if they seemed to actually feel the force she put into her shout.

Could they be sensitive to the force.

Barriss stroked her chin contemptibly, somewhat like Obi-Wan Kenobi's habit, as she made up her mind.

If she was stuck randomly going from loop to loop, unable to find her way home, she would make her own home. She would re-create her own Jedi Order, starting with these creatures.

After all, what could possibly go wrong?

Sadly, Barriss was eaten by the Spinosaurus shortly before Ingen arrived, causing the Raptors to avenge her death and fall to the Dark Side of the Force.

Alan Grant had no idea why he looped in with Malcolm's little island expedition, but he didn't like it at all.

He did not like having to clean on Hammond's mess.

He did not like having to deal with Hammond's ass of a Nephew.

He really did not like having to deal with Hammond's overgrown chicken kings, particularly when they are angry parent giant chickens.

"DON'T GO INTO THE LONG GRASS!"

Having been separated from Malcolm's little eco buddies, he and the rest of Ludlow's men had just stopped at the edge of some very, very tall grass at the frantic warning of Ajay, Roland's friend (and the two Ingen employees this time around he actually liked. He figured that Roland and Muldoon could get along rather well).

"This, is ambush territory! The Raptors hunt here!"

That, combined with Alan Grant giving them a nightmare inducing stare, caused the hunters to freeze up and eye the grass wearily.

Well, this should be one massacre that wouldn't happen this...

A odd vibration noise was heard as one of the hunters was lifted into the air, screaming as he was yanked into the tall grass.

Alan stepped back in horror, before he too began to levitate to the very same odd vibration noise.

What the hell...why were their telekinetic raptors! He was going to freaking die because of a telekinetic raptor.

Worse, Death, Yet.

"...Your seeing the lizard, right Yukio?" the dark haired Rin Okumura, son of Satan and Exorcist, inquired of his brother as the two peered over the side of the staircase to the roof of their dorm as a Velociraptor looked around in some confusion.

"Technically its a Dinosaur Rin, so it's technically a bird" Yukio corrected his dumber brother as the Raptor cocked its head their direction.

"Shit, it heard us!"

"Calm down Rin, the two of us are perfectly capable of handling one dino..."

The Raptor, after gazing at them for a few moments, lifted one of its small arms up and seemed to perform a choking motion with it. As it did so, Yukio suddenly began to leviate the air and flail around, as if an invisible hand was choking him.

"YUKIO!" Rin shouted as he glared at the dinosaur, before drawing out his Kurikara sword and igniting in blue flames "YOU EXTINCT BASTARD! LET MY BROTHER GO!"

And so Rin lunged at Yggdrasil's newest looper, the Dark Side Raptor.

6.11

Subspace pockets varied in size based on the power level of users.

This caused a certain level of shifting scales; a weaker but more experienced looper would have a smaller subspaced pocket than a more powerful but newer looper, for example, if Dudley Dursley was one of the old school Hogwarts loops, even if he looped for quite a

while, he would have a smaller pocket than the one Goku started off with.

So, naturally, the subspace pocket of the incredibly strong with the force, and long time looper Anakin Skywalker, was quite large.

It was in fact so large, that C-3PO could easily enter it, and the search to find Anakin in the thing was taking quite long.

"I must say, Master Annie really should consider clearing out that storage facility. I have no idea why he has over 100 copies of his light saber, Vader armor in White, Camouflage, Marine Admiral patterned, Akatsuki Pattern, Scarlet Red and Tie-Dye (among others) and a rather masterfully done statue of Mistress Padme made of solid gold in the first place...nor do I really want to know when he had the time to get that thing made"

C-3PO stopped to look at the street sign that was for some reason present in this metallic storage area, just at the end of the sealed containers storing approximately 20 varieties of Devil Fruit, his Zanpakto, a Yellow Lantern Ring and Battery, a dueling deck filled with several Number cards based on his native galaxy, several wands and numerous other artifacts he had collected over the course of his many loops.

"Okay, Master Annie wished to speak to me and said to find him repairing his modified Evangelion...now this sign post says that to my right is the path to the Death Star storage facility...well can't go that way." C-3PO checked the left sign "Oh, this way to the 'giant robots and space craft' it is then"

Idly walking by a collection of 30 Gundam variations, 12 Gunmen, 3 LFO's, a squadron of Federation Fighters, three squadrons of T.I.E fighters, five squadrons made up of his own personal fighters, 13 Twilights, two squadrons of X-Wings, a squadron of Y-Wings, 20 Gunships, the Maximal ship Axalon, a Sith Fighter that Anakin had been given as a present by Revan the last time Anakin had had a

fused loop with him, an American Spaceshuttle, a rack of 7 Firebolts, and 3 Knightmare Frames (Anakin was a fan of war machines, particularly mechs, giant robots and space fighters), C-3PO came to the stop at the large foot of the Evangelion that Anakin had modified heavily with Gundam technology he had used in several situations, from a friendly spar with his son's own modified robot to a duel to the death with his Mikasa Glitch counterpart (Who had her own) that only ended when a Spiral Nemesis started.

Though as Anakin had found out, the robot had suffered the damage that both its counterparts in the original, and in Annie Skywalker version, had taken in their great battle that broke two entire rims.

"Um, Master Annie?" C-3PO called out as a panel opened up in the side of the left wing, revealing an Anakin with a pair of goggles, a blow torch still activated in his metallic hand and a shoe that was glowing Spiral Green for some reason 3PO wasn't keen on asking about.

"Oh, 3PO, there you are" Anakin greeted as he deactivated his blow torch and jumped out of the robot's side panel, landing on the ground in a burst of spiral energy from his glowing boot.

FIGHT THE POWER!

"I was hoping you'd get here, I was sort of waiting for you to show up before I had lunch" Anakin said in way of greeting as his creation began apologizing.

"I do apologize Master Annie, I took a wrong turn at your trophy room of Grievous parts and briefly found myself..."

Anakin waved his droid off.

"It's no problem 3PO. You weren't that late. Now, before I break for lunch, time to give you a mission" Anakin looked quiet serious now "You, are to kill Palpatine"

"Huh?!"

Anakin continued "Someone needs to get rid of him this loop, and you just happen to be the only looper from our little corner of the multiverse who has yet to kill him. Even Revan has killed him at least twice, and he rarely loops anwhere out of his own loop."

3PO studied Anakin for a moment "Alright Master Annie, what are the conditions of the bet?"

As Anakin blinked in confusion and a bit of shock, 3PO continued "I've dealt with the sort of hair brained schemes Master Luke and Master Han get up to when your not around in a few years, and I know what one of their bets looks like. What happens if I do not kill the Supreme Chancellor?"

Anakin looked terrified for a moment "Horrible things, things that are a danger to order and goodness everywhere..."

"Let me guess, you have to sit through Han and Leia's next wedding without a single attempt on his life or sabotage of any sort" 3PO deadpanned as Anakin looked like he was just caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

3PO shook his head in annoyance "Very well, considering I'll have to deal with you for who knows how many loops if I don't, I shall indeed try to put an end to Supreme Chancellor Palapatine/ Emperor Palapatine/ Darth Sidious, though I do find myself wondering what you'll get out of this Master Annie"

"Luke has a few spare Gundam models I don't have" Anakin admitted with some admiration to his collection of them, before he got serious again "Now, I have two conditions for you. One, please don't make it obvious your his killer, I have so far managed to avoid getting Padme arrested for assassination in all my loops, and i'd like to keep that streak going"

"Of course Master Annie. I am a trained Shinobi after all, even if a never graduated from Genin"

"Second...no bombs" Anakin sounded unusually insistent on that end.

"You do know bombs make it rather easy to hide the murderer, correct? I do believe that was what allowed Bariss to nearly get away with it in the baseline if I recall correctly" 3PO was rather confused by this request, it made his job a lot harder.

"Look, you know how I spent the first loops of mine trying to kill Palpatine, believing the loops to be some punishment from the Force for the whole 'Vader thing'?" Anakin inquired as 3PO nodded "Well, the first time I ever managed to get Palpatine to die, was by feeding Tarkin some of Bariss's nano droids and blowing him up during a meeting the two had in the Chancellor's office. However, that led me to discover the bomb accelerant that Sidious put in the Senate Building's construction, which caused fire to engulfed the entire senate building, Padme included, in a giant flaming ball of death"

After that, Anakin stabbed himself with his own light saber and found himself on the Hogwarts Express, where he met Harry and found out The Force was not punishing him at all.

"I see, very well Master Annie, I shall not fail you!" C-3PO saluted and began to jaunter away as Anakin felt a sudden sense of dread.

He was going to have to get fitted for a Vader Tuxedo, he was sure of it.

!FIGHT THE POWER!

But first, he had to do something about his foot.

"Ah, good morning Master Jedi" Chancellor Palpatine greeted the just arriving Mace Windu, Yoda and Plo Koon of the Jedi High

Council "What brings you to my office at such a early..."

SHATTER!

The glass window of the Supreme Chancellor's office (Which really should be removed, it was just a assassin magnet) shattered as a black shape burst into the room.

With the force, Mace Windu yanked the Chancellor behind them for protection as the dark figure rose up before them.

It was a Protocol Droid, but completely black with a helmet whose visor was only lucid to the one wearing it, as oppose to the ones looking it. A black cape billowed behind it, and, for some reason, it had a light saber in its hands.

"I am C-Zero of the Rebellion!" C-3PO was accessing one of his looping personas for this one, and now was speaking in a very hammy voice "I have come to kill the Supreme Chancellor! Stand aside Jedi, Celouch vi Britannia commands you!"

R2, who was hiding in a corner from the ceiling (borrowing both his time as Spider-D2 and his loop as a Demiguise/the species that regular invisbility cloaks were made from) recording the chancellor to present proof to Luke about the outcome of his bet, sweat dropped.

This was either going to be awesome, or black mail worthy. Perhaps both.

6.1 Skywalkerus Vaderus: One of the earliest members of Lucasaceae, the species is highly territorial and does not get along with others of its own kind. Oh, and the Mikasa Glitch was actually formally named in this snip for looping kind. Well, I guess is Saph gets to reinvent the loops and Crisis gets to create The Crash, I can just do that and have a small legacy

6.2 Bariss is adjusting to being thrown across time and space decently well.

6.3 What person writes a fanfic series like the Prayer Warriors anyway? Scarily, it doesn't seem to be a troll….

6.4 Ladies and gentleman, I give you Fate/Zero's Rider! To quote Wildrook quoting Integra Hellsing, Oh F*CK all kinds of duck

6.5 Babble! I don't do that many 'prank' loops, they just aren't really me. But I do get the urge to on occasion.

6.6 The Guardians of the Galaxy were fun, weren't they?

6.7 my first Ahsoka focused loop, and one I wrote for the new Doctor Who loops that started up.

6.8 The Terror of Haruhi Suzumiya, looping reality warper/admin something or another. I really don't know, but I must say I probably need to look at why the Star Wars loopers all fear her one of these days

6.9 Also wrote this one for the recently formed Nintendo loops. Oh, and Samus has standards

6.10 I wrote the intro snips and most of the stuff for the small quantity of Blue Exorcist and Jurassic Park loops. And yes, Bariss sort of created a horrifying new looper. Ironically the first looper that poor Alan Grant has to loop with.

6:11 Remind me to try and get Code Geass for Christmas

Chapter 7

Time for the 7th comp to begin

7.1 (Kris Overstreet)

Anakin Skywalker Awoke, took a rasping breath through his respirator, and silently cursed his luck. Despite his best efforts, the Loops refused to dispense with the services of Darth Vader, Parbroiled Evil Behind a Mask.

The Jedi Looper took a moment to file through his Loop memories, which seemed true to baseline up until... well... moments ago. Vader's ship, the Star Destroyer Devastator, had pursued the Alderaanian embassy shipTantive IV into hyperspace after the latter ship intercepted a signal from known Rebel agents. However, both ships had run into an uncharted gravitational anomaly, the sort of thing that usually ended with a ship never being heard from again. The ships had been dumped out into entirely uncharted space, with a life-bearing planet in the distance, and the ambassador's corvette opening up ground in a race for the planet.

Not far from the blue-white planet, a large object began moving towards the Rebel ship. "Look, they're heading for that space station," the Star Destroyer's captain said. "Pursue and intercept. Don't let them make rendezvous."

Vader reached out with the Force, and what he sensed both shocked and amused him. Barely able to keep the amusement out of his voice, he rumbled, "That's no space station. That's a moon."

Perhaps his luck wasn't as bad as he'd feared. He'd been hoping for a Loop like this for quite some time now...

"What's that, m'lord?" The captain looked through the bridge windows at the round object, growing larger by the moment. "It can't be a moon, it's clearly maneuvering for..." He trailed off into silence as the object began to rotate, revealing craters and shadows... shadows that formed the head of a unicorn with a downcast gaze.

And then the eye facing the Devastator opened, an angry red glow appearing in the black and white moonscape.

"Er... the... er... moon is accelerating towards us, Captain," a helm officer reported. "It's ignoring the Rebel ship. Perhaps we should take evasive action?"

"Yes..." the captain murmured. "Yes, I think you're right! Full reverse! All auxiliary power to the engines!"

The Star Destroyer rocked and shuddered for several seconds before the safety systems took the main reactors offline. Emergency lights switched on across the bridge.

"You can't win, Captain," Vader said. "But there are other ways of fighting. I recommend infiltration from within..."

A few minutes later, in a flash of un-light, an armored quadruped appeared on the Imperial ship's bridge. "Kneel, miserable creatures!" the lizard-eyed beast shouted. "I am Nightmare Moon, and you have dared to intrude into my domain!"

Vader relaxed and let the Force flow through him, probing around the newcomer. The Dark Side was strong with her; sadness and regret, but also immense bitterness, jealousy and rage. The creature was powerful; a non-Awake Vader would have had a roughly equal fight. Anakin Skywalker, on the other hand, with Loop experience and power, could probably take her out in moments.

But that wouldn't be amusing, or friendly. Besides, there was a question to ask.

"One moment," Vader rumbled, stepping forward.

"Are you the one in command of these wretches?" Nightmare Moon sneered. "'Tis well you hide behind a mask, if you are uglier than these bizarre creatures of yours!"

It was well he hid behind a mask, period. It was all Anakin could do to keep from cracking up. "I have but one question," he said, deepening his voice to keep it from breaking with laughter. "Are you Awake?"

"What sort of foolish question is this?" The evil alicorn strode towards Vader. "Do you think this is some sort of dream? Think again!"

Ah. Not Awake, then.

Anakin remembered the favorite phrase of a much different Emperor he'd served one Loop, in a vastly smaller small-e empire.

Let's see what happens.

The bridge crew of the Devastator watched in slack-jawed amazement as Vader bent his knee to the deck, bowing his head humbly. "What is thy bidding, my Mistress?"

Nightmare Moon, Twilight Sparkle, and the five stone Elements of Harmony vanished.

"TWILIGHT!" six voices shouted in surprise.

"We gotta go after her!" Rainbow Dash shouted.

"You have your own problems to worry about, ponies."

Six pairs of eyes looked to the shadows to see a tall bipedal figure in black armor and cape stride forward. A lightsaber ignited in his hands, illuminating his form in eerie red highlights.

If any of them could have pierced his mental shields to read his thoughts, they would have heard: How I love a dramatic entran- who's that?

Only five pairs of eyes belonged to ponies. The sixth belonged to a human woman clad in a slightly torn white dress. A loud hiss heralded the activation of her own lightsaber.

"Girls, go after your friend," Princess Leia Organa said. "I'll deal with this one."

Lightsabers clashed, and the ponies galloped off.

A few brisk swings and parries later, Anakin said, "I see you're wide-Awake, my daughter." He disengaged just in time for the startled Jedi to swing wide.

"Anak- Father?" Leia gasped. "If you're Awake, then why are you doing this? Your ship is poised over Equestria ready to rain destruction down on a single word from you!"

"A word which will not be given, of course," Anakin replied. "I put the fear of the Dark Side into the captain. He will accept orders only from me. So, the ponies are quite safe."

"You still-" swing, clash- "haven't explained-" swing, clash- "WHY!" swing, clash, grind of coalesced plasma beams.

"Why, to see what happens, of course." Anakin pushed Leia back a few steps, stepped backwards himself, and deactivated his lightsaber. "I've been looking forward to seeing Equestria for a long time. But Darth Vader cannot simply walk into Equestria."

"Oh," Leia muttered. "Oh. Ooooh." She smiled a small smile and added, "Have I ever mentioned you seem to have a habit of doing things the hard way?"

"You and Obi-Wan both," Anakin replied. "You briefly incapacitated me and ran to join your friends. Good enough?"

"Works for me," Leia said, reaching out with the Force and toppling the stand which had held the Elements towards Vader. He feigned a brief difficulty with it before levitating it back to its proper position, by which time Leia was on her way up the steps.

Darth Vader's boots struck sparks on the stone floor as he ran after her.

"So!" Nightmare Moon ground the fragments of the Elements of Harmony under her hoof. "Your pathetic attempt to harness the Elements has failed! So much for your pathetic rebellion!" She stepped aside to allow Vader to stand next to her. "Now you shall watch as Ponyville is blasted into oblivion!"

"I don't think so, Nightmare Moon!" Twilight Sparkle grinned. "Even as we speak Alliance and pony commandos have docked with your ship and taken over its bridge! There won't be any destruction today!"

Vader glanced over the ponies' heads. Leia shrugged. Sorry! Didn't know!

The visitors from a galaxy far, far away listened as Twilight named the various Elements represented by her friends, ending with her own identity as the Element of Magic. As each was named, the appropriate Element materialized on the appropriate pony, who rose into the air. Anakin, watching it all through the Force, was deeply impressed. The magic was interwoven with something like the best qualities of the grey-sider Force he'd seen around the Loops- leaning heavily towards the light. It reminded him very much of the baseline, of the moment when Darth Vader, given mercy and love by a long-lost son, had become Anakin Skywalker once more.

Then the rainbow beam connecting the ponies lashed out at both Nightmare Moon and himself, and he had just enough time to think that this also reminded him of the baseline, only he hoped it wouldn't hurt as much as Palpatine's lightning.

Anakin sat up. It hadn't hurt... exactly... but... it had been most peculiar indeed. The Dark Side had fled him like a thief in the night, and the Light had burned him with a total absence of pain.

His helmet and mask sat next to him. He took a deep breath; his lungs worked fine. He raised his hands, feeling the Force flow through living flesh and bone. He reached up and grabbed a long lock of hair- blonde, but mixed with some strands of gray.

"Well," he said quietly, "I've had much less pleasant reconstructive surgery than that!"

"Give your horrid sense of humor a rest, Father," Leia chuckled. "Don't you have something to tell Twilight?"

The purple pony in question was staring at the former Sith Lord with a cocked eyebrow and an expectant smirk.

"Um... er..." Anakin raised his left hand and parted his fingers two by two. "Live long and prosper?"

"Welcome to the Equestrian Loop, Anakin," Twilight replied. "Now do you mind doing something about the ship you have double-parked over Cloudsdale? This is meant to be a sanctuary Loop, after all."

7.2 (Sea of Falling Stars with slight edits by myself)

When Barriss Offee Awoke to this Loop, she felt some foreign presence in her mind, telling her to obey a 'Galvatron'. Doing a mental checklist of her body, she found herself to be mechanical. Currently in a vehicle form, she waited until the others had left before transforming herself.

The feeling of splitting into millions of pieces and reassembling into a robot resembling her human form was interesting. She also found she didn't have a name, so she could call herself whatever she wanted. Running out of the warehouse she was in, Barriss jumped over the security gate and rolled away.

In Hong Kong, the Autobots were having trouble with Galvatron's Vehicon army. Hound, Jolt, and Optimus were awake for the loop, but that didn't make fighting them any easier. Even with four Autobots to defend the Seed from the Vehicons, it was still almost 13-to-1 odds.

"Hound! I can't keep this up! Every fragging 'Con I zap just falls to bits, not even providing good cover! Rollbar's diversion efforts may be doing us good, but even he's running low on Juice and Bumblebee's just as average a fighter as ever! We need help!"

This wasn't helped by KSI seemingly having built more drones than ever this go around. Hound had lost track at four Junkheaps, forty of those Trax drones, and several types he couldn't remember the names of. At least Bumblebee had destroyed Stinger back in the States.

Even if Joyce gave them flack over it, no one among the Autobot loopers really cared about the worthless drone.

An unfamiliar motor (most of the Autobot loopers memorized the sounds they made in their vehicle modes) roaring got their attention.

"Hang on, I'm coming to help you guys!"

The bold statement, coming from the Koenigsegg before them, was strange. Stranger still when it flowed akin to a KSI drone and reassembled into a female figure. The unknown female began to carve into her fellow drones with a heated blade. One of the white Junkheap components fell to the ground in halves, followed by three Trax units having their heads removed. Hound nearly lost his bullet cigar in shock.

"Whoever this lady is, she's a Looper with style. This may be a hopeless fight, but that's our favorite kind, right Jolt!?"

"Roger that! Let's light things up before she outshines us!"

Barriss felt her mind be at ease while in the heat of combat. Sometimes, for a looper such as her, it was better to lose oneself in combat at times than go insane. This almost led to her cutting one of the Autobots as he came charging back into the fray, transforming from his rally car form to barrel into one of the two-headed drones.

"Any of you guys feeling like you're ……?"

"Not now lady! We have to get through this fight! Hey, you worthless drones come over here and get your fortune cookies!"

Barriss enjoyed the firefight, even as she and the Autobots were slowly overwhelmed. At least, until she saw seven mechanical dinosaurs ridden by other Autobots come charging through and tear their way through the Vehicons.

[One crazy fight later]

Rolling towards the docks where the Autobots were waiting, Barriss knew this was her only chance to explain herself. She saw nine Autobots standing before her. She somehow instinctively knew their names, as if her body was programmed with them.

Optimus Prime, Ultra Magnus, Hound, Blaster, Crosshairs, Drift, Jolt, Bumblebee, and Rollbar.

Rolling to a stop, she flowed from her supercar mode to her robot form. Bowing to her impromptu allies, she was surprised to see Drift bow back and Hound nod his head.

"Why'd you fight with us little lady? Thought all the KSI zombies were followed Galvatron."

"Zombies? All I know is that I Awoke in this form and spent almost an hour learning how to control shifting from one form to another."

Five of them perked up, while the other four just looked confused. Finally Ultra Magnus spoke up.

"Well, in this case, it seems one of Blaster's specialties will be used. It seems this Loop, you arrived as a guest while Jolt, Hound, Blaster, Optimus, and I were Awake. The reason Hound called you a zombie is that many of the KSI drones were made from melted down corpses of our kind. Including many of our own."

Barriss stared in shock. Her body was made from the desecrated remains of fallen heroes!?

"But do not worry. Take a drive with Jolt and Blaster to clear your mind and get the presentation Blaster put together for all of our visitors."

She felt her arms being pulled by Blaster and Jolt, who shocked her in just the right manner to trigger her conversion. They in turn converted into a SUV and some sort of electrical vehicle. Riding off with them, Barriss felt that this loop, though it would probably end soon, would be very educational….

The loop then suddenly ended before she could give her name

7.3

The shadowclone of Anakin Skywalker was rather irritated he had to go all the way to Kamino out of the freakin' blue.

Oh, the real him got to enjoy a night with Padme after three loops of zombies, bureau ponies and vong, but he had to be called up because someone tripped one of the alarms that the real him always set up on Kamino ever since Sakura started playing with cloning equipment.

There were some things you did not do with cloning equipment, and Anakin really did prefer not to have to remove unnecessary and unnerving appendages from his clones more than once every 10,000 loops.

Of course, as Sakura was apparently cured of her desire to violate the nature and moral laws of the multiverse, that meant it could only be one of two things messing with Kamino.

It could either be a MLE like Kyubey or Dio Brando trying some sort of new plan, or it could be the blue idiot.

...And it was in fact, the blue idiot, as said evil 'scientist' was currently bound to a wall by a myriad of chakra based seals and struggling vainly.

"Get me down from here this instant!"

The clone just glared at the visiting villainous looper in annoyance "Must you always do this whenever your here, Drakken?"

The blue skinned foe of Kim Possible merely rolled his eyes at the clones annoyance "I don't always try this when I'm here..."

"Of course, it would be somewhat problematic for your idiotic and pointless scheme if Kim or Shego were around when you tried to create a clone with both of their DNA in it" Anakin's clone replied in the most sarcastic voice possible as Drakken frowned.

"Oh come on, it's a brilliant plan!"

"No, it's rather idiotic actually, and it's most likely morally wrong"

"Oh, didn't realize you were one of those people" Drakken commented in disgust as the clone glared back.

"Hey, I have no problem with regular homosexual reproduction, cloning methods or otherwise. What you want to do, however, is

essentially stealing the genetic material of both Kim and Shego and planning to use it to create a scientifically created child..."

"I'm thinking either Kasy or Shieki personally" Drakken commented jollily as Anakin's shadowclone continued to glare

"...As an obedient and lethal minion whom you plan to continuously recreate until she starts looping..."

"Just like that pony...Nyn...Nym...Pym..." Drakken was lost on the exact name of the equestrian in question

"Nyx" the clone supplied him "And that was completely different. Plus, stealing people's genetic material to create clones is incredibly disturbing." if Superman found Superboy being created disturbing, Anakin (clone or original) was pretty sure the same would apply for Kim and Shego with a Kimgo running around (named either Kasy or Shieki, it didn't make it any less unnerving for the two kickass females in all likelihoods)

"Says the guy with a clone army" Drakken pointed out as Anakin frowned.

"Dooku paid Fett good money to clone him"

"Oh, really? I had no idea...so, if I pay Possible and Shego, I technically..."

The shadow clone of Anakin Skywalker transfigured the occasional ally of Doofemsmirtz into a blue naked mole rat to make him stop talking, the scientist falling from his former restraints and into the clone's hands.

As the shadow clone grinned at the now nervous mole rat in a way that could send shivers down quite a few peoples spines, he couldn't help but try to picture what the end result of Drakken's quack plan would, theoretically look like.

(Cute, morally questionable without the consent from the two 'mothers' in question, but still cute)

7.4A

Darth Vader, the dreaded and all powerful lord of the cosmos (As he had declared himself this loop after overthrowing Palpatine and declaring himself emperor), was not amused.

Not at all.

The cause of his annoyance...

"BP! BP! BP!"

For some reason, R2-D2 had gone berserk and was circling around the table he was standing on, trying to shock him and thus fry his circuits and kill him, and not for any real reason that Vader could think of, while making uncharacteristically glitch sounding noises.

After all, the droid wasn't looping today. If he was awake and trying to kill him in this damnable suit, it wouldn't be that difficult. The droid was able to turn himself invisible, fire electrical blasts akin to the power of Pikachu and was harder to avoid than that Slenderman fellow.

There could only be one reason...

"Grrr...I hate the Earth's internet." the poor droid probably had picked up on that planet's wi-fi as they approached the planet onboard the Executor (to ensure the earth in question didn't have any of the many things that Vader did not want to deal with, such as the Joestars, Kamina, Zim or that diminutive Saiyan with an ego that made his baseline self seem humble), and had caught some sort of virus.

Perhaps he would have to conquer the earth and execute the ones responsible for this outrage. After all, would anyone miss hackers

and virus makers?

"The World Three's Net Navi's are in SPACE!?" Lan Hikari, one of the anchors for the recently opened up branch of the Mega loops, repeated loudly as his brother, the digitized Hub frowned.

"That would appear to be the case. Though I am not sure of what they could possibly be targeting. The World Three are not generally interested in hacking space laser satellites or space stations..."

"Well, what else is there to hack up there, bar Mars Rovers?" Lan questioned...as a giant blue hologram of a dark suited being appeared before them.

In fact, this hologram appeared all over the world as well.

"Attention puny earthlings! I am Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith and the dreaded and all powerful lord of the cosmos! One of your earthling hackers has committed a great and unforgivable crime against one of my dearest companions, and for that I demand the criminal be brought to me, at once! If not, I shall be forced..."

As the dark armored man began to rant about hackers being executed over apparently hacking one of his robots or something (it was a rather long winded rant), and threatening to invade their world with something called stormtroopers, Lan decided to test the waters and sent out a ping.

"...Do not think your primitive nuclear armments can deter me..." the dark suited man awkwardly stopped as he apparently got the ping, revealing himself as a looper, and the hologram vanished.

Only for the dark armored man to reappear before the two with some sort of popping teleportation.

"So...your the anchor?" The dark man inquiered as the boy nervously nodded as the imposing figure who was making dark

sounding breathing noises.

"Well, anchor and co-anchor, though whom is whom is sort of a mystery at the moment" Hub replied from the PET as the dark armored man acknowledged him with a frown.

"Hmmm...a digital anchor, an odd resemblance of Rock...say, are you any good at removing viruses from droids?"

7.4B (Wildrook)

"I happen to be known as Mega Man in some worlds," Hub said to Darth Vader. "But we can probably fix the database within your droid."

"Good," Vader replied. "Keep in mind my reputation of not tolerating failure."

7.5A

"Hello, I am Baymax. Your daughter suggested that I should keep an eye on you. Apparently, you are not in good health"

"Your breathing patterns suggest damage to your lungs. Tell me, are you a heavy smoker?"

"Odd, you appear to have suffered extensive skin damage. Tell me, have you been scratching yourself because of illegal chemical ingestion?"

Darth Vader, the most feared man in the galaxy bar only the emperor himself, barely managed avoiding force choking the robot.

Not only was that a habit he was working on quitting, but force choking robots never worked.

Particularly soft and squishy robots.

"You appear to be suffering emotional distress. Would a hug make it better?"

7.5B (Wildrook)

"No, just...having an aneurysm out of sheer stupidity," Darth Vader muttered. He needed to choke something...badly.

"Ani?" a familiar voice said, shaking him out of his stupor.

7.5C

'MUST NOT CHOKE! MUST NOT CHOKE! MUST NOT CHOKE!'

Meanwhile on the not blown up planet of Alderaan.

"...You know, you're just mean sometimes" Mickey Mouse deadpanned to the princess, who was merely smirking "Baymax, and Jar Jar Binks?"

"What can I say, I was in a mood"

7.5D (Evilhumor)

"Looki what I can do!" And then Jar Jar eye laser beamed him across the room.

7.5E

The two frown at what promptly followed.

"That...was not me" Leia admitted in confusion.

"Why, you appear to have suffered an injury." Baymax noted to the downed Sith Lord

"..."

7.6 (Wildrook)

The Legend known as Revan had witnessed many things during his reign as the brainwashed one and former Sith Lord in secret.

However, what caught him off-guard was his wayward Apprentice Malak making the announcement that he had discovered the "secret" of Immortality.

Said Legend had now felt shame and had face-palmed at the utter stupidity that's shown on live television.

"Question," an Assassin Droid said, "why would you meat-bags want to live forever? Complaint: That would mean I'd have to try to find new ways to kill them all...except you, Master."

"HK," Revan muttered, "I'm starting to think he's lost it."

"Observation: The artifact on hand doesn't look like it's from around here. Could it be from elsewhere?"

Revan had noticed a stone mask...and a covered Twi'lek sacrifice as he was growling.

"We're broadcasting live, and you know that we'd get in trouble, sir."

The sound of a force-choking could be heard. "I find your standards disturbing," Malak replied before letting go. "Now take the veil off!"

"Disgust: Sith or no Sith, this is just mortifying for the both of them. If it were up to me, I'd put a bullet in their brains."

Revan was tempted to let HK go nuts right then and there. JUST for the display and lack of professionalism.

However, it was the Twi'Lek that was stabbed first as the blood had hit the mask and had turned the apprentice...immortal...and the jaw had re-grown.

"I'm coming for you," Malak said, in full confidence, "so you'd better watch out, Revan! I WILL NEVER DI..."

(One galaxy-wide search later...)

"Disappointment," HK-47 replied as they noticed the ashes of what was left of the apprentice. "I was looking forward to fighting your old Apprentice and ending him right then and there. I even had WAYS to castrate him when we were on our way."

"He was a fool to the end, HK," Revan said. "Only thing we can do is try to find out why I was brainwashed. But I found a few Slave Traders you can kill off."

HK's head turned. "Caution: Work fast. I may kill off the slaves and you in the process."

7.7

"Hello, I am C3-PO: Human Relations Expert. Are you Mace Windu?" 'Oh, why in the name of my maker did I let my maker talk me into doing this?!'

The legendary Jedi Master stood up and frowned at the clearly re-purposed Protocol Droid that had somehow gotten into the Jedi Council's chamber. Obviously the gatekeepers were getting stretched too think if this solicitor droid could get in "Yes I am, and I am not interested in anything you're trying to sell us"

"Even if it is girl scout cookies" Kit Fisto muttered to himself, finding the lack of such treat to be disappointing, a sentiment shared by more than a few other of the still seated Jedi Masters.

"Oh, I'm not a selling droid, I am a delivery droid. I was sent here by one of your Jedi Generals in the Outer Rim to send you a message"

"What message? What message could they have no sent via holo..." Mace began, before he was socked in the face and was knocked onto the floor.

"That, I would assume" Shaak Tii stated in shock, horrified that there was any Jedi who would want to strike down a member of the council.

The awake Obi-Wan just facepalmed, knowing exactly who was to blame for this.

7.8

Idly humming the imperial march, Anakin Skywalker found himself in a rather good mood for a change.

This idea of a 'vacation loop' was actually not that bad of an idea. Taking an entire loop off to just, relax was refreshing. And this version of Japan (whichever one it was, he wasn't quite sure at the moment), was actually peaceful.

There were no hollows, no angels and no giant rampaging reptiles.

Taking out a tourist guidebook, Anakin idly noted what he had gone to see so far.

Mount Fuji, check.

Jigokundi Monkey Park, check.

Tokyo Imperial Palace, check.

Tokyo Disneyland: surprisingly fun and check.

Perhaps he could possible look into some of their temples next.

The Jedi anchor was in such a good mood, he almost didn't notice the little girl fly at him from above with a giant hammer.

Almost...

A few hours later, with a loud slam, one solid block of carbonite (complete with frozen hammer wielding girl inside) was deposited in front of a confused Admiral Lindy, a suspicious Chrono and a horrified Nanoha and Fate (who were both awake).

The annoyed looking Jedi noted the block "I take it she's your problem?"

"That's a little girl...who you turned to stone!" Chrono snapped back as Anakin rolled his eyes.

"Hardly, I only sealed her in carbonite, and a temporary formula at that" it was amazing what a bored Hermione Granger could whip up "She'll thaw out in a few hours. Watch out though, she's incredibly violent and swears worse than a rebel. Plus, she was trying to steal my energy. I'm told you were having issues with that"

"Um...very good, I guess. May I inquire as to what your name is, and how you somehow managed to teleport onto my ship?" Lindy questioned as Anakin withdrew a pair of shades from his subspace pocket and put them back on, now vaguely resembling an arrogant tourist.

"I'm just a guy on vacation..." and he apparated away to resume his sight seeing tour of Japan.

The two loopers he left behind exchanged looks.

This was going to complicate things, but it could have been worse if he had responded some other way (like killing her)

Still, Vita was not going to be amused by all this...

"CENSORED! CENSORED! CENSORED! GIVE ME BACK MY HAT CENSORED! CENSORED! CENSORED! CENSORED! I WILL PUMMEL THAT CENSORED CENSORED MAGE WITH THE

CENSORED CENSORED METALLIC CENSORED ARM CENSORED..."

"...She sounds like that Tayuya girl" Fate, who for some reason was wearing Vita's hat commented.

"I'd say this is either a vulgar variant loop...or you really shouldn't have taken her hat" Nanoha frowned at her friend, wondering why she decided to take Vita's hat.

7.9

Luke Skywalker had seen some pretty bizarre variant loops in his time.

In previous loops, his name had become Jin, he had learned far more about what it felt like to be a Wookie than he ever needed to, and he had replaced Leia as the prince of Naboo and she the Tattoine bound farm-girl (Or was it he replaced her as princess and she replaced him as farm-boy. What was more phonically correct?)

However, this was definitely going to be up there...

"Alright Lukey-Boy! You wanted to learn how to use the force, and Master Leia Skywalker is going to teach your Nabooian be-hind how to use it!" The resident, unawake Leia (Who was dressed in what could only be described as a version of their father's clone war era uniform, only sized to fit a 10 year old girl) shouted at him in a imitation of a drill sergeant.

"Ma'am yes ma'am!" His equally 10 year old body (dressed in what Luke could describe to outside loopers as a school uniform for a boarding school in space that the emperor forced all children of the senators to attend, which included Luke Nabrierre, out of the way from their parents influence to be molded into proper Imperials, with 'Leia Lars' being a new transfer student from the Outer Rim from a program the Imperials used to give low class humans a chance to get ahead in life as a 'proper imperial', but in reality being the

daughter of Rebel leader Anakin Skywalker on a mission to get an inside look of an Imperial Academy for a semester/ while Anakin was doing a dangerous mission he was rather worried about her trying to sneak along on, if Luke's observations of the news and Leia's own behavior suggested) shouted back.

"Good! Now, by the time I'm done training you Lukey-Boy, you're going to want to go and run back home to your mamma!" also her mamma, in all likelihoods "But when I'm through with you, you're be a full fledged Jedi! I'm going to teach you to use The Force to do everything you could ever want: reach tall shelves, protect yourself from your foes, make things explode, and even get free stuff!"

To illustrate this point, Leia reached out towards a nearby vending machine (occupying the deserted cafeteria the two were doing their little meeting in) with the force: causing the machine to rapidly shake and causing a pair of the machine's most expensive soft drink to fly over to the two (Leia had hers fly into her hand like a pro, while the one meant for him slammed into his stomach like a earth softball).

"But...that's stealing" Luke pointed out as Leia rebelliously opened her can.

"This is Imperial Soda Lukey-Boy. Every can I take without paying, the Empire is down a credit!" she then defiantly drank her can in one gulp as Luke eyed his can, and his currently unaware sister, in unease.

He had a bad feeling about this loop (Though he was at least glad he was the only one awake for it. Somehow he highly doubted Leia would approve of herself being a Daddy's girl to their biological father)

(He had no idea there was a looping droid holotaping everything from the dark and shadowy corner until much later when the blackmail surfaced.)

7.10 (ZeusDemigod)

"-Me, I, what? Where... what does that... mean? What is going on, thoughts in my... mind, I do not understand. My... memory, what is that? I recall the green skinned being from the... island, it, no,she taught me to use... my power, I remember... that man, in the hat, and the blue shirt when the world first went dark after I pounced."

Then the memories hit.

He was a loyal soldier of the Dinaurian Empire, or what was left of it, after the space faring monster Guhnash had eaten their home planet.

"What nutrient is there in rock and stone? Meat is... no, he absorbed the energy from the planet, from the core."

He was one of a few hundred surviving Dinaurians who had escaped death by taking a spaceship into the cosmos and preserving themselves via stone sleep technology.

"Why does the thought of being encased in stone... frighten me?"

They had seeded a planet now known as Earth in the ancient past and slept for millions of years, awaiting their race to evolve once more.

A race known as humans had evolved instead.

"They are like him. The... man in the hat."

King Dynal, his king, was attempting to find several artifacts known as the Sub-Idol Comps so they would be able to devolve the humans and start their project anew.

"Velocious? Velocious!"

He had a name.

Velocious, a red-ish brown Dinaurian elite, looked up at King Dynal.

"I asked you a question," Dynal said. "Do you know where Duna has gotten off to? She was last seen in the Main-Idol room and now I cannot find her, nor can I trace the other idols."

Velocious' new memories told him Duna was a female Dinaurian, another elite, and that this kind of behavior was very unusual of her.

Velocious shook his head, he was not use to having in depth memories, he was usually on the island with the other members of his pack, occasionally he would find himself with a different pack than the first time.

"Velocious!" King Dynal shouted again. "Have. You. Seen. Duna!?"

One other thing that Velocious had discovered with his packs, if a member of the pack began acting odd, they were either ejected from the group or killed, or the other members tried.

"N... No my King," His memories taught him how to form his lips into different positions and move his tongue to form the correct sounds.

Dynal tapped the arm of the chair he was sitting in. "This is most troubling indeed," Dynal said. "Perhaps she went looking for the idols herself... Velocious, I want you to beam to the surface and see if you can find her."

King Dynal stood up from his seat and tossed Velocious a small, oblong device. His new memories told him it was a hologram projector, used to hide his Dinaurian appearance from the humans.

"You remember what Duna's hologram looks like, correct?"

The mental image of a blond haired girl in white robes came to Velocious' mind. "Yes... sir," Velocious said through gritted teeth. He didn't like taking orders but his memories told him how dangerous Dynal could be. "I will begin in Vivosaur Town."

Meanwhile, in Vivosaur Town, on a green meadow dubbed the Fossil Lawn, a blue haired boy in blue cargo shorts and a red shirt waited with a picnic basket.

Hunter, as the boy was called, was the Anchor for the Fossil Fighter Loops, known as the Vivosaur Island Loops to Loopers. And he was waiting for someone.

He wasn't sure who exactly he was waiting for, though he did have a list.

Hunter had had a lonely past few Loops, and was hoping one of his friends would be Awake this time. Well, one friend in particular, hence the picnic basket.

The boy smiled as he saw a blond haired girl in white robes walking toward him, he smiled and waved at her and she did the same.

"Duna!" He greeted happily, running up to her and pulling her into a hug.

The disguised Dinaurian blushed and returned the embrace. "Hunter, I'm glad to see you," She said, her voice slightly tired.

"Rough Loop?" Hunter asked, pulling a checker pattern blanket from the basket.

Duna chuckled. "Somewhat, I Looped into a place called Prehistoric Park, not sure if it's even Looping, though the head keeper was acting strange."

"Well what was rough about it?'

The Dinaurian sighed. "I looped in as a T-rex, couldn't access my Pocket or transform."

Hunter winced and grabbed Duna's hand. "Don't worry, we'll take out the BB's and fix the problem with Dynal early and then take the rest of the Loop off."

Duna smiled and sat down next to Hunter. "Thank you... anyone else Awake this Loop?"

Hunter shook his head. "Rosie and Dr. Diggins aren't, and I assume Raptin's not either?"

"Not sure if it is Raptin," Duna admitted. "Might be a visiting Looper, his name is Velocious and he's move introverted and harsher that Raptin was, if you can believe it."

"Huh, haven't had a visitor in a while," Hunter said absentmindedly. "So anyway, I was thinking this Loop, you take out the BB's, and I'll beam up and take out Dynal... Oh! You got the scanner thing right?"

Duna smiled and pulled the Idol Comp scanner from her pocket. "It should take them some time to figure out this is missing."

Hunter smiled. "Then all that's left is to chose our teams," From his Pocket, Hunter pulled a large metal case, he opened it to reveal a large amount of Vivosaur metals.

"Hmm," Duna normally went with faster Vivosaurs to compliment her own speed in battle, she hadn't really tried to use some of the more defensive ones.

"I think I'll try Stego-"

"You!" Duna jumped as a hand wrapped around her arm and pulled her to her feet. "You will come with me back to the ship!"

Velocious turned and attempted to pull Duna after him, emphasis on attempted.

The moment his back was turned, Duna swiped Velocious' feet out from under him. "What do you want Velocious?" Duna asked.

The normally a Velociraptor growled and lunged at Duna, but was knocked back by a grey and green creature with spines running down the length of its back.

"Nice work Spinax," Hunter said, patting the Vivosaur on its leg.

Duna smiled at Hunter. "Thanks, I don't know what's up with hi-"

"RAAAWRAA!" Duna and Hunter turned to see that Velocious had torn off his hologram projector and assumed his battle form.

Instead of looking unique, like the Dinaurian's usual form, this one was simply a red-ish brown, raptor like creature, closely resembling aNychus.

Hunter pulled two black Vivosaur metals out of his pocket, one with a flaming T-rex like creature on it, and one with what looked like a frozen sauropod. "Freezer burn?" He asked with a smile.

Duna smiled but shook her head. "Let's try something that DOESN'T have a high chance of leveling the town."

"Such as?"

Duna smiled and dropped her hologram, revealing her pink haired, blue skinned Dinaurian form. "You got my back?" She asked.

"Always," Hunter answered immediately.

Duna smiled and assumed her battle form.

Velocious groaned as he pushed himself back to his feet, thankfully, he had managed to change out of that cumbersome Dinaurian form and back into his real body.

"Where did that creature come from?" He asked himself. "Why does the female not listen?! What is she doing!?"

Velocious might have continued to ponder these questions, as this was the first time he was capable of pondering, had his senses not alerted him to a fast approaching creature.

Jumping just in time to avoid his would be assaulter, he recognized it as Duna's attack form.

"She dares to attack me!" He thought.

Rushing forward, Velocious attempted to bite Duna's neck, in hopes of taking her out with a single fatal blow.

Duna intercepted the attack and slammed Velocious back with her tail. "Go Duna!" Hunter called from the side lines.

The Velociraptor hissed. "They think I will play their little game," Velocious sneared. "They. Are. WRONG!"

A force blast knocked Duna backwards, slamming her against the ground. "Herh, herh, herh," Velocious chuckled as he walked towards Duna.

He saw the Dinaurian attempting to stand, and slammed her to the ground again before lifting her into the air, a strangle hold around her throat. "Time to end this."

"Duna!" Hunter rushed towards Velocious, the raptor planning to ignore the boy until the last second, the flick him away.

He was unable to do this as, when Hunter was only a few feet from him, the human leapt into the air and changed.

Hunter slammed into Velocious as a red and yellow skinned raptor like Vivosaur with a large blue frill.

The sudden attack knocked Velocious to the ground and caused him to drop Duna. Hunter immediately rushed to her side and nuzzled her, making sure she was alright.

Velocious watched as Duna got to her feet and decided something, something that countless years as a hunter had taught. "These two are the more powerful," He hated admitting it, especially since, with

his powers, he had been able to take down predators larger than him.

Getting to his feet and rushing off into the woods, Velocious glared back at the two before disappearing. "I live to fight another day."

Duna and Hunter dropped from their battle forms, Duna into her natural body, and Hunter into his red and blue Dinaurian form.

"Are you alright?" Hunter asked.

"Fine," Duna said, rubbing her neck to try and work the crick out. "Whether that guys a Looper or a variant, he's got some kinda psychic powers."

"Now there are psychic Vivosaurs?" Hunter asked. "As if we didn't have enough to deal with."

Duna giggled and kissed Hunter on the cheek. "Thanks for helping me out there, he kinda caught me offguard."

Hunter smiled. "Any time, now come on, we're going to have to explain things to Dr. Diggins before we try to track this guy down." He looked down at his hands. "And I'm going to have to explain this."

7.11 (Scorntex)

A few minutes ago, a strange sound had started echoing through the vast expanses of the Jedi temple. Quickly, the Jedi council had sensed out the cause of the sound, a massive ripple in the Force. Acting quickly, they had found the disturbing sight of Obi-Wan Kenobi laughing maniacally, even as he was dragged away by several large and unnerved Jedi. Masters Windu and Yoda shared glances at this, before turning towards the stalwart knight's pupil, young Anakin Skywalker, who was staring at his master as the man was dragged away.

"Skywalker" Mace Windu spoke, "can you explain what happened?"

"I..." Anakin coughed, if only because the Anchor of his home Loop was trying really, really, really hard not to smile, or guffaw. "I do not know, master. One moment Ob- Master Kenobi and I were sparring, and the next he just look at his... um, his sword and started laughing."

There was a deep growl from Yoda, who had been trying to reach out to Obi-Wan with the force. "Deep and unshakable, this madness is. Remove it, I cannot."

Master Windu stared at the young padawan, who was trying to look anywhere but at both Masters, a dramatic chance from the boy's normal unflinching stare.

"Very well" he sighed, "continue practicing. Master Yoda and I shall attempt to examine Kenobi's sudden turn."

"Yes, Master Windu" Skywalker bowed. As the two Jedi knights turned away, they heard a sudden noise from Anakin. Instantly Master Windu swivelled on the spot to look at Anakin, whose face was set in stone.

After a few seconds more of staring, Master Windu turned away again.

This time, Anakin waited until he was absolutely certain that both Jedi Masters were gone, before he started laughing again. He couldn't help it. As his Loop memories told him, everything was exactly the same as it was in the Baseline, save for one teeny, tiny difference.

Every Jedi in the universe, every padawan, knight and master, and probably every Sith as well, fought... with baguettes.

7.12

Normally when Ahsoka Tano found herself in another loop, she shapeshifted into her human form (which resembled a actress

named Ashley Eik...something or another), for simplicity sake.

Togruta were not exactly common in the multiverse.

That, and she did not like being attacked by people thinking he was a demon from hell. Sometimes they were just annoying old people, and other times they were Alexander Anderson.

However, she wasn't going to be doing that today...

Today, she was going to troll a bit (This world didn't have an area 51, after all. She didn't have to worry about being stuck there again)

And with that, she gave the unnerved american soldiers a cat like grin "Take me, to your leader"

She had always wanted to say that.

Meanwhile half a world away, Bariss (having recently escaped a government facility in a Earth country called North something... (Curry, Kory, Candy? and still on the run), found herself passing a human child who looked half dead from starvation.

Stopping for a moment, Bariss reached into her subspace pocket and handed the child a Earth candy bar. As the child stared at it in wonder, she sped off once again.

"I see you are somewhat surprised to see me in such a position of power. Tell me, what did you think would happen if I had an infinite loop of nights to get what I want"

Ahsoka looked rather uncomfortable as she found herself wondering what party would put a megalomaniac white mouse up as a presidential candidate.

"So" the Brain inquired "Do you wish to help me in conquering Canada tonight?"

7.13A (Kris Overstreet)

"Twilight, Ah think we got a problem," Apple Bloom said the instant she burst through the doors of the Golden Oaks Library.

"What makes you say that?" Twilight asked, finishing the most recent entry into a thick record book. Nightmare Moon Redemption Log #28,414; Method used: challenge to 18 holes of golf, magic disallowed; outcome successful; golf now official sport of Equestria.

"Well, y'all remember that one really, really late an' distant ping?" the farm filly said.

"Well, yes," Twilight nodded. "This is a Fused Loop with some space-travel world, most likely."

"Ah figured out which world," Apple Bloom said. "Ah'd just set up mah workshop an' was dustin' off mah Millenium Falcon when I noticed th' navigation computer was active an' trackin' nav buoys."

"Tracking nav buoys?" Twilight repeated in surprise.

"Which means not only is Equestria in th' Star Wars world, we're close enough to th' Republic that we kin receive nav buoy signals."

"Republic, or Empire?"

"That's th' funny thing," Apple Bloom said. "Th' buoys I'm pickin' up are split 'bout fifty-fifty."

hr

Darth Vader, Looper, had a project.

He'd Awakened at some unusual points in his personal history before (including one time when he'd Awakened as a Force ghost- and he

still didn't understand how that even worked), but Awakening with a lightsaber in his hands standing over Palpatine's decapitated body in that torture-chamber operating room where he'd been given his cybernetic reconstruction sans anesthetic... well, that was a new one. (He'd smashed everything in the room with the Force all over again when his Loop memories, nice and fresh, told him he'd slain Palpatine in revenge for the obvious setup job he'd done to make Anakin Skywalker fall to the Dark Side... and he hadn't been Awake to properly enjoy it.)

This starting point left a large and urgent task list to be done, but Vader regarded it as chores, nothing more. Blame Palpatine's death on a hidden Jedi terrorist, seize control of the newborn Empire, announce amnesty for all surviving Jedi and Separatists, formally ban slavery once and for all (a very important and personal chore, that one), announce a popularly elected Assembly to complement the mostly aristocratic Senate (and to eventually replace it), give the Hutts a lesson in We Mean It about the slavery ban (a very pleasant and personal chore, that one), set up Tarkin to take the fall for construction of a certain planet-killing terror weapon, and talk Bail Organa and Owen Lars into letting him have his babies to raise (a very important, pleasant, and personal chore, but one he'd never succeeded in yet without... complications)...

It was a long list, but by and large a simple list.

Finding the world on the Outer Rim with a dozen or so Looper Pings, out in a vague area of space where no inhabited worlds existed, and far from Tatooine, Dagobah and Kashyykk... that was difficult, important, personal, and potentially pleasant, which promoted it from "chore" to "project" in the mind of Darth Vader.

The fact that the project required the recently acclaimed second Emperor of the Galaxy (the second in a matter of weeks, though Vader intended to last longer than his too-clever-for-his-own-good ex-Master) to repair the burnt-out records holosuite of the Jedi Temple by hand... well, that made it a more difficult project, and thus more interesting.

The crystal-coded memory core of the Archives had been built into the foundations of the Temple, and thus had been largely untouched by the fire. The trick was reviving the projectors, which was difficult but doable, especially if you grew up as a junk-scavenging slave on Tatooine and then added thousands of Loops' worth of experience. It just required patience and time... and if Darth Vader tended to be impatient with people, he'd never been impatient with machines.

The map of the galaxy as charted and kept by the Jedi Order flared into life around Darth Vader. Stepping carefully around rubble, tools and jury-rigged repairs, Vader examined the worlds, finally zooming in on a distant sector which had been on the exploration schedule ten years before the Trade Federation began making the troubles that would lead to the Separation. The Force told him this was the right general area, but nothing civilized was recorded in that sector...

... unless...

A careful study of the charted motions of the planets confirmed Vader's guess. Someone had hidden a star, deleted it from the Jedi Order's records... Not, he thought wryly, unprecedented. Had it been Palpatine, or Dooku, or some other cat's pawn? Or had Yoda decided to conceal something? Either way, he thought, it will be child's play to pry the data out of concealment.

A while later, when he saw the name of the planet, he realized how ironic his thought had been.

hr

Ponyville was good at panicking, and its inhabitants liked to show off at any opportunity, especially the sisters who ran the floral shop.

Granted, with the Star Destroyer hovering over town hall and the huge troop transport that had landed in the fields just south of town, Twilight Sparkle couldn't deny the non-Awake ponies of Ponyville had excellent reason for panic.

The only reason the Awake Loopers (the Element Bearers, the Cutie Mark Crusaders, and Spike) hadn't put together their own space armada the moment the Imperial ships exited hyperspace was the other Ping, which was no longer the least bit distant. Based on that data Twilight had asked Celestia to keep everyone calm and had talked her fellow Loopers into waiting to see what developed.

That said, when the shuttlecraft left the Star Destroyer above and descended towards the clearing guarded by ten thousand perfectly identical stormtroopers, Spike and Applejack stood with Twilight on the stone bridge carrying lightsabers and wearing Jedi robes. (Applejack's were actually Juraian nobility garb, but close enough.) Fluttershy had put on the Imperium of Mankind battle armor Leman Russ had ordered made for her. And Twilight herself had dug out her old TSAB agent uniform and dusted OWL off... just in case. And Rainbow Dash had practically every pegasus in Equestria building thunderhead around the Star Destroyer, just outside the tight cordon patrolled by TIE fighter squadrons in tight formation. Everypony stood ready just in case things went bad.

Except Pinkie Pie, who bounced carefree from the Equestrian reception committee to the Imperial landing site and back. That was a good sign, Awake Pinkie being even more perceptive about such things than her baseline self, but it wasn't quite definitive.

The stormtroopers stood to attention, an Imperial Navy band three hundred strong struck up a cold, pompous marching tune, and the landing ramp of the shuttle descended, disgorging six scarlet-armored figures... and then a towering figure of absolute darkness.

On cue, as Darth Vader began striding down the broad passage between rows and rows of rigid stormtroopers, the assembled TIE squadrons from the Star Destroyer overflew the landing area. The formations of pegasi flanking them to either side only made the display even more impressive.

And then the music stopped. For one instant Vader and his royal guard froze in mid-step, then turned to look at the band, which was

looking at new sheet music and shrugging.

And then the pink pony behind the tympani (how had she got them there?) took up the sticks and laid down the beat to a more….energetic tune.

And Vader, on the third bar, began dancing a solo conga down the road to the stone bridge. A moment after the high brass came in, Pinkie Pie joined the queue. The two-person conga line ended up in front of a group of very confused ponies. (The stormtroopers, while also confused, were too disciplined to show it.)

After a hissing murmur to Pinkie (and a cut-it-out motion at the neck from the pony to the naval band), Vader faced Twilight and said, "I have come on an urgent errand. I require your full cooperation in this matter."

"That depends," Twilight said carefully. "What exactly is your errand?"

"I have come," Darth Vader said in tones of portent, "to pick up my tailoring."

"I suspected that was the case, darling." Rarity, who had been standing in the back of the group saying nothing, now pushed her way to the front. "I must say, Anakin, you do know how to make a bold entrance." The white unicorn wrinkled her nose in mild distate as she added, "Possibly not tasteful... not elegant... but quite bold."

"As I have said before," the Looper not always known as Anakin Skywalker replied, "Darth Vader cannot simply visit Equestria." Turning his attention back to Twilight, he added, "Later on, as time permits, I am amenable to discussing the political relationship between my Empire and your polity. For now, however," he said, walking over to stand next to Rarity, "I have truly important business to take care of."

As Rarity and the Sith Lord walked over the bridge towards the Carousel Boutique, the other Pony Loopers (minus Pinkie, who was dragging Applejack away while shouting something about "three hundred thousand cupcakes STAT!") turned to look at Spike, who clipped his lightsaber to the belt of his robes and shrugged.

"Seems legit," he said.

7.13B (Dalxien)

"I'm... not sure this is what I asked for." Anakin stated hesitantly, and he looked at the... well, it was definitely a cape. A very well-made one, but...

"It's designed to inspire fear. It has terror woven into every fiber and will inspire irrational fear in all who look upon it and its wearer." Rarity supplied.

He was still hesitant. "And the smiley bat motif?"

"You didn't ask for it not to have smiley bats." The mare retorted, with a small smirk. "You didn't expect me not to muck about with it did you? You asked me to make a thing of pure fearmongeringterror. I take exception to that, and if nothing else you can add confusion to its list of powers because rationally no one should be afraid of someone wearing anything that looks like this, barring a phobia of bats." At this she huffed, already tired of explanations, and tossed the thing around her own neck.

He had to admit, that twinge of unease in the back of his mind was most definitely not there before she put it on. A weaker mind might actually be stricken with fear at the sight of it. Still, was it worth the bats?

After a moment, he sighed and nodded. "Thank you, Rarity. I'll take it." She grinned, replacing the cloak in its place on the mannequin, before he asked, "And the other one I asked for?"

7.13C (Saphroneth)

"Care to explain?" Vader said, holding his other cape up.

"Oh, must you question all my design choices?" Rarity asked, sighing. "I mean, you did specify the effect only, and I am a craftsmare."

"I rather expected that you'd make it fit with the rest of my outfit," Vader admitted. "I thought that was what designers did."

Rarity tossed her mane. "Not in my book. At least, not with this kind of commission."

At first glance, it wasn't actually clear why Vader had a problem with it. The cape was a dark blue, almost but not quite black, and the right length. It had the correct flow, the right weave, and it moved just like his other capes did.

"I mean... come on." With a gesture, Vader swept the cape onto his shoulders.

It was awe-inspiring. It was morale-boosting. It made you forget all your fears, and want to walk through the darkest night.

It was also, however, bright gold with white trim.

"That's how you know the effect is working," Rarity said simply. "Gold is a very inspiring colour, you know, and so is white."

She paused. "If you prefer, I could do a Luna-themed one instead. Dark purple, with stars on it?"

The Dark, Unusually Brightly Clothed Lord Of The Sith considered that. "I will get back to you on that. It may well be the better choice."

"Well, it won't take long to change. It's mostly cosmetic anyway." Rarity shrugged. "Mostly."

7.13C (Kris Overstreet)

The next day Vader returned for the second cloak, which had undergone three different versions over night.

Rarity, swaying a little from an all-nighter full of inspiration, floated the new cape over to Vader for approval. "I know I said it was going to be purple," she said, "but after seeing the blue and the gold on you, I realized that black truly is your color. But I did get the stars in."

Vader looked at the fabric. He'd seen patches of deep space less black than this. "I don't see them," he said.

"Put it on," Rarity insisted. "And then check the corners of your eyes."

Vader donned the cloak, and immediately felt the same sensation of confidence and loyalty spreading out through the Force around him. When he picked up a corner of the cloak and looked at it, though, it was still that same black...

... except for a twinkling just at the edge of his vision.

Slowly, carefully, Vader moved his gaze across the fabric, careful not to let his eyes flicker away towards the lights. Tiny, tiny flecks of white and red and blue, exactly like stars, danced where he wasn't looking, vanished where he was looking. "Stars?" he asked at last.

"Sparks of inspiration," Rarity said. "They only come when you're not expecting them, and they flee if you try to look right at them. A little tricky to weave into the fabric, and possibly a more subtle effect than you intended, but-"

"This will serve," Vader said. After a moment, realizing that his statement was a bit blunt, he added, "Admirable. Thank you very much, Mistress Rarity. What do I owe you?"

At a flash of Rarity's horn, every window blind and curtain in the Carousel Boutique snapped shut. "Nothing in money or trade, darling," she said. "Just a bit of future blackmail material. Just in case."

Vader took a step backwards at the pink... thing... that Rarity pulled out of her subspace pocket. "You want me... to wear that?" he asked.

"And to let me photograph you," the unicorn fashionista said.

"But..." Vader examined the long floppy ears... all six of them, two on the headpiece and two each on the slippers. "I'll look like... like a deranged Easter bunny."

"That's the idea," Rarity sing-songed, her smile almost worthy of Palpatine in his pre-pruneface mode. "And maybe it'll make you think twice about pulling little stunts like yesterday's when you visit us."

Vader conisdered this a moment. "Very well," he said at last. "Provided I get to keep the bunny suit. I know a couple of people I want to see wearing it."

"Of course," Rarity nodded. "I certainly don't want to keep the horrid thing."

One blackmail photo later Vader left the boutique, wearing the inspirational cape. He wasn't altogether certain he ever wanted to try the terror cape, with its motif of happy, friendly bats, in public anytime soon, and certainly not in Equestria. The subtly sparkling cape, on the other hand, was safe enough to see how it affected his troops.

The signs were subtle at first, but Anakin Skywalker had always known how to read them, in and out of the armored suit. The stormtroopers actually found a way to stand a little straighter. The non-cloned naval officers and crew smiled more frequently, and more pleasantly. Things ran just a little bit more smoothly whenever he walked by.

And this, Vader noted, is in as opposite from combat conditions as it is possible to get. I wonder how strong the effect will be in-

Someone tugged on the cape.

Vader froze for a moment out of sheer curiosity: someone, someone had just had the suicidal effrontery to tug on Darth Vader's cape. (Not that he'd do anything much about it while Awake, but his baseline self would have severed the offending hand at the shoulder without breaking stride.)

Slowly Vader turned and looked down to face a crosseyed blonde pegasus. "'Scuse me, mister," she said, "but is there anything you'd like me to do?" She turned her head to one side and added, "I saw that glittery cape of yours, and suddenly I got the feeling I should be working for you."

Before Vader could answer, a pair of unicorn colts- one short and fat, one almost giraffe-like in proportions except for the buck teeth- dashed up. "Hey, mister! Where can we enlist, huh?" the tall skinny one said.

"Yeah!" the short fat one continued. "Guaranteeing peace and freedom to the galaxy through enlightened tyranny sounds like a great plan!"

Before Vader could explain the difficulties in enlisting minors on a world not properly part of the Empire, a hissing sound came from behind him. Spinning around, he saw a pale blue unicorn in what was obviously meant to be a Sith robe, her horn poking up from the edge of the cowl. "Always there are two: a master and an apprentice," she said before bowing deeply enough that her barrel pressed against the ground. "What is thy bidding for the Great and Powerful Trixie, my master?"

Command decisions often have to be made in an instant, and Vader's decision took even less time than that.

"OKAY, PACK 'EM UP!" he shouted to the guards and officers at the landing area, striding around the would-be Sith pony. "WE ARE LEAVING!"

A few feet away, concealed behind a bush, Twilight Sparkle and Rarity shook hooves and tried to stifle their giggles.

7.13E(Kris Overstreet)

Not long after Cadence and Shining Armor's wedding, Rarity received a letter:

My dearest Rarity,

I need another commission from you at the earliest moment. In addition to the Cloak of Terror and the Cloak of Leadership you kindly made for me, I now need a Blanket of Security for young Luke. (Leia doesn't seem to need one; she takes after her mother so very much.)

Please call upon my embassy in Canterlot for any materials you might require, in my (official) name.

Ani

Rarity smiled and laid out a new sketch sheet on her inspiration board. What other shapes, she thought, go well with a swan motif?

7.1: Sometimes the Moon is actually a battle station. Othertimes, it's actually a moon with a evil horse on it who wants to remove sunlight from the world below to cause the loss of all life.

7.2 Yeah, so close Bariss, but not quite.

7.3 What…..Kigo is a nice ship

7.4: Welcome to the Battle Network loops. Now playing/in production over on the MegaMan thread

7.5: That, is what happens when you post a smaller loop idea on the Disney Thread.

7.6 Yay, finally someone wrote a Revan snip!

7.7 C-3PO probably survived the aftermath…...probably

7.8 Jedi Black and Tayuya Junior. Not a bad vacation to the world of Nanoha.

7.9 I at least think this is rather adorable. What about you guys?

7.10 I have no idea what this is supposed to be, but Sith Raptor is now known as Velocitious, and arguably is now far more dangerous.

7.11 Wonder if it is considered bad form to eat your opponent's weapon?

7.12: When in human form, Ahsoka resembles her voice actor. Go figure

7.13: I actually asked for this series to be written and it's rather good. Even if I am no bronie, can't deny the writers are superb. As is pony tailoring (though they can be trolls about it)

Chapter 8

The ramp for the Millenium Falcon (which Han hadn't the time to replace with its more improved looping counterpart) rolled down as the quartet who had just fled from Hoth (Han the rogue, Leia the princess, Chewbacca the intelligent and C-3PO the...C-3PO) found themselves staring at a familiar face.

"Oh, damn it's you...huh?!" Han had once again reached to shut the door to his ship before his Father-In-Law from hell could try and kill him, only to find himself (as with all the other passengers), perplexed.

Somehow the figure that was normally clad in dark armor (and Han quite well recalled he was in that armor back on the Death Star from his loop memories), instead appeared fully whole.

Just...only in his boxers. (Which were white ones decorated with R.O.B.'s for some reason)

"Yeah, it turns out my armor this loop was actually made of life fibers. It, wasn't pretty. By any chance do you have any spare pants?" Anakin inquired as Han again reached for the close button, as C-3PO motioned to stop him.

"Master Han, please. He'll catch a cold if he doesn't get pants!"

"He should have plenty of spare pants on him in his subspace pocket!"

"You did catch the 'life fibers' right? Master Han, there is a reason most of the loop those things are native to often lean towards nudism and scantily clad getups"

Chewbacca made a cocky baseline growl as the near naked Skywalker male glared at him.

"Yeah, laugh it up, you lucky, fur-covered beast" Chewbacca had no issues with life fibers, so this never happened to him.

...He shivered as a breeze wafted up from Bespin below.

Damn lucky Wookie.

8.2 (Wildrook expanded by me)

"What are you doing?" Darth Vader asked Luke, who had a fire extinguisher in hand and had it aimed right at his chest (Which felt….warmer than usual for some reason, and bulkier)

"You do realize that your inside's a giant furnace, right?" he asked him as Vader realized this himself and panicked a bit

"Fire's never been my friend. It's the only thing I have in common with Joseph Joestar, of all people….but I think it's keeping me alive. Let's see how this plays out first. Hopefully Solo doesn't have a water gun on him"

8.3 (DragonRaptyr)

"Hello?" A voice asked. "Hello, are you alright?"

Han groaned. He couldn't remember exactly what had happened. Blinking, he looked around, grimacing when he spotted a yellow mouse looking at him.

"Great." The smuggler frowned. "I landed in Pokemon. Are you that anchor Pikachu? The one that scrapheap droid replaced?"

The Pikachu bit back a laugh. "No, sorry. You're thinking of the Anime branch Pikachu. I'm the Mystery Dungeon one."

Han deadpanned. "Fantastic. So, I got turned into a pokémon, right? What's the damage?"

The Pikachu shrugged. "Not much, actually. You're a Scrafty right now. Didn't you check your loop memories?"

"No, actually." Han bit back most of his usual snark. "I was focussing more on the talking yellow mouse, to be honest."

Han sat up, going over his loop memories. "Why am I a carpenter?" he muttered in annoyance. "That doesn't make any sense."

Pikachu chuckled, lending him a paw and pulling him to his feet. "You're replacing one of our non-looping friends, Gurdurr. He usually causes some trouble for us, so we have to straighten him out. When you and your friend replaced them, you weren't awake. So…"

"Yeah, yeah." Han waved her off. "I get the picture." He paused. "You mentioned a friend?"

Pikachu nodded, pointing at a small otter and a large black and white bear who were talking. "Oshawatt was just filling him in on the situation."

The two walked over, where the bear-like pokémon raised a paw in greeting. "Han!" Chewie called out in amusement. "Glad to see that you're alright!"

"I'm fine." Han shrugged. Chewie didn't look that much different, all things considered. "You're speaking basic!"

Chewbacca shrugged. "Pokespeech, actually, but close enough. It is a novel concept to be speaking the same language, for a loop."

The little otter pokémon looked up at Han. "Hi!" he said cheerfully. "I'm Oshawatt, Anchor of the Gates to Infinity Mystery Dungeon loop. Nice to meet you!"

"Same." Han agreed. "So, what's your guys' story? It better be a good one, or I'm going to be very bored."

Oshawatt shrugged. "It's nowhere near as exciting as your loop, but we do have to fight off the sort of living manifestation of sadness, anger and despair that's taken the form of ice."

Han looked aghast, as Chewie howled in laughter. "Oh, great." He said. "We have to fight a Sith Hoth."

8.4

"Skilled you are, oddly yellow mouse, but not skilled enough"

Pikachu, struggling to his feet, found himself being restrained by a powerful telekinetic attack that came from no psychic attack, his lightsaber out of his reach.

No, it came from the power of the force itself.

And the force in question came from the short, green alien lifeform with the glowing green blade; Jedi Grandmaster Yoda.

Or in this timeline, the soon to be Grand Emperor Yoda of the Jedi Imperium; the Jedi Theocractic Government a looping Obi-Wan Kenobi had decided to try out as a replacement for the Republic.

...To say that had gone horribly wrong was an understatement. Anakin Skywalker was frozen in Carbonite, Obi-Wan, Ahsoka and C-3PO were dead, and the only loopers left were Pikachu (Or Jedi Padawan Pikachu to be specific, Pikachu having been learning the force this loop) and R2-D2, who was toppled over on his side a few yards behind Pikachu.

The looping blue and white droid was beeping pitifully.

"You opposed the necessary steps that the Jedi had to take to prevent the terrible futures that former master Obi-Wan spoke of. This is the ultimate treachery" the tall and imposing MCU Fury look alike Mace Windu (he even had an evil eyepatch this loop) "The Jedi

have no room for those who disobey the council, the will of the galaxy. Now, you die" Mace Windu ignited his purple blade.

"Disobey you say...you talk like your my master Windu. I may have masters Windu, but they aren't you! Lightning Release Armor!"

Blue electricity covered Pikachu as he channeled his former days as the Raikage, building up his power to the point the force was shattered around him, freeing him and causing Pikachu to erupt from his bindings.

"This power, not seen before I have!" Yoda said in shock as Windu swung his blade.

"You can dissect the corpse"

"Raikiri!"

A concentrated flicker of electricity formed on Pikachu's tail, glowing blue as Pikachu spun and met the blade head on, matching its power.

"What!?"

Behind the two's clash, the R2 unit uprighted himself and glared.

"Beep Beep!"

This translated into Thunderbolt, as R2 took advantage of that variant loop as a Pikachu to unleash a powerful electrical attack at Windu.

A electric attack that hit just as Pikachu used a substitution to replace himself with the legendary log.

Windu was quickly fried with a lethal dose of electric power.

As a sizzled Jedi fell to the ground, Yoda glared at the two electricity users.

"Die you will!" the little imp charged at the two at an inhuman speed as the droid and mouse exchanged a brief glance as the droid found himself glowing in the electric coating of Volt Tackle while Pikachu sped ahead.

Yoda swung his blade at the charging Pikachu, who used his long honed spin technique (Developed for that pesky Rhampardos) to get behind Yoda and charge at him from behind as R2-D2 went for the front.

"BEEP BEEP/ DOUBLE LARIAT!"

Yoda was beheaded by the powerful combination of electrokinetic force.

The Jedi's takeover soon became disorganized, allowing for the Clones to take care of the majority of the jedi forces.

"Beep beep beep"

"Pika, Pika-Chu"

Pikachu, exhausted from his battles against at least half the skilled Jedi of the order with R2, and then the other skilled half with R2 and a just freed (and very pissed off) Anakin Skywalker, found himself dining at a famous little hole in the wall on Coruscant, Dex's Diner, with his new buddy in arms, R2-D2.

Said Dex, a four limbed, gray and pot bellied alien, was absently cleaning dishes.

"What's the deal, letting a droid eat here?!" a human diner complained of the R2 unit as the four armed alien shrugged.

"Hey, the guy helped stop the crazed Jedi who killed my pal Obi-Wan. He could be freakin' Nute Gunray having fried nerf steak with

General Grievous and I'd let him have it on the house. Plus, he really isn't eating...just making company"

8.5

"Thought you did, that Yoda was the one to all these things" as Coruscant burned, a greatly pissed off Anakin confronted Yoda over his unusual actions this loop "But it was I, Dio!"

Yoda promptly removed a mask from his face, that somehow caused the diminutive muppet to be replaced by the full sized Dio Brando, without any visible shapeshifting or magic.

Anakin just stared at the vampire in annoyance, not even wanting to figure out how Dio pulled that off "You know, if I want to deal with a mind fuck loop, I'd be dealing with Xehanort. Now, die!"

8.6 (Levicitus Wilkes)

Trost was filled to bursting. Thieves roamed the streets in packs whenever the guards were out of sight. The starving, displaced refugees had long stopped begging for food; no one had any. What few rations could be produced were either being distributed to everyone else, or hoarded by the nobles. Inside the rotten sesspool that the walls had become, Eren Yeager, Armin Arlert and Mikasa Ackermann were having a debate.

"It was Jean."

"Eren, what I felt wasn't Jean. The ping was too far away to be him."

"Oh come on Armin. You can't really expect a ping to travel for light years. It's not possible."

"Says the man who can become a humanoid monstrosity," Mikasa interjected in Armin's favor.

Eren shrugged. "That doesn't have anything to do with this and you know it. He says that he felt a ping from light years away. That's

imposs-"

A star destroyer dropped out of light speed directly above Trost.

"-ible." Eren's reply faded into the stunned, horrified silence of the district. Above the walls, more ships appeared, many disgorging with several small drop ships and X-wings. A few landed gently on the walls, while others landed beyond humanity's boundaries. Most though, landed inside the district.

In the intervening moments between the start of the screaming and total hysteria taking hold, a loud, low, slow and surprisingly comforting voice boomed from the drop ships.

"Greetings citizens of Wall Rose. For those few of you who are Awake enough not to panic, allow me to introduce myself. I am an emissary of the reformed galactic empire, whom is here to represent our people while we assist in planetary evacuations. Now, there is no cause for alarm, because we only have your survival and safety in our interests. Suffice to say, and from examining the information we have recovered from your world..."

"To decline us is to remain stagnant. To accept us is to choose to no longer live in fear of the Titans. That is all."

The voice cut out with an audible crackle. A moment later, a far louder crack heralded Darth Vader's apparition, a shadow clone henged into his original form. "Hey Armin."

"Hey Anakin," the gray Jedi in training returned.

"How's life?"

"Oh, you know. Terrible, exhaustive, hellish. The usual." Armin shrugged. "Oh, where are my manners? This is Eren and Mikasa, my family."

Eren gently shook the former supervillain's proffered hand. "Nice to meet you mister Vader."

"Likewise," Mikasa said when she shook Anakin's hand. "Where's the prime Anakin?"

The clone pointed at an overdesigned descending shuttle. "Figured we show up and evacuate. Zombie loops are never fun."

"Okay. Thanks." The foursome watched as the fighters began pulling off showy maneuvers and firing into the air. "So... what's with the show?"

Anakin chuckled. "Darth Vader can't just visit a planet."

"What! You cannot be serious?"

Darth Vader was having a ball, repossessing the planet. Most of the citizenry had jumped at the offered supplies of food, ample living space, clean water, and the exceptionally advanced technology. The exception though, was the few people that had supllies of food, ample living space, clean water, and advanced technology. Ergo, the nobles.

"We've held our positions for decades. You can't simply take this away from us!" the noble shouted at him. Several more within the court echoed his sentiment. A few though remained silent. Behind Vader, a voice piped up.

"The people are fleeing the walls en masse. You can remain, but you'll be the only ones. It's simple economics: they don't like what you're selling, and now there's a new product on the market."

Vader chuckled raspily. "Thank you mister Reeves, for your accurate summation."

More shouts echoed from the dissenters, but a few were exchanging frightened looks and pulling their aides closely in for discussion. At the front of the court though, King Fritz rose from his throne, almost as disinterested as usual. The speaking instantly ceased. After a single moment to assess the mood of the room, the king spoke.

"There cheap beer?"

"Yes," the Sith lord declared.

"I'm cool with this." And thus, the Fritz dynasty submitted to the Galactic Empire.

Three Weeks Later

Armin slowly twisted his duel ended light sabers in a simple demonstration form. Around him a crowd of refugees cheered at his fluid moves while his grandfather sobbed in pride and happiness. Inside the crowd, Eren and Mikasa had pulled out video camera'a to record for later viewing, while in the ships bridge, Darth Vader happily declared that, when the Death Star was finished, that the planet they were leaving would be subject to the first test firing.

All in all, a good loop.

8.7

Kamino.

Planet of the cloners, and the clones.

The Kaminoans, who were both cloners and clones, were among the best in the business in their humble little galaxy (arguably the whole multiverse), and were often so hired by Count Dooku and Palpatine to create the clone armies as part of their highly complicated (but effective) plan of Galactic Domination.

It was also one of those parts of the loop can often did change in variant loops, as he once again found himself witnessing.

Though unlike Anakin's past use of Pinkie Pie's DNA (Shudder), this was possibly better.

...Possibly.

Obi-Wan Kenobi looked over the massive expanse of female, silver haired troopers with some level of unease.

'Please no Ree, please no Ree' Obi-Wan silently begged to himself as he looked around for any sign of those...horrors.

Some time later

"Heee~ey."

Obi-Wan's eyes went comically wide as the Rei who was taking Cody's position as his right hand man said that horrible, horrible catch phrase, and who was grinning at him.

Creepily grinning at him.

Meanwhile, his still padawan Anakin was laughing hysterically from the corner.

Slave Traders.

The one thing that Anakin Skywalker loathed beyond all things in existence.

The scum of the multiverse...and damn were they common. Even if they didn't exist in baseline, they were a bit too common in variant loops.

Even in this loop, one that Anakin wasn't exactly sure what it was, they were everywhere.

Like vermin.

In fact, he had heard of a group of them in the area, so it was simply time to do what any concerned looper should do when encountering slavers: slice them apart limb from limb with a light-chainsaw that caused any wound it inflicted to burst into spontaneous flames, then stomp on their remains with an Evangelion.

The Skywalker patriarch apparated onto the cliff surrounding the hideout, ready to begin the carnage...when he found that someone had already beaten him to it.

...Or at least he would assume so, considering there was a reddish haired girl in a primitive looking dress who was wiping her hands clean of a large quantity of blood, presumably from the scores of men she apparently beat barehanded.

"...Disgusting slave traders..." he heard her mumble as Anakin couldn't help but smile.

That tone of voice, that level of loathing for their very existence...a former slave.

The girl then noticed him, and looked rather surprised to see him (in a, this didn't happen before sort of way, not in a, there is a magical horse defying the laws of physics for the heck of it, sort of way loopers had when meeting other loopers who they hadn't met before).

She was obviously an uncontacted looper, perhaps even the anchor.

He might even be able to give the 'welcome to the multiverse' speech for a change! (Luke got a chance to do it with everyone else, bar Ahsoka), and he rarely got to do so.

This would be fun.

"Okay, so that is looping, in a nutshell. Any questions?" After a lengthy explanation Anakin detailed everything he believed was relevant to looping to the two loopers he had discovered: not only the girl, but a short little boy with blue hair and a golden flute of some sorts that could, apparently, summon a giant Djinn without a head.

To each loop its own, really. Made more sense than stands.

The girl, he had discovered, was named Morgiana. The little boy, who had apparently begun looping first, was a kid named Aladdin.

The poor boy was doomed to so, so many Disney loops it wasn't funny.

There was also a third looper, who had begun looping before Morgiana named Alibaba, who wasn't currently awake.

"Okay, so we can end up in any world at random?" The boy asked curiously as Anakin nodded.

"You could end up in worlds where the dominant species is magical sentient horses, a world of mechanical beings who can turn into vehicles, and even worlds where we are all fictional characters." the last one was just bizarre. Though Matt Lanter was quite a good voice actor, he still had to resist the urge to stab his movie 'actor'.

"We can take things between 'loops' via a subspace pocket, whose size is determined by power levels?" Morgiana double checked as Anakin again nodded.

"Of course"

"Are there are a lot of pretty ladies with large boobs?"

The boy's question caused Anakin to briefly freeze up, before replying, very calmly. "Oh yes, there are plenty..."

The little boy's eyes lit up like entire galaxies

"...Like my daughter" Anakin's voice was cold now as the galaxies vanished from the little Magi's eyes as Anakin removed a earth photograph of Leia from his pocket and made sure the little boy could see her quite clearly "Ogle her...and die. Painfully. While we're at it" he now removed a photo of Ahsoka "Also do not ogle"

He then removed a third image, of an older Jaina "My granddaughter. Also, do not ogle. Ogling will bring you nothing but pain, from them. Then from me, and I will give you far more pain. Understand?"

Aladdin gulped audibly, before rapidly nodding his head as Anakin returned his photos to the pocket.

"Now then" Anakin suddenly sounded cheerful again "What is considered fun around here?"

The large, white tower (A Dungeon as it were) that stood before the Jedi was apparently that.

"So...this thing is filled with gold?" Anakin inquired of Aladdin "Along with endless quantities of doom, and doom bringing hazards, and hazardous things that bring upon one doom?"

"You say doom a lot" Morgiana deadpanned as Anakin smirked in a somewhat psychotic way.

"Should be fun"

8.9

"Hem hem"

"Yes, Observer Dolores?" Obi-Wan deadpanned as the pink...he wasn't quite sure the best word to use (He'd call her a frog, but he happened to know some very nice frogs and would hate to lump her

with them, same with toads) who the Ministry had decided to have 'observe' his D.A.D.A class this loop.

It was rather annoying. Dumbledore hired him specifically to try and get Umbridge out of their lives for a change. But no, the little ball of malice just had to get in each and every loop she could.

Thank the Force she would never loop.

"Why are you teaching the students all this nonsense about observation and self defense? The ministry can quite safely assure you that there is no danger in the wizarding world these children need worry about"

"...Oh, I'm not talking about any threats from something like a Dark Lord or anything like that" Obi-Wan assured the pureblood (and he was starting to understand why Han would call her a Staleblood on occasion) supremacist (Despite the fact he had heard somewhere that Umbridge was actually a half blood, Obi-Wan wasn't sure he believed it himself) "The magical world does have muggers, and thieves, and trolls, and traveling cauldron salesmen, and all sorts of things you need to learn to defend yourself from"

"That is what the Aurors are for" Umbridge insisted as Obi-Wan really wished that this loop had started before the summer prior to fifth year. Then they wouldn't have this mess.

"No offense, but this argument can go on all day, and will probably make me sound like a gun crazed American by the end of it" Obi-Wan shivered. Americans were so uncivilized "Now please, can you just let me teach. These are O.W.L year students after all, I'd rather not have them fail in droves"

"Okay, that was uncalled for. I love Americans!" Han Solo, fifth year Gryffindor and the Boy-Who-Lived/Boy-Who-Didn't-Die/Boy-Who-Would-Never-Die complained to Professor Kenobi.

"Well I don't. I prefer Canada myself. It's quite civilized. So, I suppose it will be no problem if I leave the removal of our pink annoyance to you?"

Han grinned a grin that looked just as concerning on the son-in-law as the father-in-law "Oh, I have a few ideas..."

The Jedi weren't perfect.

It was a simple truth Luke had learned (somewhat painfully) during his earliest loops there. He wouldn't even deny he briefly reacted like one of those hub world purists after encountering Jar Jar Binks for the first time (during what others would later dub a 'chipmunk' loop)

However, over time he enjoyed the loops there decently (at least, bar the loops where he replaced his father during the clone wars. Unless Mara was back with him, he just took to terminating those loops and accepting the Eiken consequences). It was always nice to see the Republic instead of the Empire, and he had long accepted that the Jedi actually had good intention...if just flawed viewpoints and morals.

It was good for making his Jedi Order better to see these first hand, of course. Obi-Wan was a good source, but he looked back at it with rose tinted glasses (or something, he had forgotten that exact term for nostalgia that people in the hub used).

His father...well depending on his mood he either disliked them, or would go into long winded rants why Yoda was an conniving muppet and Mace deserved to be punched in the face that he was pretty sure his mother would chastise him for even if she still wasn't looping and had no idea what those Klingon explicates meant.

However...

"Comrade Luke! The foul forces of the Jedi act against the noble brotherhood of the Confederacy in support of those Capitalist

Neiomodians!"

"Join us Luke. Join us, and let us protect the children. Heroics are corny, but so are trillions in the galaxy who are just as corny as us five!"

"It's Forcing Time!"

The variant loop featuring versions of General Grievous (who had a Russian Accent for some inexplicable reason), Count Dooku (or Walt Dooku as it were), Darth Maul (who went by the name of Mike for some reason), Savage Oppress (who called himself Og) and Assaj Ventress (who was dressed like some sort of pink genki girl), who were posing like they were Power Rangers, with Maul, himself and Savage who apparently sidelined as a heroic group (Mike, Lu, and Og)...was just too bizarre to really explain properly.

Plus, Walt Dooku and Russian Grievous had other variant loops to themselves...

Honestly, he had to wonder sometimes about the person in charge of their reality.

8.11 (Gym Quirk)

Leia peered through the transparisteel viewport of the Millennium Falcon at the considerably larger ship orbiting Dagobah.

"Thanks for coming by so soon, guys," came Luke's voice over the ship-to-ship comm.

It was one of the rare weeks between major crises before Thrawn's campaign started kicking into gear. Luke had asked his friends to meet him in the obscure system that he often used for clandestine rendezvous.

"Luke. What...no. How did you do this?" asked Han. "And do you expect the six of us to actually fly that thing?" In addition to the

Falcon's crew, Artoo and Threepio were also Awake for the loop.

"The how is a long story, but yes. It's been rigged so that two people can operate it in a pinch. Nowhere near top performance of course, and I wouldn't want to take her into combat..."

"It's already been through a beating," observed Leia, noting the replacement hull plating that did not entirely cover the scars of battle damage.

"I think the Falcon can just fit in the aft landing bay," suggested the jedi.

"Give me a few minutes for a couple flybys. I haven't had a good look at one of these yet," objected Han as he maneuvered the YT-1300 over and around the disc-shaped primary hull before sweeping back to approach the clam-shell doors at the end of the secondary hull.

It was a tight squeeze, but Han and Chewie were just able to put the freighter down in the shuttle bay. After the compartment pressurized, they, Leia and Threepio descended the boarding ramp.

Luke and Artoo emerged from the doors at the forward end of the compartment. "Welcome aboard the Enterprise, my friends."

Artoo twittered smugly.

"Oh. So this is your fault, is it?" scolded protocol droid by way of a greeting.

"So the little guy stole it?" asked Han. "Didn't that kinda mess things up things for Kirk?"

"Not too badly, it would appear. We picked up some news later about him seeking asylum on Vulcan and Spock's death being a misunderstanding. I can't decide if it's because he's looping, or

because he's just that good in the baseline," said Luke with a wry smile.

James T. Kirk was getting just a bit tired of visiting loopers picking up souvenirs and making the events surrounding the Genesis Crisis that much more difficult. He understood why they chose to grab the Enterprise at this time; it was more or less the same reason why he stole her in the baseline.

This almost never happens to Jean-Luc Picard, he sighed to himself.

"Sorry, Scotty. Got lost in thought there. You were saying?" asked the soon-to-be renegade admiral.

"I'm sorry about the lapse, Admiral. That 'Artie Denton' fellow caught me by surprise. And given hindsight, I'm pretty sure you can guess who 'Luc Starstrider' actually is."

Kirk nodded. "I'm tempted to break cover next time I'm over there and ask him how he'd feel if I up and stole his personal X-Wing..."

"Remonstrations later, Jim," interrupted McCoy. "Just break out the spare Bird of Prey and let's get Spock out of my head, okay?"

"So what do you plan to do with this thing?" Leia asked her brother.

"I'm thinking about a long-term project for those rare loops when I can find some downtime. Patch her up, find a way to crew her. Then maybe see what happens if I use her against Thrawn or the Vong." He paused. "Actually, I may give her to Wedge for his millionth loop present. He should have room for it by then..."

{{ If he hasn't already picked up one of his own, }} said Chewbacca.

"...Anakin, please resign immediately" Obi-Wan said in the most deadpan tone of voice he could.

Anakin (or Senator Skywalker as he was known in this loop), simply reclined back in his chair (putting his feet on the desk that cost more than some villages...which came from his predecessor) and shook his head "I really can't 'master jedi', I'm sort of taking Padme's job as token good Senator this loop, so the galaxy can't really survive without me"

Obi-Wan shook his head "Please repeat that last one again. You, for some reason this loop, are considered the token good member of the Senate...I do not need to explain how horrifying a concept that is! You openly admire despotism (Benevolent despotism!) and enjoy giving people (Slavers) the death penalty."

"Well, I need a somewhat calm job this loop..." Anakin insisted "I've been getting too many fucked up loops recently"

"Anakin, Leia and Han marrying does not warrant you getting the oversized paycheck senators get"

"That was 8 loops ago Master, I'm talking really, really screwed up loops."

"You are a rogue element from the Jedi Collective" 7 loops ago, a rather unnerved Anakin found himself being stared at by Ahsoka...who was speaking in a flat tone of voice that made her sound like she was a robot "You will be assimilated"

"Assimilate" Obi-Wan said in a similar tone

"Assimilate" Dooku repeated

"You will join us" Yoda said in regular speak, which somehow was creepier than it should be

---

Anakin looked at his hand uneasily 6 loops ago

He was used to having strange things happen to that particular limb. It had been replaced with metallic prosthetic, laser guns, hooks, his foot and numerous other things in his time.

But the fact his hand was just a curved bit of plastic was rather unnerving.

He didn't even have thumbs!

That, and everything was made of blocks...and he couldn't talk.

Just...grunt.

Five loops ago, Anakin had replaced his son as the hero of the Rebellion.

Normally, this was fine. Whoever the admin was generally would also swap Leia for Padme, preserving not only his sense of decency (any version of Leia who might find him attractive would not only be disturbing, but probably would lead to a Mikasa Glitch second Leia strangling the first), but also avoiding the bad soap opera esc retcons that would explain how he had a daughter the same age as himself.

But this time...Oldbiwan-Kenobi collapsed in agony as he himself felt something...wrong in the force.

It wasn't what was supposed to happen (though avoided as much as possible) with Alderaan. It was, something else.

"Hey, Ben" Anakin decided to stay in character as he managed to get himself back upright.

"I feel, a disturbance in the force. As if millions of voices were shouting, only to be...converted"

Anakin felt a sense of great unease once he remembered that this loop, it wasn't the Galactic Empire.

It was the Galactic Bureau.

Four loops ago, in a Galaxy Far Far Away from his own Galaxy, Anakin was trying to enjoy himself at a NASCAR race (how primitive, yet charming) somewhere in the United States of America (a well meaning if flawed country), when he found himself surrounded by a group of angry patrons.

"You look like that actor who ruined Star Wars and Darth Vader" they slurred as Anakin looked at them rather annoyed.

"Can you please move. I just want to eat my hot dog and enjoy this race..."

One of the angry patrons spat on his hot dog.

"So, shall we decide the fate of the Galaxy?"

"We will young Skywalker...now make your move!"

Darth Vader, finding himself on the ground after being defeated in a duel (though not the kind with blades), looked up to see his son and Palpatine starting up a card game for the fate of the galaxy.

A fun card game yes...but why did it have to determine the fate of the galaxy.

That was just...irresponsible of the universe. It just took one bad hand, and the galaxy would be lost to eternal darkness.

Three loops ago, Vader questioned why card games solved everything in some loops.

"Well well, if it isn't the chosen one!? Honestly, I thought torturing your mother like this would get you here sooner. Oh well, I suppose I can simply end her now, and get to the rather enjoyable part of stealing your power for myself!"

Two loops ago, Anakin had woken up just before the clone wars began, before Padme's assassination attempts, and had went out behind Obi-Wan's back to go save his mother.

Though in fairness, he had left his master a note this time (Dear Master, I am having visions of my mother dying. Going to stop it as I do not feel like ignoring it. Will bring you back a mug. Hugs and kisses, the best Padawan Anakin Skywalker) .

However, he had not expected having to break into a Sith temple that Anakin was quite sure wasn't there the first time, climb through pits of bones and avoid mutated Jawa monsters, to find his mother crucified against the wall while Darth Charybdis (as Sith Jar Jar was apparently called) was covered in Maul-esc tattoos that were more blood covered than normal (and his mother looked unnervingly pale at the same time).

Anakin waved his hand, causing his mother to be surrounded by a bubble of energy, before he began charging an attack.

"FORCE SPIRAL BOMB!"

No one would miss Sith Jar Jar.

Or the Sith Temple.

Or those few thousand miles of desert.

Or Tatooine's second sun.

"Master Yodude will speak with you now"

One loop ago, Anakin took one look at the Mace Windu with Yoda's head, before rapidly turning away "I quit!"

"...That last one doesn't count Anakin" Obi-Wan told him pointedly before Anakin rolled his eyes.

"Don't you have a war to be fighting in, Master Jedi? I really have to get back on those taxation bills"

Obi-Wan felt fear. Pure, fear...

8.13 (Evilhumour)

Nyx blinked and woke up to see Suzy. Sitting next to the girl was a young boy who she recognized instantly.

"Oh great," she sighed, looking the Looper and Anchor respectively. "The Piper got you too Luke?"

"Yup." He sighed, looking at Suzy who was pulling out sandwiches for the two of them. "How soon do you think he and your mom are going inv-"

There was a might explosion as the sky above them was suddenly filled with a fleet of Death Stars and a radiating purple glow from the center.

"Well, that was quicker than normal, I think." Suzy smiled. "Still, you guys want some biscuts I knicked?"

8.14 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

For once, Anakin was at a loss for words. He had been in a loop where, instead of humans, there were sentient rancors (he and Obi-Wan being one) and that had nothing on this loop. Then, an air horn echoed behind him, causing him to go momentarily deaf. He muttered, "I hate this loop."

It was still the Star Wars Universe...kind of. But everything was horribly off. Anakin was sitting in a basketball stadium around a life-sized hologram projector that was playing a grudge match between the Jedi "Knights" and the Sith "Warriors." Apparently, Yoda was coach to the Jedi as Palpatine the same to the Sith, various council members and notable Sith assassins from the Clone Wars were the star athletes on each team. Anakin placed his head in his hands and pulled up his loop memories. Sure enough, he wanted to be a pro player for the Knights.

The Anchor could almost see the loop play out, how he would get on as a reserve player, then as a starter, but never at the position he wanted. Then, Palpatine would offer him the position he wanted with the Sith, and he would jump at it. While he was at it, Palpatine would find evidence on each of the Jedi players, implicating them all in some scandal or another and would shut down the entire team. Palpatine's great plan would culminate with him as Comissioner of the GBA, or Galactic Basketball association.

He muttered to himself, "Screw this. I'm spending this loop on Naboo, away from all the drama."

8.15 A

"..." Anakin Skywalker just looked at the horde of squirrel clone troopers before turning around, hands raised in the air "That's it! I am taking a Senate loop!"

"Anakin!" Obi-Wan abmonished him...before a regular squirrel somehow poked its head out of his beard "...Can I come too?"

"..." Luke Skywalker eyed the mass of Squirrel Stormtroopers with shock.

"Am I the only one who thinks this is an improvement" Han Solo snarked.

"..." Revan, the rarely seen anchor of the ancient republic, scowled at this loops Emperor of the Sith.

He was even more of a nutcase this time around.

"Come to the dark side, we have nuts!"

8.15B (Wildrook)

"Query: Permission to blast his head open, Master?" HK-47 asked Revan.

"Wait until we get there," he replied, "then we'll dispose of him."

8.16 (Wildrook with slight editing)

"Kind of wish you brought that ferret here," Anakin said to the Doctor, in his Tenth Incarnation. "I've still got issues with it."

The Doctor got the idea. "I see," he muttered. "Well, next time we're both there, maybe Vader can force-choke him."

Anakin nodded, though unsure if he would. "Well, I had to come as Anakin. Vader just can't visit a planet. Besides, I'm well-aware of the Daleks, so any chance we can set them up against the Yuzhan Vong?"

"I'll have to think about it, but the concept's kind of terrifying. Two different kind of Space Nazis...the body count's going to be higher than the time the Cybermen met the Cult of Skaro."

Obi-Wan then looked at the two as he arrived at Dexter's Diner. "Well, that explains who Ashoka's being replaced by," he muttered. "Nice to see you two are getting along...then again, I feel like that's going to be the death of me."

"You said that in baseline," Anakin replied.

"Nice to see you too, Master Kenobi," the Doctor said. "I was just telling him of the time I sealed Kyubey into metal made from the heart of a Dwarf Star. Densest thing in my home universe, too."

Obi-Wan then sighed. Darth Vader and the Doctor...bonding. He didn't know if that was a good thing or if it was completely terrifying.

Then again, is it weird that the Doctor as a Jedi Knight would shake the Sith to the core? Despite being acquainted with a future Sith Lord?

8.17

"...Okay, check list time people! Chewie, the tree?!"

Chewbacca replied back affirmatively

"Lando, the non-alcoholic Eggnog?!"

"Got it!"

"Han, the music!?"

"Well, um...Leia kind of destroyed it because it kept playing a song she didn't like. She sent Goldenrod to get a new Jutebox"

Luke Skywalker looked irritated for a moment, before taking back the calmed face of a Jedi Master "...As long as it's repaired in time. Leia, have all known connections to, what must never be spoken of again, been removed from the universe"

Leia nodded briskly. It was policy, after all, to never speak of that...event, ever again.

Ever.

"Has R2 been kept away from all stocks of mistletoe?!"

"BEEP!"

"Good..." Luke sighed in relief as Mara walked over (pregnant with Ben) and patted him on the back.

Christmas would go off without a hitch this year, and nothing would go wrong.

Nothing!

Then, the Imperial March began to play everywhere...remixed with jolly christmas music.

Luke wasn't sure he wanted to know when his father had decided to have his black armor painted over in red and white to make him look more like Darth SantaVader than anything else, and he probably would have assumed that eggnog that was not safe for Jaina and the Nephews was involved in it somehow if he could actually have the stuff while stuck in that armor.

(Though at least it wasn't as horrifying to look at then the armor that was bright yellow and decorated with Hawaiian flower images. The Darth Tourist armor had to be seen to believed)

He idly felt Leia and Han feel great levels of unease. When it came to his father and Leia, she seemed to alternate between levels of tolerance of him almost as random (well, he was sure there was a reason for it, but it was probably something he wouldn't understand).

Han, normally was like this when Anakin was around.

'Behave. I asked him to attend, and I really don't need to be dealing with you three arguing' Mara's voice echoed in his head (and, he would presume, Leia and Han's) as she telepathically tried to avoid a repeat of the Life Day celebration on Yavin 4 that one time.

(His father shouldn't have brought up the chainsaw lightsaber, and Han should not have severed four of his father's spare arms (Though

in his defense, Han was drunk at the time)...it was best not to have a repeat of it.)

That, and Mara wanted to have Ben without a war erupting for a change.

'Oh come on, he doesn't hate you, he hates me! He's going to ruin everything' Han complained back.

His father rose his hands up as the two Stormtrooopers with him turned off the boomboxes that were blaring 'The Imperial Christmas March' as he reached inside his pocket and removed a giant ham that was steaming hot even through it's wrap, which he held up above his head dramatically as it's delicious aroma wafted through the room.

"I bring Ham!" he said as if that was the answer to everything.

'He brought Ham, he's in' Mara said in the tone of voice that warranted no argument.

'Oh come on, Ham is not admittance!' Leia complained.

'It is when I'm craving it this loop' Mara deadpanned back.

"Ham it is then, welcome Father!" Luke decided to jump the gun on this one.

"Grandpa!"

"Gramps!"

"Grampy!"

Luke watched with amusement as his father was swarmed by Jacen, Jaina and Anakin Solo, who dogpiled their suited old man with the gleeful excitement only small children could bring.

"Oh yes, yes...my adorable little grandchildren. You remind me so much of your mother, and the less irksome parts of your father..." He stopped talking after he realized what he had just said.

He had just said something positive about Han...the Admin's were probably panicking and making sure there wasn't going to be a second crash.

The awkward silence was both funny, and terrifying.

"...So, do you three want presents?"

"PRESENTS!?" Luke shook his head in amusement as the mood did a complete 180 as his father tried rather (in his own opinion) pathetically to change the subject.

…

Yawning under his armor after a long and rather amusing party, Darth Vader noted the aftermath of the Christmas party.

R2 was powered down, Leia was passed out on a couch, Solo had gotten stuck to a wall (not his doing) and Antilles was sleeping inside a Ferarri that Vader couldn't recall the origin of.

Luke and Mara were probably off canoodling, Anakin the younger had built a fortress of stuffed animals and was probably asleep inside it and C-3PO was slow dancing to a christmas song that Vader was pretty sure was native to Hogwarts with his stormtroopers.

All and all, not a bad aftermath to a party, and one fit for him to leave.

Sadly he was not a overlord this loop, so that meant he had to take more...plebeian methods of transport from the party.

That meant the subway, and people staring at him in the subway.

As gaggles of humans, twi'lek and dozens of other races stared at him, he coughed dramatically to make them stop.

"I am a Sith Lord, we need to take public transportation sometimes." he idly commented to the unnerved masses "So tell me, I missed today's game...who won?"

He had to make a lot of connections this loop, so he had to ride quite a few trains.

True, he could apparate, but sometimes you just liked to ride public transportation.

At the same time, he did have to catch up on the latest Iris Drake novel.

Though the crying Zabrak next to him was interrupting his attempts to do so, not to mention that odd...feeling in the force nearby (Vader ignored that at least, it was probably just Luke and Mara using the force for things Mace Windu never intended)

"Would you please stop that" Vader snapped at the rather large and intimidating Zabrak, who probably would have punched him in the face for that if he was not a feared Sith Lord and former right hand of the most evil entity ever to grace the Galaxy (no matter what Revan said)

The horned humanoid continued to cry "I...I can't. It's just, you wouldn't understand!"

"...Try me" he would have to put the book down, it would seem.

"I just had to bury my wife" the Zabrak's face was still streaming with tears "We were together for years, she was my whole world, my

galaxy, my happiness. She's gone forever...I feel a hole in my heart I'll never get over. Not that you'd understand that!"

Vader was silent for a few minutes after that "I too, am a Widower"

The Zabrak stopped crying in shock as Vader couldn't help but keep talking.

"I too was married many years ago, to the most beautiful and kind woman to ever grace the galaxy. She was an angel, far too bright for someone such as I. Yet she loved me anyway, even as I took my first large, foolish steps to becoming the freak you see now. So yes, I understand you better than you know." Feeling oddly empathetic today, he discretely reached into his subpace pocket and removed a coupon to Dex's Diner.

"I'm told fattening food helps at first, as long as you don't overdo it. I wouldn't know, can't really eat there anymore."

The Zabrak took the coupon in shock at being treated generously by a Sith Lord and once he left the train at the next stop Vader was alone once more.

The train's lights shimmered a few times as it passed under a overpass, briefly encompassing the train in darkness.

When the train was lit once again, there was someone across from him, a human girl no older than Ahsoka had been when they first met.

Though the blue hair was rather odd, so he didn't think she was supposed to 'be' in this loop.

The face she just randomly appeared out of the shadows was more of a clue. He'd have suspected her to be that keyblade girl who ran around with the time displaced Roxas clone (or something, that world was too mindscrewy for him to figure out and remain at

whatever level of sanity he was) and that Terra kid who gave him dejavu, but she wasn't her.

Oddly enough, at least according to the force, she wasn't completely 'here' at all.

"I wanna' know about the girl you were talking about, your wife" she randomly asked of him. "Tell me more about her"

"...More about her?" well, seeing as she was a looper and not a citizen who could ruin her good name by associating her with him "Her name was Padme Amidala of the planet Naboo. She was a Senator of the Galactic Republic, a crusader for peace and justice. She was a far better person that I ever was" reaching into his subspace pocket, he pulled out the Padme doll he had once won in a skillcrane and gave it to her "I got this stuffed version of her a while back, if it helps you picture what she looks like"

The girl seemed to take that in for a bit, stroking the doll he had given her somewhat awkwardly (as if she hadn't had one in ages) as Vader noted the force around her still seemed odd.

"Did you treat her well?"

Vader paused at that question, but answered it none the less "Truth be told, no. The first time around, I was a fool, slowly being corrupted by darkness and afraid of everything that could not be solved by simply slicing it with a blade. My actions led to her death, and ruined my life and the lives of hundreds of others. Though, as I'm sure as you know, people like you and I aren't limited in our chances. In these infinite loops, I've vowed to treat her better each time we meet, even if she isn't looping like you or I. Even if she never loops, I have vowed to be a better husband in every way. Does that make up for how I acted the first time around? That's for you to decide really...because I doubt I can make that call"

They passed through a few more overpasses, illuminating their car in light and darkness that seemed to alternate in covering the two of

them.

"I'd like to think so" the girl finally spoke "Misery should never have the chance to consume anyone" the girl seemed sad now.

"Who are you?" Vader responded to her change in demeanor "Where are you from?"

"That's what I would like to know" she responded sadly, before she just vanished out of existence just as she had appeared out of nowhere, taking the Padme doll with her.

Despite the mutual animosity between Anakin and Spock, all six branches of their universes (Anchored by Anakin, Luke, Revan, Kirk, Picard and Archer) were administered by one hardworking deity.

Her name was Nut, an Egyptian sky goddess who rather looked the part.

Her work space decorated with stars and images of her family (her five children Horus, Isis, Set, Osiris and Nephthys, as well as her husband Geb), the goddess had been working on keeping the two great star-trekking loops working at maximum efficiency (though war or otherwise).

Typing at her terminal, trying to figure out the ongoing question of why Padme had not started looping yet, a pop up came up.

That annoying pop-up that had plagued her since before Equestria was up and running.

LOOPER CANDIDATE DESIGNATED SHEV PALPATINE (DARTH SIDIOUS) APPLICABLE FOR LOOPING STAT...

Nut didn't even give it a second look before hitting No.

Bar Revan's tendency to change gender, Bariss's current status as a Travelling Looper, and the ongoing mystery that was Padme Amidala the not-looper, the fact that her system kept trying to make that freak of nature loop was her biggest issue at the moment.

Honestly, who in their right mind would want that guy looping. Luke Skywalker may be a miracle worker, but he couldn't get that Sociopath away from MLE status (and he'd probably be the only one to even bother to do so, unless Padme started looping).

Nut was pretty sure not even the miracle workers that Slephnir admined could do it, not that she'd ever ask him for help.

She'd never ask anyone for help. The only person she would ask for help was her husband, and she wasn't allowed to see him anymore.

Really, a simple bit of moon gambling and not wanting to be eternally pregnant...

ABNORMALITY DETECTED!

The terminal flashed the warning just before she went off into her full sulk, just as it began live feeding a meeting between Darth Vader (her least favorite anchor) and...

The star-loving woman just stared at the monitor in shock "it can't be..."

CORRUPTED DATA DETECTED! CLOSEST DATA MATCHED TO MISSING LOOPER MIKI, SAYAKA.

Her monitor was displaying various bits of data of the magical girl looper from the destroyed loop once anchored by Madoka Kaname before she blew it up.

It was even more odd when, just as quickly as she had appeared, she had vanished, leaving both her and one of her second choices for anchor (She had originally tried to get R2-D2 as anchor for both

Luke and Anakin's branches, but that didn't work out) equally unnerved.

Of course, for him it was just about the odd girl who just appeared and disappeared out of thin air, but for her it was something more than that.

What had happened...was not normal for Yggdrasil.

Loopers were not supposed to appear and vanish like that.

She would have to look into that...quietly. Even if she wanted help, it would just lead to asses (like Zeus) overreacting and doing something stupid.

The last thing they needed, was something stupid...

LOOPER CANDIDATE DESIGNATED TENEBRAE (SITH EMPEROR) APPLICABLE FOR LOOPING STAT...

She hit No.

Like that level of stupid, for instance. The guy might be the one Sith who would be a worse looper than Palpatine.

Plus, she had to figure out exactly what was going on here.

8.1 Life Fibers. Kill La Kill. Yes, the 'Senketsu as Leia's Bikini' idea does exist in my head, I just don't want to fridge horror a Padme acting like Ragyo on Luke and Leia (and Anakin by extension)

8.2 This was inspired by fanart of a Japanese take on Star Wars. Visible on the Star Wars loop thread (Phantom Menace) pages 43 and 44

8.3 Mystery Dungeon Gates to Infinity. Didn't play it, it's more my little sister's thing.

8.4 Remember that 'Jedi Theocracy' thing from a while back? Well, this is what happened

8.5 ….Anakin dislikes Mind Screws and anything connected to the Joestars.

8.6 We have an Attack on Titan loop comp fic now. Go read it.

8.7 Nobody Dies Rei and regular Rei are two different loopers. And yes, Rei clone armies have occured in the past.

8.8 Magi the Labyrinth, now looping. Aladdin has been officially warned.

8.9 Obi-Wan is Canadian to me for some reason. Not sure why…

8.10 I have strange thoughts.

8.11 We needed some Trek loops

8.12 Did someone ask for a lego loop? Brief, but it was there.

8.13 Kingdom Keys stuff or something. I don't really know

8.14 Basketball!

8.15 There was a glitch that Squirrel Girl was connected to…..weird stuff happened

8.16 Kyubey is not that popular…

8.17 And so a Holiday inspired loop ties into the future plots of my loops. Hopefully should be fun. (assuming I can get through the

Chapter 9

Suggestions are always wonderful, I do try to take them into account on occasion.

9.1

"...So, how does being the American President work, exactly?"

"Well, from what I've seen from the times Padme's been elected on the left side of things: they basically are the face of government and are major factors in treaty and social changes. However, despite having no control of Congress, they are always blamed for anything going wrong there."

Armin gulped as the party below him was cheering for him having successfully won the nomination for being the next presidential candidate (he missed what party it was exactly). To his left was Anakin Skywalker, who was taking the role of his looping political adviser. To his right was Jean, who was the Vice President candidate.

Whose idea was this!?

He looked at Anakin in an accusatory gaze.

"Not me. I don't use the Force to help people win public office or political votes. I'm pretty sure Padme would kick me out for that, even if she never loops, if I ever tried that. I'm just here to keep you from embarrassing yourself."

"...Do you think it's cruel to get Armin elected to public office?" Eren inquired of Mikasa as the two continued their DisneyWorld vacation.

"No, not at all. So, do we do FantasyLand or TomorrowLand next?"

"TomorrowLand" Eren quickly decided.

9.2

"Supreme Chancellor Spongebob Squarepants? Darth Porifer? Damn, would have loved to see that" Han rolled his eyes as the awake quintent of himself, goldendod, R2, Luke and Obi-Wan flew towards the Death Star, ready once again to rescue the damn sexy Princess Leia, and harass Vader.

Yes, harassing Vader was always a fun task. He had even gotten a nice collection of spare limbs and helmets from the grouchy old coot in his subspace pocket, kept right next to his nearly complete collection of spare Waspinator parts (bar the head of course. The head was the hardest part to get and not have it come to life in your subspace pocket).

"No it was not" Obi-Wan said in complete seriousness

"Oh come on, how bad could an evil Spongebob be? He's a harmless gnat?!"

"Gnat's don't do a pretty good imitation of the various Buus Han."

9.3 (KrisOverstreet and King Of Souls)

"A bar?"

Two part-time mixmasters, one the owner of the current bar already full of generally quadrupedal Looping clientele, the other a Looper visiting Equestria from a minor superhero world, stared in disbelief at the being asking the question.

"Yes." C-3PO replied. "I was wondering how one would go about developing such an establishment."

"My first piece of advice is to get reinforced tables and chairs." The Argent Adept answered. "Bar fights happen frequently, especially where I am from. "

Big Mac silently nodded. That was a good piece of advice, though brawls in his bar were thankfully rare. Being a larger than average pony in the first place, capable of becoming a green gamma-irradiated musclebound monster five times his original size, discouraged such nonsense.

On the other hand, the magical and technological mayhem cost a lot more to repair than simple fighting ever would...

"You will also need at least one, and preferably more than one, competent servers," Argent continued. "Particularly beings with well-developed social skills and a high level of empathy."

"That should present no problem," Threepio replied. "My counterpart R2-D2 has repeated experience as a serving droid, and my databanks can be easily supplemented with knowledge of over a billion drinks recipes."

"Bein' a bartender's 'bout more'n mixin' drinks," Big Mac said. "Any machine can make drinks with th' right programmin'. But a bartender's there to provide a personal touch."

"Oh, I am, as they say, all about the personal touch!" C-3PO said eagerly. "My primary function, as you well know, is interpersonal relations! I live to serve!"

"Riiiight," Big Mac drawled. "Th' thing is, when Loopers come inta bars, they're there for one'a two reasons. Either they're lookin' ta relax or have fun, or they're tryin' ta kill some kinda pain. A good bartender knows how to tell which is which, an' how ta get th' second kinda customer ta let go'a their pain an' get it outta their system."

"I believe I see your meaning," Threepio said primly. "I confess the specific protocol of such matters escapes me, however."

"Th' first lesson," Big Mac continued, "is that customers don't want a nosey, pryin' barman, 'least not at first. Once you're friends with a customer they'll accept a question like, 'How ya been?' But when

someone comes inta that door for th' firs' time with a lot on their mind an' a powerful thirst, ya can't try an' put 'em on th' psychiatrist couch right off. Ya gotta wait until they open up, listen, let them do th' talkin'."

"Seems perfectly simple," Threepio said. "I believe I shall have no trouble applying that particular lesson."

Big Mac looked around and silently noted that, on this matter, the droid was the only believer in a large room full of atheists.

"How 'bout we put it to th' test?" he said, lifting the gated section of the bar and waving Threepio in with one hoof.

"You mean now?" Threepio asked. "I would be most gratified, but are you sure I'm ready?"

No. "We'll see," Big Mac said. "Firs' customer through that door, she's yours, right?"

"Very good, Master MacIntosh," Threepio agreed.

The next Looper into Mac's Bar, as it happened, was Chrysalis, looking grumpy. Big Mac noted that Trixie wasn't Awake this Loop, and neither were Cadence and Shining Armor, a combination that tended to get the changeling queen depressed at the best of times.

No sooner had the changeling stepped up to the bar than the tall bipedal protocol droid wobbled up to her. "Good evening, madam!" he said with a sprightly, hopeful tone. "I am C-3PO, human-cyborg relations, and I shall be your server tonight. I note by your demeanor that you are experiencing unpleasant feelings, but do not worry! It will be my pleasure to assist you in any way to make your evening more enjoyable, by serving you drinks, by listening to your troubles, and by providing sage advice, comfort, and even the occasional bit of witty banter! Would you like to begin by describing in detail the causes of your current negative mood, perhaps over a delightful glass of Altair water?"

The changeling raised an eyebrow and stared at the shiny droid for several seconds. Then she switched eyebrows and stared a bit more before saying, "Hydrospanner, please."

"Ah, I know that one," Threepio said. "The popular cocktail known as a hydrospanner is made from equal parts vodka and-"

"Not the drink. The tool," Chrysalis hissed.

"Ah. I beg your pardon, ma'am," Threepio asked, "but why would you want that?"

"A talking golden trash can has somehow snuck behind Mac's bar," she said slowly and distinctly, "and I plan on shutting it up."

Threepio hobbled around in a little circle. "I do beg your pardon, ma'am, but I don't see any talking golden-"

His photoreceptors happened to pass over a mirror on the wall. In his processors, the circuit closed.

"Oh. Oh my."

"I'll get you your usual in a minute, Chrys," Big Mac said, taking Threepio's elbow in one hoof and guiding him away from her.

"I am so sorry, Master MacIntosh," Threepio moaned.

Argent shook his head at the flustered droid. "I think you may need to observe first before you try again."

"That does sound like a simple idea, but simple observation may not yield the results I desired," Threepio moaned.

"You sound like you expected to nail it the first try." Argent sampled his drink, one that rivaled the drinks he made, and continued. "A wise man once said you learn more when you fail than when you succeed. I suggest you review what you did, then see what you did wrong, then next time...try again. And keep trying until you get it."

"I only wish I knew where I went wrong!" Threepio sighed. "My programming says I followed the correct protocol to the letter. It appears bartender protocols are rather more difficult than I thought."

"Eyup," Big Mac agreed, kindly but firmly walking Threepio back out from behind his bar.

9.4

"...It took me a few loops to get the exact shielding right to avoid cancerous effects, but the results are beyond compare. I do hope you will enjoy it".

Luke Skywalker, Jedi Master and the by far most popular anchor in the Star Wars verse (He didn't get into as many fights as his father, and Revan's existence was heavily debated by some loopers), eyed the lightsaber in hand with interest "So, this is in fact...".

"A Kryptontie Lightsaber" The Batcave was oddly full today; with the Dark Knight, Jedi Master and Man of Steel all joining in this little gathering of loopers (and why Luke wasn't going to turn it on while he was around) "Of course, I'm here to make sure Bruce isn't going to try and create Kryptonite underwear or something when I'm not looking".

"Give me some credit" Bruce snarked "Wayne Enterprises does not manufacture underwear usually, and I have seen no reason to go into that market. Kryptonite clothing is something you'd expect from Rarity or Janet, not from me...".

The Bat Elevator promptly chimed as the ever faithful butler appeared, along with a blurring red dash that had deprived his held platter of all its edible items "Master Bruce, one Wally West has arrived. He appears to be troubled, and rather hungry, even for a Flash. I'm afraid we will have to do take out tonight, quite possibly from out of town."

Bruce nodded in acknowledgment, as said red speedster ran right up to them, before letting out a long, drawn out sigh.

"Long loop?" Luke asked in pity.

"Gahhhh" was Wally's only response "Iron Man is a jerk who needs a reality check and a prison cell".

The trio exchanged knowing looks.

"Civil War?" Superman guessed

"Civil War" Wally groaned "So...pointless. Sally Floyd needs to be punched in the face, Iron Man needs a serious talking to, and robot Thors suck."

"Why is it you think I never build them" Batman pointed out.

"You know, the entire thing seemed to just...come out of nowhere." Luke admitted "I've tried to figure out how blowing up a school causes Tony to become a fascist and Peter to forget his basic views on private life, yet it elludes me."

"At least when we have those 'Trinity War' loops, the war is understandable. Superman gets kryptonite lodged in his head, messing up his powers. He kills the oddly heroic Arthur Light, the teams only briefly bicker, and only really start to smash each-others faces in when we get our heads messed with by a box linked to Earth 3" Batman pointed out "Our world is just less combustible really, must be the reality resets".

"You know, that actually gets me thinking" Luke pondered the Civil, Avengers/X-Men and Trintiy Wars in his head a moment "What would a loop civil war be like?".

The four hero/butler loopers exchanged thoughtful looks, before looking like someone had just told them Joker was the new U.S president.

"Horrible" Superman could see the carnage in his head.

"Nightmare fuel" Wally groaned.

"Unpleasant." Alfred could see the damage to the manor in his head.

"Illogical".

All other loopers turned their shocked heads to the most paranoid man in the cave.

"Um, Bruce, you are the one who writes contingency plans for a looping Doom replacing Fluttershy in Team Gurren (I have written no such plan), you so have planned out half a hundred-dozen (that is not proper english) civil wars by now" Flash pointed out as Batman shook his head.

"A civil war in loop would require several potential factors to occur, though not necessarily all of them. For one thing, there are very few loopers who have the sort of hatred that would be necessary to create a civil war, and they do not exist in large enough numbers to create a full out war. This could, however, be theoretically bypassed, but with very specific conditions, and actions, and I mean very, very specific, down to even the loops currently up and running. You'd have more odds of encountering a female Doom married to Reed, than those conditions".

"Ew," Alfred spoke for everyone.

"Yes, very much ew. The most likely scenarios are still so obscenely unlikely, that they will likely never happen without massive fused loops with at least 10 different universes, deliberate instigation of a high enough level and utterly divisive acts. So, and I reiterate this point. Loop civil wars are not going to happen unless you have someone utterly obsessed with causing them going around and setting up the most specific of scenarios".

"And if we had someone like that running around...Kyubey would not be alone for long".

"Well, that was an odd evening" Luke Skywalker idly noted, his new blade in hand as the Twlight he obtained a while back floated in orbit over the Earth "I don't know if I should feel relieved or not, what do you think Wedge?".

"Why are you asking me, I'm not allowed in the Batcave anymore, or near any Batmobiles".

9.5 (Wildrook)

Luke had to admit, when Vader was a terrible father, he usually makes up for it with something awesome.

And right now, the copy ability he got from the one time in the Mega Man-verse was both that and terrifying at the same time.

Also proved to be a small challenge.

"I take it you're impressed, Luke?" Vader asked him.

"Even though Jedi don't crave excitement," Luke replied, "this IS the closest thing to Father-Son Bonding we usually get."

Vader couldn't deny that as they battled within Cloud City...again. Luke's just wondering if he could keep his hand and his Dad's old lightsaber...if he didn't have copies.

"There are questions I must ask," Vader replied. "For instance, what did you find out in the Hub-Verse?"

"Well, other than my actor knowing you're my father and him passing off as a Sith Lord with his Joker voice, his reaction was more of a response to your suit guy telling him 'Obi-Wan killed your father.' You?"

"I ended up with the abilities of a Jumper."

Then Vader disappeared and Luke had to block with his green blade while using his blue one to strike.

"Your reflexes are getting better, Luke."

Even though Leia had disdain for Vader, Luke couldn't exactly share the same feelings as she did. "Can't believe we're training after the time you were known as Anakin Starkiller," he said.

"Yes, I see the irony," Vader said. "Sometime after Padme, I wonder if Galen and you would meet. You know, the one that helped me start the Rebel Alliance?"

"The one that Boba Fett disintegrated?" Vader nodded. "No wonder you wanted Han alive in Baseline."

"Things change now that you find out about your Daughter's dating preferences."

The fact that they're making small talk during their lightsaber duel/practice duel would be surprising to the Imperials, but Vader and Luke do keep in contact when they're both Awake, even though they try to get the best of each other as Luke used both of his Lightsabers against a Jumping Vader as they inched closer to the bottomless pit. For instance, Vader knew about the defection of Kasan Moore as well as five survivors of the Death Star in the variants. He was also impressed with some of Rogue Squadron's pilots, like Wedge Antillies.

But considering the circumstances, Vader and Luke had to cut this short as they neared the air ducts.

"One more thing before you go after Han Solo," Vader replied. "There's been strange activity coming from Mustafar. You might need to check that out, because it started to show after the Battle of

Yavin...for some odd reason, there's a presence that dates back to the Old Republic..."

Luke was surprised. "I thought Revan was supposed to be dead at this point," he muttered.

"Never said it was Revan, but the Force works in mysterious ways. By the way, if you're going to train yourself with two lightsabers at once, make sure to keep your bases covered. I'll meet you at the Moon of Endor..."

Luke nodded as he remembered the circumstances. "Here's hoping I meet Mother in the future," he replied. "We do have an eternity to make up for." He then jumped down the bottomless pit and entered the vent like in baseline.

9.6

X-Wings.

Tie Fighters.

What brilliant machines they were, iconic weapons of the sky.

The samples she had before her, were so beyond her baseline's time it would be like comparing a rock tool, to a laser.

Yet at the same time, she wasn't the head of a company called Future Industries because she looked into the past.

The dark haired Asami Sato eyed the two samples of fighter jet she had been given with a ponderous look.

The same ponderous look one might see on a certain unicorn if she was ever given a material she had never worked with before.

She eyed her customer "So, you want me to use these to create a Future Industries Fighter? You know that's going to be a lot of work,

and it's going to cost you a lot more than a few thousand Credits when I'm finished with it."

Anakin Skywalker sighed "Well, I owe Antilles a unique fighter, and the consequences of not finding one..." he said in a tone of voice that suggested failure would result in the unholy creation of Kyu Brando, or DioBey, or something else equally as horrible to life as they knew it.

"...Is attending a wedding between your daughter and Han" Asami gave a knowing grin as Anakin glared at the wall with a burning intensity.

"Beep beep" R2 chimed in a tone that was vaguely similar to 'kiss the bridge'.

"Well, you're in luck, I might be able to get that done. Might be useful for later" a Future Industries Fighter strafing Vaatu could have some rather interesting options. "Of course, I have a lunch date to get to, so don't expect it in the near future"

Anakin shrugged "Hey, I've got all loop. Take your time"

As the dark haired heiress turned successful CEO left, Anakin turned to the Astromech and shook his head "Don't tell me she's dating that Mako fellow. The kid's a bad acorn"

"Beep beep"

"Seed? Huh...these earth phrases make no sense, and wait, not Mako?" Anakin had a thoughtful look on his face "Her and Bolin? Seems too, Obi-Dala for my taste"

"Beep beep"

"Not him either? Well, who else is there, Milo? That creepy water bender guy? Don't tell me it's that Amon creep?"

"Beep beep"

Anakin had a double take on the last one "Wait, Korra?"

"Beep beep"

"They're dating?"

"Beep beep"

"When did that happen!?"

"Beep beep"

R2 could say a lot in only two beeps. He was working on making it one beep.

"Really? Huh, you don't come by a loop in a while, and you have anarchists, fascists and bisexuality" Anakin looked thoughtful "You know, I like this pairing. They work out well together, and if they ever end up adopting the Airlings for a loop, they probably will do fine. After all, two mothers are clearly superior as parents"

R2 rotated his dome and gave Anakin a look "Beep"

"Well, it's rather obvious. My mother is a good parent, Padme is a good parent, I'm a so-so parent, Obi-Wan has no parenting skills, Palpatine should never be let near children, obviously it's the gender at play here"

If R2 had a hand, the droid would probably be facepalming right now.

One of his principal owners/pets obviously failed to understand why most people would 'ship' two girls together.

Sometimes, it probably was simpler when loopers thought only of such things, than be completely oblivious to the whole thing.

9.7 (Myself with a pair of lines from WildRook)

The Doctor's age was getting to him, as was what happened when you had yet to regenerate.

What he was seeing right now didn't help.

The wastelands of Geonosis were often home to bloody war, and this loop was definitely no exception to that rule, but this time there were no Geonosians at fault here.

Nor were any clones being used as red shirts.

No...

"Take this ya' Nerfherder!" the blond haired, Jedi turned Pirate turned Hero Cade Skywalker punched Mace Windu right in the face.

"Yaaa!" the female fetale Bastilla Shana kneed the cowboy Jedi Kyle Katarn right in the groin.

"You fools!" Granddaughter of Darth Vader Jaina Solo roundhouse kicked Aayla Secura across her chest "Do you have any idea what you're foolish attempts to make a better future have caused! You have doomed us all to the Vong!"

"This is very disconcerting, but it's the Forces will. What's there to complain about?" A brownish skinned Yoda creature known as Vandar Tokare was trying to choke Zabrakian Jedi Wolf Sazen as a battle between four different Jedi Orders brewed across the planet below the floating Tardis.

The Doctor turned to the golden plated droid who had accompanied him this loop with his little friend "I am never letting you back in to the T.A.R.D.I.S. Ever"

"My apologies Master Doctor, I was just mildly curious about how a baseline Jedi Order of Mistress Padme's time might react to knowledge of the future. How was I supposed to know they would spark a Jedi Time War?"

"Beep Beep"

R2 was recording this for posterity. After all, how often did you get to see Cade Skywalker get into a fight with Jacen Solo over philosophy?

It could be ages before looping versions of them could start beating each other up.

"I knew I had a bad feeling about this loop" The Doctor muttered to himself.

Anakin and Luke were just face-palming...and Revan was blinking.

"What does this have to do with my timeline?" he asked the Doctor.

"Well..." The Doctor had to think it over to himself a bit "I have no clue really. I think Anakin's order called for reinforcements, but don't quote me on that one. Everything went sort of hazy for me after Galen Malek and the One Sith started fighting. Oh, and I think that Satele Shan girl might have joined with your Order Luke...speaking of, why aren't you down there beating the snot out of each other?"

Anakin shrugged "If Luke Or I get stabbed while Jaina, Cade are around, it's an instant time paradox. I'm told something bad happens if you do that this loop"

The Doctor gave him a dreadful look "Understatement of the Loop".

9.8

Wedge Antilles, legendary space pilot and hero of the rebellion's Rogue Squadron, eyed his latest challenge.

He had mastered the transportation of 47 different loops.

He had bested unawake versions of Suzaku and Kallen in Knightmare frames (Though the awake ones were still better than he was), successfully captured all four of the Beastman General's

person Gunmen for his own use for his last three visits to the world of the spirals, (Then modified them all to combine into a giant mecha to bash the Anti-Spirals with) and had mastered the art of Kart racing with Mario.

He no longer feared the Blue Shells from the Sky!

It was time to begin mastering his 48th, starting with this most dangerous vehicle...

He held out a bag of bird seed to the rather large yellow bird before him, who eyed it curiously.

He would tame and master this 'Chocobo', or he wouldn't master anything here at all!

Cloud Strife's life sucked even before the loops, though they did have the potential to be better.

The loop where Sephiroth had been nothing but a floating geranium in particular stood out to him.

But this time, the dice of fate rolled against him once more, seeing as he had some sort of vicious, two legged reptile choking him like some sort of Sith Lord.

What the hell was going on in those loops!? Who was the idiot who taught this damn thing how to choke people!?

As he continued to struggle against the beast's power, he heard a familiar sound coming towards him.

The sound of a Chocobo.

With a loud yell, a fighter pilot dressed man burst forth from the forest around him, riding a Chocobo with a pair of jousting spears in hand.

The Raptor hissed, dropping Cloud to the ground before turning to the rider in hungered curiosity.

"Your power" It hissed "It is...familiar..."

It then charged right at the dauntless Chocobo Knight, eager to do battle.

"So...who taught the Sith Raptor?"

Wedge Antilles aired this question to a gathering of his fellow loopers next Eden Bar loop.

They all looked at him in confusion.

"The Sith what?" Luke inquired.

"I have a bad feeling about this" Obi-Wan sighed.

"Wasn't me Anakin and Revan said in tandem.

9.9

"So, let me get this straight Master Annie. After taking advice from Luke about 'trolling' to solve your problems, a term I still do not understand the origin of, and how not stabbing all your problems might make Mistress Leia actually like you, assuming you stop trying to make her a widow of course, you decided to tell Master Obi-Wan that Palpatine was rather 'interested' in you in a creepy way?"

Little Padawan Anakin (not much older than when Maul was killed) nodded.

"But in doing so, you unintentionally made him sound like a pedophile instead of a Sith Lord?"

"Well, he was manipulating a little boy for his personal gain, so it's not the worse comparison" Anakin admitted.

"Well he's better than that Orochimaru fellow" 3PO's voice shivered at that one.

"When it comes to levels of pedophilia, yes. Every way else, no" Anakin reminded the recently looping droid.

"True. Now Master Annie...mind telling me why the Jedi Temple and Galactic Senate are in flames?"

"Palpatine doesn't like going down in scandals without torching a few institutes on his way down."

9.10A (Me with Kris Overstreet editing)

Han had decided to take over Luke's job of defeating the emperor this Loop, hopefully 'accidentally' tossing his father-in-law down an endless pit while he was at it.

"Wamph wamph wamph!"

That plan had just hit a snag, seeing as the emperor wasn't Palpatine... or even human.

No... he wasn't even a mammal.

A giant, blue penguin with a hammer stood in the Death Star's throne room staring at Han and looking quite annoyed.

A piece of paper fluttered by Han's foot. As he picked it up and read it, it occurred to him that the contents of the note wouldn't have improved the emperor penguin's mood..

Luke,

I am not dealing with this. Please kill this oversized cousin of Pen-Pen for me.

Do not look for me, as I am probably just punching something in annoyance that my unawake self followed this... thing.

I Am Your Father.

Lovely. Well, penguins couldn't fly, so there would still be a Sith to toss down the shaft for the god of shafts.

The day wouldn't be a total loss.

The mountain exploded as an Evangelion shattered it with a spiral enhanced fist.

The dark armored pilot finally felt the worst of his frustration and annoyance leave him. It had only taken beating up about a dozen lifeless planets (possibly from Kirby and DeDeDe's home Loop- they didn't exist in Vader's baseline) into micrometeors. The thirteenth would be allowed to remain mostly intact.

He'd just begun considering where to go next when the air began to shimmer.

Beneath his mask, Anakin's lips drew taut. He'd seen that shimmer before.

It had been a loop many loops ago, before the Crash. It had been the second most horrible thing to ever happen to him in the Loops... and at the time he'd completely missed it.

But he hadn't missed the consequences. And nothing could make him forget what happened then...

He found the creature only after a lengthy search in vain for both Ahsoka and Padme, who had disappeared mid loop for reasons unknown.

He'd beaten up all the usual suspects: Palpatine, Dooku, Grievous, Ventress, Bariss, Clovis, Bonteri (well, really just terrified him out of his mind) and most of the Senate, and he had found nothing.

Only by blind impulse, or more likely the guidance of the Force, did he check a questionable back alley and find a shimmer in the air. As soon as he stepped into it space bent and warped around him, trapping him a strange vortex that seemed to be a horrible fusion of the Death Star, the underlevels of Bespin, and Mustafar...

...three places he wasn't really fond of, truth be told.

Lava dripped everywhere, the only color in an otherwise stale white environment. Foul-smelling steam billowed from the edges of the floor and roof.

Strange, macabre creatures attacked him relentlessly, forcing him to fight constantly as he tried to find his way out, or in, or through the strange non-space.

And then, at the core, he found the most horrible thing of all.

In a room that looked like the love child of the Galactic Senate Floor and the Jedi Council's Chamber there stood a massive six armed creature. Each arm gripped a lit lightsaber. The green ones in the upper arms pointed upright. The blue ones in the central arms were held horizontally out from the body. The bottom ones, pointed downward, were red.

The creature's armor was Vader-black and Vader-horrible... no, it was even uglier. It was what he himself would look like, if he was the devil of Hindu belief.

And the Force around it... it was wrong, just wrong. It felt dark and twisted, stinking of the death of the innocent- a psychic odor Anakin knew far too well.

In the case of this monster, the stench spoke of two very specific deaths..

"So, you're the monster that murdered Ashoka and Padme!" Anakin shouted, staring at the horrible monster in contempt. "What are

you... some horrible demon spawned of my own darkness?"

The creature roared at him in a twisted, horrible cacophony of screams of terror, familiar yet horribly distorted.

Shouting his own response to the challenging roar, Anakin raised his own lightsaber and charged into battle.

In the here and now, in the Evangelion plug, Vader idly removed a black, spindly jewel from his subspace pocket and eyed it in unease.

Only after that battle had he learned what that monster was, who made them, and where they came from.

Was it a corrupted Padme who killed Ahsoka? A corrupted Ahsoka to killed Padme? Which one had he put out of twisted misery?

It was a question he hated to ponder, as it brought him into morose places.

What was happening now was just like then, and it could only mean one thing.

Another Witch.

Another victim.

Another success by the monstrous being known only as Kyubey.

He idly noted that something was off about this witch's barrier. There was something even familiar, in an odd way, about it...

Shaking his head, he put it out of his mind. He and his Evangelion had a monster to kill behind this hazy barrier of candy and medical equipment.

A monster who had fallen due to the manipulations of another, a force for good consumed by fear and despair, warped beyond recognition into a force of evil.

A kindred spirit with his baseline self, really.

One who deserved a mercy kill.

His Evangelion clenched its fist, and together they punched through the barrier, carrying forwards at the Witch- a clown-like worm creature, its skin as black as its tainted soul, already charging back at him.

And so began the great battle.

9.10B (Crisis)

Nut giggled like a blushing schoolgirl at what was being said on the other end of her office line. "Oh, darling, you have the naughtiest mind!"

"..."

"Geb!" Nut's starry night-sky form blushed like a supernova going off. "I know we have catching up to do, but I'm at least too out of practice to do the entire divine sutra in one sitting!"

"..."

"Oh, honey! I'd never suggest... I'm sorry... It's just... we haven't seen each other in so long that even I've been tempted a few times and..."

"..."

"No, I'd never go through with it either... *sigh* One of these days Ra is going to screw up micromanaging our schedules and we'll be able to get together for some fun... Maybe make another honeymoon out of it... *mmmmm*"

"..."

"Really? Pele offered... hold on a moment honeybun... I've got something going on here I don't think is supposed to exist in this

particular Loop iteration. I'll have to call you back, Geb dear. Love, kisses, and a raincheck on everything else! *mwah!*"

click

"Okay, let's see what's going on and... Oh please don't tell me that damn sociopathic magical girl mascot looped in and I missed it..."

9.10C

Seeing what she was seeing live on her screen, Nut oh so wished she was back on the phone with her husband.

Her monitor was blaring out information, most of which was the kind of gibberish that was Hephaestus's area of expertise. However, she was getting the gist of it.

Darth Vader was fighting Charlotte.

Charlotte, human identity Nagisa Momoe, was a Witch from the baseline formerly maintained by Madoka Kaname (Current whipping girl for the Admins for ascending due the manipulations of Kyubey, who was for some reason a looper in that baseline. Whoever had made that call made Ares's Sovereign stunt seem...mild in comparison, and was probably fired.).

Like the loopers, the witches of that world did not survive its destruction (Homura being the exception among loopers, while Walpurgis Night had made some reappearances, it wasn't the same as the baseline one. It was nothing but a fusion of any witches), and as no two witches were the same (two female Al Gores from different baselines, for example, produced two different witches), there should, quite theoretically, be no Charlotte in her loop.

It should not be currently trying to eat the Evangelion Darth Vader was running.

It should not be in the midst of being pounded by the Evangelion.

It should not exist.

First Sayaka, now Charlotte.

What does all this mean?

Why now? Why when Hypnos was taking a nap and she had to watch his damn loop (Orders from higher up, she really had no say in the damn matter)

BEEP BEEP

DATA TRACED.

DATA ? LINKED TO TERMINAL DESIGNATION: KIRBY. ADMIN, HYPNOS

Nut rose a starry eyebrow at that one.

Hypnos's terminal...

From the corner of her eye, Nut noticed that Charlotte had vanished, leaving a confused Vader and a damaged Evangelion.

Just like Sayaka...on that loop that hadn't been a fused loop.

The Star Wars Universe, and Sayaka.

The Kirbyverse, and Charlotte.

What else was there...who else was there?

What was there?

9.1 Argue that Padme isn't a liberal politician by American Standards. I dare you.

9.2 Fridge Horror welcome

9.3 C-3PO as a bartender…..should this be an ongoing thing?

9.4 If you are wondering why Wedge is not let near Batmobiles…..Batman doesn't like being outperformed. Oh, and wonder if Kryptonite Lightsabers would be more effective than a regular one on a Kryptonian?

9.5 The Skywalker family is weird.

9.6 Korrasami! And yes, somehow R2 came off as the normal one there.

9.7 Jedi and Time Travel doesn't mix. Though anyone who knows a good time travel Star Wars story where Jedi Orders go to war should tell me. Oh, and I can't quite recall, what happens if you time paradox in the Whoverse again?

9.8 Ace Pilot Chocobo Knight vs Sith Raptor, wonder who won?

9.9 Sidious has dirt, a lot of it. Flammable Dirt

9.10 The Madoka story continues, and we find out why Anakin really, really dislikes Kyubey.

Chapter 10

Let the compilations continue!

10.1 (Kris Overstreet)

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here," Leia quipped as the disguised Han and Luke led Chewbacca, Obi-Wan and the droids into the hangar bay control room. Beside her- never behind her, if she could help it- Vader stood with folded arms.

"Leia... Father..." Luke greeted them both. "When did you Awaken?"

"Five minutes too late," Vader rumbled. "Both of us. We came straight here from Tarkin's gloating."

Something caused the deck to shake subtly. A moment later red flashing lights bathed both the control room and the hangar below.

"Straight here, Anakin?" Obi-Wan asked, an eyebrow raised.

"I lied," the Dark Lord admitted shamelessly. "That was the tractor beam controls going up in smoke. Any moment now the launch control system for the TIE hangars will go off as well. We should be able to escape in the Falcon with no pursuit."

"Hey, wait a minute!" Han stepped forward, jabbing a finger up at the dark lord's mask. "That's my ship out there. I decide who goes aboard. What do you mean, 'we'?"

Vader leaned down from his two-meters-plus height until his mask was inches from Han's face. The Looping smuggler took an involuntary step backwards. "I mean, 'we.'" Vader said with chilling finality.

Han took a second step back, watched as Vader swept from the room, Luke and Obi-Wan following. "Okay," he managed to say, "'we.'"

"Come along, nerf-herder," Leia said, grabbing her frequently-husband by one elbow and dragging him along.

He had many names, and once he had many faces. Now the man known as the Emperor had but one scarred, corrupted face, which he kept hooded. That face, which until moments before had been sunk in silent meditation, curled into a scowl. "Why have you returned, my apprentice?" he snarled. "I ordered you to oversee the deployment of the Death Star with Tarkin!"

At the far end of the throne room, a darker shadow stepped forward from the rest. It sprouted a humming red blade of light.

"So you finally seek to replace your master? I think you will find your ambition a trifle premature." Ancient and scarred as he was, the Emperor was still mighty in the power of the Dark Side- certainly stronger than his even more badly scarred and damaged apprentice Darth Vader, who had not the strength to harness force lightning. He rose from his throne, stepping slowly but steadily towards the approaching dark figure, hands spread, the evil, twisted flickering of life force abused by malevolent will flickering and then shooting out from his fingertips.

The lightning struck the figure, whose lightsaber winked out. Something large and heavy fell to the throne room floor.

The emperor stepped forward and looked down at a charred log, complete with a tiny smoldering branch with blackened leaves falling off it.

"What the-*"

"Well, that was easier than usual," Darth Vader said, Apperating back onto the Millenium Falcon in mid-flight. "Death Star self-destructed

with most hands escaping, Emperor dead of mysterious assassination, Empire headless and confused and already breaking up into bite-sized fiefdoms which should be easy pickings for a much-expanded Rebel Alliance. Have I missed anything?"

"Mara," Luke said, "but she's not Awake this Loop."

"Something to work out later, then," Vader said, waving it away. "In any case, the heavy lifting is done for the next five years or so. So... any ideas?"

The smuggling ship fell silent.

"Don't look at me," Obi-Wan insisted. "I'm just going to sit back and enjoy not being dead for a while."

The smuggling ship fell silent again. Nobody wanted to be the one who started the round of, "I dunno. What do you wanna do?"

At last, impatient, Leia snapped, "Oh, come on! Somebody has to have some idea, even if it's really stupid!"

"Erm." Han raised a hesitant hand. "How stupid is stupid, exactly?"

Every head and/or photoreceptor turned towards him.

"'Cause if we're thinkin' stupid," Solo continued, "the dumbest thing I can think of is starting a rock band."

R2-D2 beeped a cheerful series of noises.

"Artoo and I have both had experience operating musical synthesizers," C-3PO translated.

"Yeah, and I had this Hub Loop recently where I was part of a garage band round about 1958 or so," Han admitted.

{And I had a smashing time learning the art of percussion from a true master in another Loop,} Chewbacca chipped in.

"Yeah?" Han asked. "Which one? Krupa?"

{No. Better. Animal.}

"Animal?" Han bit back the words How appropriate, knowing his best buddy wouldn't appreciate them.

"I was around for that Loop," Luke admitted. "I learned a bit of guitar, but I never really got to use it."

"I suppose that leaves me to front the group," Leia said. "Someone with brains has to be in charge."

The group was treated to the rare, rare sound of Darth Vader's slow, deep laugh. "You believe the front man is in charge?" he asked. With a flourish he retrieved a bass guitar, every bit as dark and malevolent-looking as his armor. "Any front man is nothing next to the power of the groove."

The Loopers looked at one another. "So, we're really going to do this?" Luke asked.

Obi-Wan held up his hands and said, "What do you mean, 'we'?"

Two HoloNet headlines sum up the rest of that Loop:

VADER WAR CRIMES TRIAL LEADS TO CANCELLATION OF CONCERT TOUR

followed the next day by:

CONCERT TOUR LEADS TO CANCELLATION OF VADER'S WAR CRIMES TRIAL

10.2A

Galactic Senators were normally among the most incompetent and corrupt in the universe if they were not connected to the angel that was Padme Amidala.

This was a well known fact among loopers.

However, sometimes the idiots among the Senate manage to outdo their idiocies involving a certain Nabooian Sith Lord.

These are their blunders.

CHUNG CHUNG

"Well well well, if it isn't one of my greatest foes. Tell me, Anakin Skywalker, are you willing to do battle once I am off for the day!"

Anakin Skywalker had an annoyed glare at Chancellor Vegeta, Prince of the Sayians from Planet Vegeta, who was lounging in the Chancellor's office he had somehow gotten elected into like he owned the place (He did, but he was still a little arrogant dwarf...)

"Very well...name your deserted star system" They did a score to settle after all.

CHUNG CHUNG

"The legend of the Planet Guren's heroes of old rings far and wide! When they hear the name of its badass war heroes and legendary history, its foes kneel in fear before them! As of that, I, Kamina, hereby vow to take your expectations as Supreme Chancellor, and pierce the heavens with them!"

As the recently elected Kamina made his grand speech on the senate floor celebrating his election, the observing Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi facepalmed.

This could not end well. Kamina was probably going to try and literally do what he said.

That, or turn the Galactic Senate Building into a giant robot and go punch a star.

It depended on the guy's mood really.

CHUNG CHUNG

"As your nearly elected Supreme Chancellor, I promise to lead with a fair and bias-free hand. But first, for my first decree. All female Galactic Republic employees are to wear...Tiny Miniskirts!"

Roy Mustang, recently elected Chancellor of the Republic, native of the planet Amestris, promptly got a huge burst of applause from many senators.

The male ones, at least.

Idly noting her now rather annoyed master (Who apparently did not like this idea at all) and his blushing secret wife, Ahsoka Tano idly looked at her get up.

Was this law going to affect her that much at all?

CHUNG CHUNG

"Hello Protocol Droid. What brings you to my office? Do you wish to make a Contract with your new Supreme Chancellor and become a Magical...?"

C-3PO just swatted the newly elected Chancellor with a fly swatter.

CHUNG CHUNG

"Beep Beep"

Anakin, Obi-Wan and Ahsoka all exchanged confused looks looks at this one.

"Anakin, why is R2 Chancellor this loop?" Obi-Wan almost didn't want to know.

"Beep Beep"

"Apparently he had a good election team" was R2's technical owner's response

"Beep Beep"

"Though that speech he gave probably helped" Ahsoka added "I had no idea he had that much passion about trade route taxation"

CHUNG CHUNG

A Gray haired human male looked around the office he randomly found himself in confusion.

"Huh, when Cragen says he's going to renovate the place, he wasn't kidding"

"Chancellor Munch, Senator Amidala is here to see you" a female voice chimed in in a secretary esc tone of voice.

John Munch, long suffering cop of both the Baltimore and New York beats, was confused.

Chancellor Munch?

CHUNG CHUNG

10.2B (Crisis)

CHUNG CHUNG

"Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" the newly elected chancellor laughed in a manner that would set mental alarms ringing in anyone with a lick of sense. "I thank you all for recognizing my genius and electing me supreme chancellor of the Galactic Republic! My first order of business will be to do away with the backwards and often ineffective ways of the Jedi Order and bring to the republic new and improved defenders! In the form of my patented Jedi Droid Masters! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Why did you two not stop this?" Ahsoka asked tiredly as she began mentally formulating possible methods of evacuating the galaxy. From the looks of it, Anakin was mentally formulating how many bars he'd need to hit.

"Because unlike his usual attempts, it was totally and completely legal," the very human-like droid constructed by Jedi Master Thomas Light shrugged.

"Yeah, not even a Sith plot like Palpatine's," his droid 'twin sister' added, gesturing to the silently fuming senator of Naboo and secret Sith Lord.

Chancellor Wily kept laughing like the madman he was as he began describing his plan for defense using his own creations, introducing the eight prototypes for the senate's approval. From the looks of things, even though many senators were at least a little disturbed by how manic their new chancellor was, the proposition was going to pass by a wide margin.

Chung Chung

10.2C (Detective Ethan Redfield)

CHUNG CHUNG

Fireworks exploded from the center of the room, showering the pit below the Chancellor's seat with smoke. As the light faded, where there had been an empty chair, there now stood a female with white hair and a blue highlight running down its center. Her voice boomed across the senate floor, "The Great and Powerful Chancellor greats you! For my first trick, I shall address the concerns of the Nabooian Delegation and send our recently formed Changeling Corps to bring about a peaceful resolution to the blockade."

Obi-Wan rubbed his head and muttered, "Oh, dear."

His master for this loop, a Chry Gon Gin, patted him on his back, "Don't worry, my young apprentice. We won't be using anti-matter fireworks. Changelings can read minds. The negotiations will be short."

CHUNG CHUNG

10.2D (Detective Ethan Redfield)

CHUNG CHUNG

"Buttons! I love buttons!"

Anakin had only taken one step onto the Senate floor, looked at who was occupying the Chancellor's spot, and froze. He turned on his heels, grabbed Padme's wrist, and pulled her with him out the door and onto the first spaceport shuttle to Bespin and Cloud City.

Elsewhere, Obi-wan watched the holoprojector with his hands held wide and mouth open in disbelief. He stood next to Ex-Senator Mon Mothma and the rest of who would one day be the leaders of the Rebel Alliance. The Jedi Master asked, "How did they elect Michael J. Caboose to the Chancellor's spot?"

Mon Mothma shook her head and spoke in a soft tone, "Apparently, he had an excellent foreign policy plan."

And then, the Projector showed only static as the building shook from the collapsing Senate Building. When they excavated the ruins, the chancellor was asked what happened, and he said, "Palpatine did it."

CHUNG CHUNG

10.2E

CHUNG CHUNG

"I THANK THE GAL-ACTIC REP-UBLIC FOR SEE-ING SENSE AND ELECTING A DA-LEK TO THE POST OF SU-PREME CHAN-CELLOR! THE EXTER-MINATION OF UN-DESIRE-ABLE ELE-MENTS WILL BEGIN SHO-RTLY!"

At that, Anakin rose his hands up in frustration "How the hell did Democracy let that happen!?"

His host in the senate at the moment, his darling wife in secret, sighed "The other guy was far worse."

CHUNG CHUNG

10.2F

CHUNG CHUNG

"Meow"

Anakin turned to his first droid "Okay, my Clan Speak is a little rusty, if you pardon the pun. So, is that cat supposed to be Firestar, or Graystripe or..."

C-3PO's eye circuits flared a bit "I'm sorry Master Anni, but that is not a sentient looping cat. It is not even a sentient non-looping cat. That, is an actual cat. Unintelligent and easily distracted by string and lasers. Plus, that is a Spyhnx. It is in no way Firestar or Graystripe"

"...I hate democracy. I hate so much. We don't even have any of those things in this loop for crying out loud! How did one even get here to be elected!?"

"Meow"

CHUNG CHUNG

10.2G (Evilhumour)

CHUNG CHUNG

"I thank you al-"

Everyone looked at Anakin, was still holding the smoking gun that just killed the new Supreme Chancellor. He looked at his secret wife's horrified face.

"There's no way in hell will I entertain the thought of Chancellor Billy!"

CHUNG CHUNG

CHUNG CHUNG

"OBJECTION!"

"Overruled. By an overwhelming majority, the newest Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic will be Phoenix Wright!"

The cheering of hundreds of alien and human politicians echoed through the chamber as the poor lawyer desperately tried to find a loophole.

His eyes darted around, looking for any native looper to bail him out of this.

"Oh wait, you want out of the running gag?! Puh-lease! You have to bear with it like everyone else! Plus, I needed a damn cameo again!"

All he found was Senator Deadpool instead.

CHUNG CHUNG

"And would someone tell the gag that the Chung joke passed after Munch popped in!"

CHUNG CHUNG

10.3

Tony Stark, a well known genius playboy philanthropist in his home loop, gave Wedge Antilles a long look "You know, I find that rather rude"

"Well excuse me, I just happen to support soldiers over rich boys" Wedge snarked as he wore his prized 'Cap Was Right' T-Shirt, which featured a prominent image of Cap defeating Tony during the final battle of the Civil War.

"I seriously need to find out whose making those damn things" Tony muttered to himself.

10.4 (Evilhumour)

Mandy and Grim looked at the furious Anakin, and equally murderous glaring Han Solo and facepalmed.

"What did he do?" The young girl asked the two loopers.

"I don't know how, but the little moron managed to make the clone wars worse," Vader answered, the Force crushing nearby items into tiny balls. "He pointed out so many secrets, obvious things that shouldn't be said in order to preserve early peace in the loops. It should have caused things to be easier, but..."

"It made everything worse." Han glared at the ground. "The attack on the Jedi Temple happened within months of the war, Anny here was turn into Vader within a year, he convinced Padme to somehow blow up her own home planet, because of him my ship was owned by Jar-Jar of all people, and he created such a damn mess that nearly everyone was dead at the end!" Han shouted, flipping the table as the unspoken final insult that this boy had actually brought Vader and him closer together as friends was what was really pissing him off. "I swear, if he comes back here, I will shoot him!"

"After you let me use the force on him, Han," Vader nodded his head at him slowly, equally unhappy about the newfound bond they had. "After all, I have a score to settle with the damn moron."

Mandy looked at Grim and sighed. They had heard Billy was looping around, but from what the ponies and now these two were telling them, it was looking bad.

"I have a bad feeling about this man," Grim shudder, holding his scythe closer to himself. "Like a bunch of people are about to die ri-"

He never got a chance to explain as the Death Star that Billy was on had crashed into the planet they were on, causing a massive planetary lost of life.

10.5

Han and Anakin Skywalker, recently no longer bitter enemies after the unfortunate bonding experience whose name was Billy, looked at each other awkwardly.

"So...what do friendly son and father in laws do with each other?" Anakin decided to vouch the question as Han looked pensive.

"Golf, but I hate that sport" he admitted. "So, let's think of something else. Well, there is that earth sport called Football..."

"The one with the round ball, or the one with the concussions?"

"Either or" Han was game for either.

"Sadly, I find the first to be boring, and the second to be too pointlessly violent" it would seem that the two were at an in-pass.

Then again, Han and Anakin had been trying to kill each other since Han started looping as the fifth Star Wars looper (after the two original anchors, R2 and Leia). You don't go from bitter enemy to pal that easy.

"You know, how the hell did you start getting along with Mara?" If Anakin could find a way to get along with a former assassin, perhaps the two of them had hope if they tried the same bonding experience.

At the very least, it would get Luke off both their backs.

"Well, it was complicated, but in a nutshell it involved a Super Robot War"

"A what!?" Han was pretty sure loopers were not allowed to start wars with each other without good reason, and last he checked the wars that did occur normally were robot free (Bar the Transformers, but that was a given, seeing as they were in fact robots).

Anakin's response to this question was to press a button on his artificial arm, displaying a holographic image that pretty much looked like every Giant Robot based loop (and their branch) was battling, though Han was having trouble telling if they were beating themselves up, or beating up a specific enemy.

The image looked almost like a royal portrait. It was possible this image was a recreation and this wasn't a live action shot.

At Han's curious look, Anakin shrugged "Yes, I upgrade some of my better arms to do that. Sometimes you just get the urge to play Angry Birds while that Muppet is rambling. But back to the robot war bonding. Sadly, Luke and Myself have only had one of these loops each; Luke went with Wedge and 3PO for his first loop, while I went with Mara and R2, in which I grew to enjoy her continued existence."

"So what, we can't bond properly unless we get involved in a crazy robot fused loop?"

"Well...I wouldn't say we wouldn't be able to, it just makes it easier. Who knows, maybe we'll have one of those next loop"

"What are the odds of that happening?"

10.6

Obi-Wan Kenobi could tolerate ghost loops, if Anakin was around.

Awake or not, trolling him was at least a past-time.

But no, he wasn't even in his galaxy this ghost loop.

He was a ghost, in Japan.

He could predict the Hollows that were bound to come soon...

"Oh, hollows? You're worried about those things? Don't worry, this is the wrong loop for them!"

The ghost form of the Jedi Master suddenly realized he wasn't alone.

No, there was a blue haired, broom riding witch hovering in front of him.

Dressed in a pink kimono of all things.

(Thankfully, she was not Umbridge. She was a lot cuter, for one thing. Contrary to what Anakin believed, he was capable of such thoughts)

"Well, this is new" this was a new one.

"Well, new for you maybe. I've actually been around for a while now" the witch descended to his eye level before extending her hand "My name is Botan, fifth looper of the world anchored by Yusuke Urameshi. My job is to guide spirits to the afterlife, though I assume that won't be necessary"

"No, not at all" Obi-Wan had no desire to play with Earthly afterlifes. That wasn't his thing.

But still, one thing was bothering him...

"Yusuke, Yusuke..." The name was familiar "Wait, is he the kid who walked into the portal..."

Botan looked somewhat unamused now "No, that was Danny Phantom"

"Oh..." he pondered again "Does this world involve card games..."

"No, that's Yugi" Botan now looked somewhat annoyed now.

"Oh dear, I'm striking out today" Obi-Wan was blushing from his inability to remember.

"Yes, yes you are"

Obi-Wan stroked his beard in that mentally stimulating manner of his, before his memory flared up "Oh wait, he's the finger gun guy, right?"

"Bingo!" the blue haired witch snapped her fingers in joy "Now, I assume you probably want to be alive again. I can make some arrangements, though it may cost you"

"Define...cost me"

The ever green garb of the spirit detective Yusuke Urameshi caused the milkshake he was slurping to refract in strange colors.

"Man oh man, isn't this loop fun guys! This place has great milkshakes, and they are all cheap! Man, this should be baseline"

"Yes, certainly better than that loop where I was much too similar to that other Kurama" a red long-haired male mused

"Or that loop where I was a cat" a colossus of a teenage male with punkish orange hair laughed "Or what about that loop with the ears..."

"We agreed to never speak of that loop again" a dark haired fellow muttered as he absently rubbed his hidden third eye, quite glad it wasn't an ear "and I do believe the temp is here"

The foursome found themselves joined by an Obi-Wan who looked more like he had just went a few rounds on Geonosis in his underwear.

"So, you're the Jedi huh? You look like you just had a battle to the death with something that came out of the Golden Egg" Yusuke commented on his war torn appearance.

"I don't want to talk about it" was all Obi-Wan would ever say on the subject.

10.7 (Evilhumour)

Luke turned his equally horrified sister Leia, and finally opened his mouth to ask the question that had been plaguing them since they got to cloud city.

"D- d- did Dad and Han just pull off a prank together?!"

Leia could whimper and nodded, watching the two men trying to support themselves as their laughter threatened to knock them over again.

"Do you know how Dad and Han started to not... kill each other on the spot?!"

"Beep beep boop." R2 D2 chirped in, causing the Skywalker twins to blink.

"So it was this new looper named Billy?" Obi-Wan blinked before grinning. "Time to pay up Luke."

With a stun look on his face, Luke handed over the obscene amount of cash as part of their wager on what would get the two to stop fighting so much.

"I really thought it would take mom to start looping to stop those two, but what did this Billy do to make them so chummy?"

"Ah Luke," Han shuddered at the mention of Billy, with Vader seemingly looking concerned for Han's well being. "Let me tell you a story of a loop a long, long time ago."

"Greetings. I am Kamina, Jedi Padawan. My interests are self contemplation and observing wall textures. My duty is to protect you during your consumption of edible items and debate overly complex solutions to minor problems that serve your interests even at the expense of logic"

R2 just stared in horror at the fully clothed, monotoned Kamina that Anakin had been teaching this loop, who had taken a position in the Coronet's dining hall and was doing a pretty good imitation of a statue.

A perfectly quiet, non-moving statue. You couldn't even tell that the fellow was even breathing

Said Jedi looked rather unnerved himself "He was...Kamina, when I got him. I have no idea what happened!"

10.9

Luke Skywalker found himself back on his farm at the start of the loop.

Ah, the moisture farm...odd how one can grow to miss it after a few dozen loops away from home.

Sure, being raised by his parents was nice, but sometimes it was the oddly familiar to be back with his aunt and uncle on a miserable little farm on a miserable little planet...

LUKE SKYWALKER: GALAXIES MOST POWERFUL FARMBOY. SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SENATOR.

Though, the giant yellow letters hovering overhead like some giant caption was new.

And no, that was Leia's thing (and his father when he wanted to screw with Ben)

Awakening in his hut, Obi-Wan Kenobi checked his midsection before sighing in relief.

"Good, I'm male again"

Grievous flirting with him was an experience he was only going to forget with large amounts of alcohol, or force mediation for a few decades.

Assuming Han didn't steal all the liquor on Tatooine...again, he would have to make a call before Luke came looking for him...

OBI-WAN KENOBI: THIRD MOST AWESOME BEARD IN THE GALAXY. NEEDS A GIRLFRIEND.

With the floating caption letters floating overhead, however, he might have to stick to the force for a while.

And what did that mean, third most awesome?

Eyeing Han in interest as he lost games of Sabbac, Chewbacca wondered if Han was awake yet.

Sure, he had gotten Han to help Luke hundreds of times when he was unawake, and far more grouchy than usual.

This Han, at the very least, was normal. So getting him to help wouldn't be a problem at all...

CHEWBACCA: SMARTEST ORGANIC LOOPER IN UNIVERSE. DOES NOT LIKE MOONS.

Chewbacca rolled his eyes.

'Excuse me, I have plenty of reasons to dislike moons' he thought to himself.

Lando noted he was awake with a displeased smile.

Displeased of course, because he was currently surrounded by Galactic Revenue Service agents, who were suspicious of his sudden withdraw of all his money invested in real estate on Alderaan.

It was suspicious really, like why did he invest in Alderaan real estate this loop? And why was he withdrawing it now, of all times?

LANDO CALRISSIAN: MINING EXPERT AND ENTREPRENEUR. BANNED FROM GRINGOTTS BY HERMIONE GRANGER.

While his GRS agents noted the caption letters with confusion, Lando rolled his eyes.

The girl was so overreacting after that one incident...but why reflect on the past.

He had money to make, empires to harass and GRS agents to beat up.

Separated from his unawake companion, C-3PO was lost in Tatooine's desert.

It was a bad habit of the baseline loop, getting him lost in the desert.

"Honestly, can't Master Luke be left on a far more, silty planet! I'd even settle for a loamy one, all this sand does horrors to my inner circuitry. Are you listening to me Admins?!"

C-3PO would remember later he could teleport, levitate or fire laser vision hot enough to turn all the sand around him to a fine glass road if he really wanted to.

But for now, he was distracted by the caption that popped up.

C-3PO: WEAKEST LOOPER IN THE THREE BRANCHES. COMPLAINS TOO MUCH.

The droid pondered that for a bit "I guess I am somewhat lacking in the combat department aren't I, and considering even Master Annie has learned to speak 200 different languages in his home loop alone, I probably am rather superfluous these days?"

TALKING TO CAPTIONS ISN'T HEALTHY.

"I'd call it less, talking to captions, and more self reflection" the droid mused "Hmmm...what is there for me to do with myself to make me actually useful again?"

"...And that is why I'm learning bartending, Mistress Dash." 3PO finished his story to the speed loving Pegasus, who had just downed a pitcher of Apple Cider blended with 10 different varieties of apples not native to this loop.

True, it wasn't really alcoholic, but it was what the customer wanted.

"So, whatever happened with the captions that loop?" Rainbow Dash asked 3PO as he returned with another pitcher of cider.

"Oh, you know I actually don't know..."

RAINBOW DASH: ELEMENT OF LOYALTY. BREAKS LAWS OF WEATHER DAILY.

"Egad, the captions are back!" C-3PO hollered in fright.

10.10 (Evil Souls with the last line from me)

Vader looked at the officers of the Death Star before him.

"I assure you this battlestation is invincible." Tarkin declared, slamming his fist on the table to prove a point.

"Oh really Tarkin? What about the small exhaust port? The one I mentioned to you just the other day?" Vader pointed out. Not that he really needed to let him know that, but Vader had a plan for getting rid of the Death Star this loop. It involved misdirection.

"A relatively small setback and nothing more!"

Suddenly a rather muscular man with brown hair just...appeared on top of the table.

Devoid of clothing.

"Boom! Here comes the Boom! Ready or not here comes Setback from the hey where did my water go...?"

Only then did he open his eyes and saw the officers and Vader. Setback let loose a very high pitched scream. "Oh come on! I was in the shower!"

"I find your lack of clothing, disturbing" was all Vader could say in response

Azaztoth and the King in Yellow exchanged a high five. "Nice work on that prank code."

"Thanks! the best part is that I coded it so Yggdrasil thinks its a verified variant. And if the Admins remove it, It's so minor that they'll have a hard time noticing if I put it in again!"

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 1

Current non-looping status of Padme continues to raise unnerving questions. Separate evaluations by Luke, Leia, Sue Richards and Emma Frost suggests I have gotten over all the various paranoias

that were successfully exploited by Palpatine in baseline when it comes to abandonment issues (though death of Padme is still a highly undesirable outcome), yet this has not seemed to help.

Suggestion of working on what some perceive as an irrational distrust towards Rush Clovis given by both Luke and Emma. Later reflection on subject does suggest that irrational paranoia of Rush, even if I am quite sure that Padme will not perform infidelity, is in fact just as concerning.

In retrospect, it does suggest belief that Rush Clovis is capable of rape. Probably should work on that.

My work on dealing with my immense dislike of Clovis will be cataloged by R2. Leia seems to believe I may fudge details or re-write them at later date.

At same time, I have given up on keeping blackmail out of R2's databanks.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 12

Desire to remove Clovis's head has decreased 15% in last few loops. However, I have experienced a 10% increase in desire to remove his limbs. I am not sure of why.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 23

I have instructed R2 to shock me painfully if I ever mortally wound Clovis. Questioning logic of order at present time.

Also need to work on kneejerk reaction to men flirting with me while I am female. That is probably not a good behavior to make a habit of.

Also, unsure of relationship between Rush Clovis and Padmere Amidala. Temporarily female loop iteration has not caused preferences to shift towards male on male imagery.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 35

Due to assassination attempts, I was assigned to bodyguarding Padme and Clovis during a politically charged meal.

Quite glad there was no pasta dishes involved, particularly with Clovis the tramp involved.

During meal, Clovis's words were 63% innuendo and 37% business. Muun innuendo is bizarre.

Managed to avoid visible reaction to Clovis. Later complaints of force induced Earthquakes on Coruscant's lower levels concerning however.

Reward from gorgeous wife for not being an idiot quite unconcerning.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 69

Unusually low levels of annoyance towards Clovis this loop.

Clovis's gender swap possibly responsible, as flirtations with Padme from female Rush Clovis did not annoy me as much as a male Rush

Clovis flirting with Padme.

There is somewhat of a double standard here, though I did not seem to view flirtations of females in the same way loopers like Issei Hyodo would (with anatomically odd nosebleeds and desires for flirting to go beyond flirtation).

Note to self while I am here. Issei Hyodo no longer allowed to visit Zeltros. The resulting war between Emperor Palpatine and the Harem King was not pleasant.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 85

Attempted to get along better with Clovis by playing Sabbac.

Proceeded to lose arm due to Sabbac. Cheating is suspected.

Why did Clovis want my arm anyway?

None the less, the loss of baseline metal arm allowed me to resume testing of my laser cannon arm until Obi-Wan ordered me to remove it.

Obi-Wan is a Killjoy.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 99

Late start loop forced me to attempt Clovis tolerance later in Clone Wars, around time of Clovis's death.

Managed to avoid putting myself 'in the Doghouse' with Padme unlike baseline at this time. Apparently I can in fact learn from my mistakes.

Managed to talk to Clovis about Hutts. Shared dislike of Hutts appears to be possible area of shared concern that does not have potential to lead to jealous fight that Clovis is unable to win.

Potential for full Clovis tolerance now visible.

Anakin Skywalker Log Book

Subject: Rush Clovis Tolerance

Entry 100

This loop should not have counted for electrocution punishment.

Sith Clovis (or Darth Ponzi as he was known) should not count as a regular Clovis whom I need to stop murdering, particularly when Darth Ponzi has unhealthy obsession with Padme's liver and frontal lobe.

Fear this will set me back a few dozen loops tolerance wise.

Not in doghouse from Padme for saving her life from psycho Sith ex-boyfriend.

Astromech droid on the other hand...

ZAP!

"Wait, what!?"

"Oh come on Ahsoka, it's just for one loop. I just need some time to figure out why the higher ups are such idiots. I'm certain that something's in the water..." the robot looper T.O.M, currently in his

enhanced third state, assured the quite unsure Togruta in the Absolution's bridge.

"But me, doing your job? I don't even know what the hell you do for a living!?"

The robot chuckled at that one "Oh, it's actually a rather fun job. See, I harvest action programming from planets and broadcast it for the enjoyment of children and adults back on Earth"

"Uh, what?" Ahsoka was pretty sure that wasn't how cartoons worked.

Idly noting her 'what the hell are you talking about, you crazy robot' look, Tom smirked "The Clydes are transmitting"

Before Ahsoka could ask what a Cylde was, a beam of light struck the ship.

"Data received. Beginning data reformatting." the unawake voice of S.A.R.A, in both a sentient and a looping way, monotoned "Data identified. Deadman Wonderland added to proto block alongside Bleach, Casshern Sins, Fullmetal Alchemist: Brotherhood, Ghost in the Shell and Cowboy Bebop."

At Ahsoka's surprised look, T.O.M gave the faceless robot equivalent of a smirk.

"Told ya."

As T.O.M flew off into the vacuum of space, apparently to go find his higher ups and test them for questionable substances, Ahsoka looked over the checklist he left her.

Air the block once a week from 12-6.

Continuously look for new programs to show on the block. Please note that I was able to remove the Higher Ups 'Right' Blocker, so you should not have to deal with that minefield. Also managed to increase memory space, allowing for longer program retention on more programs, as well as avoiding unexpected losses of programs.

Observe the return feedback from the aired programming. The Absolution's engines are powered by the rating feedback from aired programs. Adjust schedule accordingly. Note that overusing a program can be bad for ratings.

Review videogames, give life speeches and create promotional videos to make watchers feel happy.

Have fun!

P.S If the block is cancelled again, the loop ends. Please try and avoid this.

Ahsoka idly noted the last one with a frown.

Fun, she wasn't sure of.

Having to do something so perfectly, all while walking a fine line between success and death...it sounded more like leading clones on a battlefield than having fun.

But, it was different. That was good, at least.

"From the dark ages of oppression, an old hero has returned" Ahsoka's voice rang across a promo video

A darkly dressed man, his face obscured by a mask covered by one way visible glass, appeared on screen from a burning flag.

"I am Zero!"

"To create a world safe for his younger sister, Lelouch vi Britannia will declare war on the mighty Britannian Empire"

Hundreds of soldiers, all chanting "All Hail Britannia" were now in the promo.

"But the question remains" Ahsoka continued "On how far a hero can go, and still be a hero?"

T *he shot then demonstrated a group of Britannian Soldiers, maniacal looks on their faces, holding a gun to their own head*

"Let's find out"

Cue badass music and mech fights.

"Code Geass, next Saturday at 2:00"

"Only Toonami, on Adult Swim"

A grinning Lelouch ended the promo

"All tasks at hand have been cleared"

Ahsoka looked oddly pleased with herself as she finished the Promo.

That was rather fun, she had to admit. Even if some of the thoughts of how far a hero could go was something she did occasionally dwell on when dealing with unawake versions of her master.

But, perhaps that just put some extra poignancy into her voice when she asked that question.

"I've been down with the Pokemon Games since before I even saw the anime". It was true. Ahsoka had actually gotten the games from the hub before those worlds ever began looping. "So, when I heard

that the next generation of Pokemon games were coming out on the Nintendo 3DS, I had to check it out.

Cue image of blond Serena posing in front of mirror.

"First things first, you can finally customize your look, and you can only get more unique as you go further along in the story. Of course, the goals of the game are pretty simple. Capture and train your Pokemon, win gym badges, and stop the oddly dressed bad guys"

Cue scene of a Fennekin using Ember on a Vivillion

"Now, there aren't that many new Pokemon this time around. There are only sixty or so new Pokemon in the entire game. But the game totally makes up for it, with the over 400 different ones to find, without trading. You have so many options before the second gym it's not even funny"

Cue catching montage, featuring a Riolu, Ralts, Dodou, Skiddo, Mienfoo, Axew, Croagunk, Fletchling and Pikachu.

"Even the pickiest of trainers are going to find the perfect fit to their Pokemon team in this game. You can even get the Kanto Starters early in the game, and let me tell you something, it really made me wish I didn't grab the Fire-Starter."

Cue image of Charizard mega-evolving.

"The graphics have greatly improved, and new mechanics to the game such as Mega-Evolution, Pokemon Amie, Fairy-Types and Horde Battles will keep you coming back for more."

Cue image of a stylus playing with a Lucario in Pokemon Amie

"It's not all badges and shinies though. Like any Pokemon game, you're not playing for the story, and the story might feel like a step backwards after playing Pokemon Black and White. But it's by no

means a terrible game. In fact, it might be on the best Pokemon games in a while. I'm still not done with it."

"Toonami gives this game a 8 and a half out of 10"

Cue a Hydregion breaking out of a Ultra ball.

"Get in the damn ball!"

"The greatest heroes are coming".

Cue Dragon-Ball trailer music, before it's cut off

"Not them. No, I'm talking about the heroes of old.."

Cue the arrival of a blue and silver dressed blond swordswoman.

"The Holy Grail War is upon us. Seven heroes shall be reborn in this world..."

Cue battle between said blond swordswom and a spear wielder.

"Six will die"

More badass fight scenes and music began to play.

"Fate/Zero! Premieres next week at 1:30!"

"Only Toonami, on Adult Swim"

A massive orange haired man descended from a giant chariot in the middle of a battle between the swordswoman and the spear user.

"To win, but not destroy; to conquer, but not humiliate: That is what true conquest is!"

Ahsoka noted the giant man with an amused smirk.

So, that was the guy Skyguy was talking about, the guy who got Thrawn on his side with mere words, and then later flirted with both Leia and Han.

"Sometimes, it feels like videogames only exist to kill things, but on occasion non-violent games come out that are interesting. One of which, is the Zoo Tycoon reboot for the X-Box 1"

Screen proceeds to show bustling digital zoo with chimps, lions and elephants.

"Sure, I only got it so I could play videogames with Luke and Leia that do not involve anything they could imitate or get nightmares from" there had been more than one unawake Luke or Leia who had taken earth vehicles or space vehicles on joy rides. "But it is surprisingly peaceful"

Cue scene of handfeeding a banana to a Giraffe

"...What, space is stressful"

Screen proceeds to depict medium sized exhibit being plopped down to in game cheers

"Look, this isn't a deep game. It isn't even all that much compared to the old PC versions, having a lot less customization and diversity. But that wasn't what I was looking for. I was looking for a game that could be a nice break in between high speed racing and shooting people and or zombies, and that's what I got."

"Toonami gives this game a 6 out of 10"

A chimpanzee smiling appears on the screen

"Huh, I'm starting to see the resemblance to my master here"

10.13 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"I...can't...shake him!"

Corran Horn, Corellian candidate for Rogue Squadron, cursed as he quickly did a 180 with his X-wing after dropping the lastest wave of ties. His sensors landed on his wingmate, Qyrgg, who was being harassed and taken apart by, of all things, a Lambda Class T4a shuttlecraft. With the corvette clear of bombers, he could focus on this oddity as he tried locking on with a torpedo. Just as he got a lock on, the shuttle sideslipped behind his wingman, and took another shot, burning a couple holes through the fighter. One shot pierced where the cargo compartment would have been then through the cockpit. Qyrgg's voice echoed even after his supposed death as he cursed his defeat. Undoubtedly, the others would give him a ribbing once he left the simulator.

By the time Horn had dealt with the fighters, this one shuttle had torn through three X-wings being flown by the best fighter pilots in all the rebellion, there was no way in hell this was a simulator program. For starters, the Redemption run is a well documented simulator mission. No shuttle craft would exit the Korlev, meaning someone unbelievably good is piloting that thing. Someone like our Leader. Come to see how good I am, Antilles? he thought to himself as his foot pushed a pedal on the floor, causing the fighter to enter a sort of orbit around the dead X-wing. Unfortunately, the Shuttle had a similar idea, orbiting on the same path and at the same speed. Gritting his teeth, Horn added more speed to his orbit, which the Shuttle followed. And then an idea came to mind.

"Whistler," he said, addressing his droid, "Plot the trajectory of our orbit, then calculate a firing solution where a pair of torpedoes will hit the shuttle as it passes a certain point on the orbit."

Whistle beeped in acknowledgement. Within moments, the droid had a solution, and Horn smirked as the torpedoes were launched. But then, the torpedo wasn't even close as the shuttle emerged going the opposite orbit. The guns on the shuttle opened up, shredding through his shield as suddenly the monitor went dark.

Qyrgg stood outside his cockpit as the simulator opened. He helped Horn out of the cockpit as the Corellian gave a slight curse. Another cockpit opened across from him, and a voice echoed, "Don't be too hard on yourself, Horn. Your move with the torpedo was good. In another universe, that would have gotten me."

"It's little consolation for being vaped by a shuttlecraft."

Wedge shrugged and gave a wry grin, "If any of your shots had connected, You still probably would have beaten me if I hadn't already transferred all my shield energy to boost my lasers. I don't recommend that strategy unless you have...oh...a hundred years of experience operating a shuttlecraft."

He held out his hand to the pilot, "Still, you scored highest in the Redemption run of all the hopefuls. You're going to make a fine addition to Rogue Squadron. Welcome to the team!"

Horn gave a couple small breaths, then accepted the praise and the handshake.

10.14 (Leviticus Wikes)

"Chancellor Ikari, may we have a word with you?"

Gendo Ikari, supreme chancellor of the republic, looked up from the massive piles of documents, all carefully written in obtuse legalese, to see who had addressed him. The people who had entered his chambers were the expected ones, but not the welcome ones. "Good afternoon Master Skywalker, Master Kenobi. Is there anything I can do for you."

Obi Wan stopped in the middle of the room, letting Anakin proceed to Gendo's desk. The Anchor of the Republic drew and lit his lightsaber, before pointing the end of the laser sword at Gendo's neck.

For a few moments, no party spoke, assessing, weighing, and calculating their next move.

"You can start by giving me a good reason why I shouldn't put an end to your plans for this loop Ikari," Anakin finally said, his voice an animalistic growl.

Gendo remained silent, observing both Obi Wan and Anakin, his gaze flitting through his office and through the windows into the outside world of Corsecont. Finally, the father of the Fourth Looper sighed, pulled his glasses off, set his hands well apart on the table and looked Anakin straight in the eye. "I believe that... if you intended to show mercy, you wouldn't have come in like this, much less hold a light saber to my throat."

Anakin was silent, his gaze not moving from Gendo.

"If I may," Obi Wan interjected. "You can start by appealing to Anakin's paternal side."

Gendo and Anakin broke their staring contest to raise their eyebrows at Obi Wan. The Jedi rolled his eyes. "Anakin, please. You know that you and Gendo are very much alike."

"I chose to redeem myself. All he did was get screwed up by Billy," Anakin rebutted.

"If I may interject..." Gendo risked drawing Anakin's attention back to him. "If you do kill me Master Skywalker, you'll send me back to a world were my son is. My son, who it just so happens, hates me with a burning passion, and isn't above killing me in the event I annoy him."

For a second, Gendo and Anakin locked eyes again. Then, without warning, Anakin slashed Gendo's cheek. "That was for my mother." Then he slashed the other one. "And that was for Mayumi." On his heel, Anakin turned, and left the room.

Obi Wan followed quickly. "Mayumi?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

Inside his office, Gendo Ikari reached up and lightly caressed the new scars. "Well, that could have gone... worse."

10.15 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Wedge awoke to a darkened room. He took stock of his surroundings, currently in a cage, maybe a research station if the medical equipment was anything to go by. No one seemed awake, so he could take his time a bit. Wedge took stock of himself, feeling his face and checking his body to see if he was missing any parts. That time replacing Booster Terrik, while interesting, taught him a few things on maintaining cybernetics. He had gotten as far as lifting his hands to his face, when he noticed his hands...they were covered in fur. Looking himself over, he couldn't resist facepalming. He was now an Ewok. If Janson ever started looping and came to know about this, Wedge would never live it down.

Immediately deciding escape was the course for the day, he pulled out of his subspace pocket a long, cylinder device that Luke gave him just in case he needed a 'get out of jail free' card. With a snap hiss, blue light of Anakin's old lightsaber flooded the cargo hold, waking the other species. After cutting down his bars, he paused for a second to look at the others present. There were many species there who were almost sapient, including Gamorreans, Talz, Monkey Lizards, and a few other Ewoks. The aliens looked at him silently. Their eyes though, there was a frightening amount of intelligence in them. His eyes continued until they landed on a familiar set of prosthetics, the one he had used as part of Wraith Squadron. Wedge paused, then his eyes widened. This had to be Project Chubar, the same one that produced Voort SaBinring, or "Piggy" for short.

he cleared his throat and asked, "Do any of you go by the name, Voort Sa'Binring?"

One Gamorrean squealed as a mechanical voice echoed, "How do you know me?!"

Wedge tilted his tiny head, "Can you fly a shuttle?"

The Gamorrean nodded, to which Wedge cut open his bars. He then turned to the rest, "Who else would like to escape this...place?"

A multitude of hands shot out of the cage and soon cage bars were falling all over the place. Within moments several dozen "specimens" were free and moving through the base after Voort and Wedge, who were talking about a plan, "We'll commandeer Two shuttles. Saffalore is neutral in the Civil War, so we shouldn't be shot down immediately upon departure. We can make it to Obroa-Skai, the library world, and from there we can plan our next move."

Grunt somehow managed to quirk his eyes in a very human manner, "And how do you plan to fly the ship?"

Wedge held out a paw with a pair of prosthetics. "I'm a bit more than meets the eye. I'll share my story once we get out of here."

Luke shook his head. This loop, he had basically replaced Wedge for this loop and was putting together Wraith Squadron. Unfortunately, Janson was in top form, "The first candidate's name is Kettch, and he's an Ewok."

Luke had heard this story from Wedge and decided to play along. He gave a curious expression, "Really?"

Janson smirked, "Oh, yes. Determined to fight. You should hear him say, 'Yub, yub.' He makes it a battle cry."

"Ok, let's say he could be educated to Alliance fighter-pilot standards, an Ewok couldn't even reach an X-wing's controls. How's he even going to fly?"

Janson seemed positively jovial, "He wears arm and leg extensions, prosthetics built for him by a sympathetic doctor. And he's anxious to go, Commander."

Finally laughing, "Alright. Send this...Lt. Kettch in."

He leaned back in his chair and rested for a sec as the door opened. his eyes opened wide, then his mouth dropped as, sure enough, an Ewok sporting an Alliance uniform saluted Luke, "Lt. Kettch reporting for duty, Sir."

Luke looked at Janson, who had mirthful grin, "Yub, yub, Commander."

10.16 (Rock Golem)

Han Solo looked at the medal he had just been given, he took it off handed it to the bartender and pointed at the largest bottle on the shelf. Without a word the bartender sat the bottle down passed him a glass and went to stand at the other end of the bar.

"Hey Han, you know unitil five minutes ago did I feel loopy but man do I feel awake." Said Luke as he sat down next to Han

"Yes I'm awake now leave me alone I need to get drunk."

"What was your last loop that bad?"

"No my last loop was cool I was the president of America."

"So why are you so determined to get drunk?" Luke asked and he used the force to pour himself and shot of whatever it was Han was drinking.

Han looked at him like he was crazy "You know who we're fused with right?"

"Yeah Phineas and Ferb its awesome, just a shame their not awake yet."

"Kid this is nowhere close to awsome!"

"What come on they already have supped my X-wing and added a stun function to my lightsaber look." Luke pulled out his lightsaber switched it on and pressed a small green button in the hilt. The blue

energy blade suddenly had visable streaks lightning running through it and as Luke swung the blade it passed through the bar without destorying it while leaving the lightning crawling along the bar top.

"I don't care." Han pulled the bottle back towards him and poured himself a giant measure of the liquid.

"Okay what's wrong?" Han didn't need to look to see Luke had his 'lets talk about whats brothering you face' on and decided to tell him in the vain hope the kid would let him get drunk in peace.

"In this loop my greatest rival is a nine year old girl who pilots a space ship that looks like the head of a dog. Now Im going to drink myself to the end of this loop in the hope no more people suddenly and for no reason burst out into song."

"Well Han you know what they say...a five, six, seven...AHHH!" Han put away his blaster as Luke held his badly burned knee.

"NO SINGING!"

At which point in walked Leia singing "Rebel lets go"

10.17 (Evilhumour)

Anakin smiled to himself. These were loops that he didn't always have happen that often but for every time they did, they wiped away all of the times he saw his mom or his wife loop in as Siths.

He wasn't a Jedi, he wasn't Sidious's lacky, he wasn't anything important.

All that he was for these types of loops was a simple mechanic. Nothing more spectacular that caught the eye of Jedi council or the Siths, and nothing less like a slave.

He did own his own garage, working on anything that came through his doors with a smile. Padme, his lovely wife, was still a senator but

not putting herself in danger. She was completely safe so he never did have to worry for her or his children.

Like most of the time, the married couple had adopted Ahsoka before they finally were able to conceive Luke and Leia, and raised all of them happily in their modest home above the garage that had enough room for all of them.

His face tugged upwards into a greater smile, remembering that his children didn't need to deal with Humanocentralism this time as things were really that peaceful.

But what was really warming his heart right now was what he watching right now and by how Luke and Ahsoka were reacting, barely holding back their own laughter, so were they.

Han looked at Leia, and then back at Padme, who had just finished her second cup of tea now, and then continued to prod into Han's life without any mercy.

For everything Anakin had done to his daughter's husband, Padme always managed to cause the man to squirm far more then the time he smiled at the boy.

Anakin just smiled at the wonderful loop he had, as for once, in a very long time, everything was just right.

10.1 Band snippets are oddly popular for some reason

10.2 These snips really got out of hand….and yes, the Dalek was one of the better ones

10.3 Shout out to a reviewer here

10.4 Yes, Han and Anakin are getting along. Trauma does bond people, after all

10.5 Never actually planned to do this, but character development is character development

10.6 Picked up the first seasons recently. Pretty good if I had to say so myself.

10.7 Padme was originally going to be the one to get Anakin and Han to be civil, by the way. EvilHumor beat me to it.

10.8 Recall Kamina-Bariss. This, is the opposite end of that spectrum

10.9 Where did those captions come from?

10.10 What was this even fused with?

10.11 Anakin's attempts to tolerate Clovis. Hey, if he can finally get along with Han…..

10.12 I like to experiment once in a while. Zoo Tycoon is underrated.

10.13 X-Wing series based snippet.

10.14 Remember 2.1, the snip with Anakin getting his Evangelion and freaking out about his mom's soul being in it (initially). This is the sequel to that, very distant of course, with Gendo now looping post Billy. Oh, and to clear up any misunderstandings, there is no romance with Mayumi. Anakin just wanted to slash Gendo's face again. No one likes Gendo…..he was easily the worst parent in the loops until Ragyo came around (of course, she isn't looping)

10.15 Yub Yub, Yubbity Yub

10.16 I've wanted something to address that excellent special for so long. I personally liked it a lot

10.17 Why not end this comp on a good note for a change. No cliffhangers, no lost loopers, no sacrificed droids. Just, nice, happy, thoughts.

Chapter 11

So, a shorter one that was going to be part of the last chapter, but there was simply too much of it. Enjoy

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11.1A (Evilhumour)

Revan looked at Shepard, and then at the pamphlet in her hands.

"A support group for gender lost loopers?" She asked, raising an eyebrow at other female looper. "That's a thing?"

"Revan, there's a group for *everything* these days," thumbing behind her, the Sovereign entered meeting room titled 'So you encountered Pinkie Pie and you wish to get your mojo back? Villains only, drinks and snacks provided inside. No Pinkie Pies allowed.' "So you're in?"

Revan rolled her eyes, shrugging her shoulders. "Eh, why not. Might convince other people that I *actually* exist. Did you know that Gendo's kid, that 07, *still* doesn't believe in me?"

"Can't hurt to try sister." Shepard laughed, walking in the meeting room titled: 'So the world tree flubbed your gender code and you wish to deal with it. Gender optional loopers only, drinks and snacks provided inside. No Slaaneshs allowed.'

11.1B (Leviticus Wilkes)

Meanwhile, a short distance away, Stoick the Vast and Gendo Ikari shared a surprised (and in Stoick's case, disgusted) look when they bumped into each other outside of the "Anchor-Parent Support Group."

11.1C (Evilhumour)

"Gentlemen," Anakin tapped the gavel on the podium, forcing them look at the angry looking man with brown hair. "Remembers the rules; no killing each other here and you only get one free kidney punch."

11.1D (Xomniac)

Gendo made to protest...

SLAM! "GAH!"

When all the air in his lungs whoofed out of him as he doubled over the warhammer buried in his gut.

"He ain't dead, but that *sure* was satisfyin'." Stoick chuckled.

11.1E (Leviticus Wilkes)

"Now now, ladies and gentlemen," Tenzin said. "We mustn't be too hasty to come to blows: Anakin never specified whether or not he meant one kidney punch per puncher, or punchee."

Anakin pointed at Tenzin with his gavel. "It's one punch per puncher."

Gendo felt a sinking feeling in his gut as the assembled mothers and fathers began eyeing him dangerously. "Everyone, In my defense, I don't know any of you."

11.2 (Me and Hvulpes)

"You'll never get away with this Skywalker!" Mace Windu shouted in fury, fellow council members Mundi, Yoda and Kenobi bound together with him via rope on a boat of some sort as the mutinous Tatooine native yawned dramatically.

"Yeah yeah, look my wife wants to spend some quality time with me, and by the Force I'm going to give her it. This is merely a preventative measure to keep you from bothering us"

"And what exactly do you think tying us up in a cheap raft is going to accomplish? When we get out of here, you are going to be punished for this, as well as your breaking of the attachment code."

Anakin's grin was rather sinister as he pressed a button on the side of the artificial tunnel, starting up the current that began moving the raft away from them.

"Oh, you won't be up to much anything after a full day in here" he chuckled.

Obi-Wan stirred, before he heard a distant choir of music, and gulped "Oh dear", as the music began to hit them.

"It's a galaxy of laughter, a galaxy of tears

It's a galaxy of hopes and a galaxy of fears

There's so much that we share that it's time we're aware

It's a small galaxy after all..."

Anakin flinched in sympathy for the poor smucks, but hey, his Wife wanted a Walt Dooku world vacation, and he was going to give it to her.

Who knows, maybe this loop would the loop he had been waiting for...

"I saw what you did to the Jedi, young Skywalker."

Anakin turned to see Palpatine behind him.

Before the potential Sith Lord could speak, Darth Sidious feel to his knees before Anakin and said, "What is thy bidding, my master?"

Anakin chucked the would be destroyer of democracy into the water via the force before he went off to go find his wife.

11.3

Anakin, for some reason trapped in his young body in a single room, and only a single room (The doors were locked and he didn't have a keyblade on him), with only a single television and one of those 'game console' things (X-Station 1? PlayBox 4? Mee U?), stared at the little figure in his hand in somewhat morbid interest.

It was some cutesy, plastic model of Solo.

Shaking the figure in his hands idly, Anakin really had no idea what this was supposed to be.

It wasn't a action figure, it wasn't poseable. It wasn't a figurine, it lacked detail.

It seemed, almost the sort of thing he'd give one of his grandchildren as a toy when they were young.

Of course, he'd never be so cruel as to give them a Solo...thing.

Idly he looked around again, before noticing more of those figures all by the console.

Plastic versions of Leia, Luke, R2, Obi-Wan, Antilles, that Lando fellow...

Hmmm...was this connected to the console somehow?

Noting the controller and the power button on the archaic entertainment device, Anakin decided to experiment with just what would happen if he turned it on...

"...Why do we look so, weird"

Han summed up the big question that was currently going through the minds of himself, Luke, Leia, Wedge, Obi-Wan, R2 and 3P0 in a cartoony version of Bespin.

"Hmmm, variant loop perhaps. Might be some variant of that Lego variant?" Wedge suggested.

Leia observed her hand idly at that one "No..it's not a lego loop"

Their thoughts on the situation the group had found themselves in were suddenly erased as giant words emblazoned in the sky above them in dark red letters

TOYBOX MODE, ACTIVATED

"I have a bad feeling about this" Obi-Wan understated as a dozen Wampa's appeared around Han, the thirteen of them (Wampa and Smuggler) suddenly was teleported onto a replica of the Death Star 2.

"Yeah, no kidding!" Han gulped, all alone and surrounded by big hairy monsters.

11.4 (Kris Overstreet)

The late ping had come while the Millenium Falcon was playing hide-and-seek with the Star Destroyer fleet that had launched the strike on Hoth.

Thus, when the door opened to the Bespin dining hall to reveal Darth Vader, Han Solo was not surprised by the absence of Boba Fett. Obviously Vader was Awake...

... but Han wasn't going to give up on the moment he'd looked forward to all Loop, just because of a petty technicality.

With his best quickdraw speed he reached to his gun belt, grabbed, drew, and flicked his wrist with absolute precision.

Vader looked down to his own belt just in time to see his lightsaber get yanked out of its pocket by the long leather whip.

Han, holding the whip handle in one hand and the lightsaber in the other a moment later, shrugged and grinned. Leia, standing beside him, rolled her eyes. Lando, not Awake and with his hand still on the door controls, stared in total confusion.

The lightsaber floated out of Han's hand and back across the dining table to Vader. "You couldn't pull that trick again in a million Loops," the Dark Lord said, sounding much more Anakin-y than usual for this late in his timeline.

"Maybe not," Han agreed. "Wanna let me try taking it from your hand? I've got three or four of these from my last Loop, so frying one won't be too great a loss, right?"

"Yeah, why not?" Vader nodded, igniting the saber and holding it out over the table.

"AFTER dinner," Leia said pointedly, nodding to the fully laden table between the two. "Honestly. Men."

Sheepishly Han and Vader put away their toys and moved towards their seats, while Lando called for extra wine... make that brandy... no, make that strong whiskey…

11.5 (Crisis)

Anakin held his lightsaber in front of him warily. General Grievous being replaced by someone he'd never heard of was one thing. Actually seeing what looked like a young girl in a black and beige armored sundress in command of the Separatist droid army was another altogether. Facing her down in the middle of her current command ship was... surreal.

"Are you... *her* ?" the disturbingly lifelike girl droid, as lifelike as Blues had been when he visited come to think of it, asked with an insane grin as every single danger sense Anakin had picked up in the Loops screamed at him to run for his life. Only the fact that his precognitive

abilities were screaming just as loudly that bad things would happen if he tried kept him rooted to the spot.

"Her?" Anakin asked with not a little confusion. He was his normal male self this Loop after all.

"The one I need to kill," the girl droid said with a disturbing gleam in her eye. "To rend, tear, and torture until she begs for a mercy that will never come. Are you sure you're not her? Maybe her brother perhaps?"

"I... really don't know who you're talking about," Anakin resisted the urge to take a step back. "Maybe if you tell me their names?"

"I don't know her name..." the girl general giggled creepily. "Only that she exists somewhere and that she has a brother..."

"I can't really help you find them if you don't know who they are," Anakin stalled.

"Oh, well," the droid girl sighed dramatically before grinning maniacally. "I guess I'll just have to kill and torture everyone to be sure! It'll be so much fu–"

"General Waltz!" a droid soldier came running up. "General Waltz! We have intru–*skrzzt*"

Anakin blinked as the droid fell in several pieces from the lightsaber blades that had suddenly sprouted from the girl droid's *fingers* .

"What have I told you idiots about interrupting me when I'm in the middle of killing someone?!" the girl screeched before turning back to a thoroughly creeped out Anakin and igniting lightsaber blades from her other fingers as well. "Now, where were we? Oh, yes, I was about to tell you that if you really wanted to live you should start running for your–*skrzzt*"

Anakin stared in horrified confusion as the girl droid cut *her own face* with one of her finger-sabers.

"WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT WARNING THE VICTIMS?!" she screeched at herself. "YOU DON'T WARN MY PRECIOUS MEWLING PLAYTHINGS AWAY AND I SOMETIMES PRETEND YOU DON'T EXIST!"

Anakin's resistance against his instincts failed as he finally took a step back, which caused the crazed girl droid to refocus on him, the neon pink 'W' in her helmet flaring with ominous light.

"WHO SAID YOU COULD LEAVE?!" she screamed and flung one hand and all five energy blades emitting from it in his direction, the blades lengthening to score the armored walls of the hallway as she swung.

'Shit!' Anakin panicked as he jumped, curled up, and used the Force to push the energy blades up and down to create a gap he could fit through as they passed. His hair and the soles of his boots were singed, but he wasn't a few feet shorter on either end. He brought his own lightsaber around to block the next set with a downswing even as he used the Force to push himself up and over them. *'I hate full modulation lightsabers enough when there's just one of them!'*

And then he spotted the even more crazed and excited expression of General Waltz's face as she spun back around for another pass and his spirits sunk.

The assault was relentless and devastating. At least to the poor ship corridor they were in as deep molten gouges were carved into it with every missed, blocked, and deflected strike of General Waltz's, but the girl droid general didn't seem to care about the collateral damage to her own ship as she kept up the assault.

Anakin's mind was racing as much as the situation allowed. Most of his energy was being spent not getting diced to little smoldering bits in the next moment which left precious little to formulate a plan or try

and counterattack. Any time he moved to try and turn the flow of battle, his danger sense, precognition, and survival instincts all screamed him back on the defensive. And forget trying some of the more powerful stuff he'd picked up. Much of it needed at least a moment of concentration that he couldn't afford, and some of the best stuff (most of which could have turned the entire ship into vapor easily) practically needed a heartfelt speech or a few seconds to charge up which was emphatically out of the question right then.

And then, practically through sheer chance, he spotted his looping apprentice charging up behind General Waltz with a massive swirling ball of chakra flames in her hand.

"Take this you monster!" Ahsoka prepared to strike.

"Snips, no!" Anakin yelled as his padawan jumped into the air and angled the swirling orb of flames for a downward blow.

"RASEN–"

Ten finger-mounted lightsaber blades flashed through the spot occupied by Ahsoka and the fire-based Rasengan variant exploded to incinerate the girl's remains before Anakin had even finished registering the sight.

General Waltz hadn't even turned around.

"Ooops..." the insane droid girl grinned. "Was she important to you? A student? A friend? A lover? A daughter perhaps? I always forget to ask that before I kill precious people..."

'Yes, yes, a few Loops I try not to think about, and YES you unholy blight on creation!' Anakin's face twisted with fury as Dark Side Force Lightning arced over his body.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! THAT'S THE LOOK I LOVE TO SEE! FURY AND ANGUISH!" Waltz cackled as she charged again. "LET IT BE THE LAST THING YOU EVER FEEL!"

Anakin roared in anguished fury as he charged to meet her head-on.

Anakin awoke to the all-too-familiar sound of mechanically assisted breathing and looked around. This... wasn't the chamber where Palpatine told him Padme was dead. Nor was it one of his chambers after the Empire had been formally acknowledged.

Raising his arm up, he noted that as Darth Vader he most certainly didn't normally wear white.

"Where...?" the familiar deep voice he was more familiar with than he liked asked.

"Easy Anakin," the gentle voice of Obi-Wan made itself known as the decidedly younger version of the man entered Anakin's view. "You've been through a lot. You almost didn't make it."

"Obi-Wan... I..." Anakin choked as what happened came back to him. It was still the same Loop, which meant Obi-Wan wasn't Awake and Ahsoka was still... "General Waltz... She... she got Snips..."

"Oh, Ani..." Padme's shocked gasp made his heart hurt even more. "I'm so sorry..."

"Do you remember what happened?" Obi-Wan asked.

"No... I..." Anakin tried to think, but everything after Ahsoka had died was a roar of rage and sorrow. "She got Snips... I... I lost it... and then... here..."

"Hmm..." Obi-Wan frowned in his classic manner. "Then we have a problem... When we found the ship adrift, you were the only thing even remotely alive on it. All of the droids, the crew, and everything else was carved to pieces but no sign of General Waltz was found."

"We can't..." Anakin tried to sit up, only for his vision to swim.

"Easy Ani," Padme lowered him back down gently. "You're nowhere near recovered."

"Indeed," Obi-Wan nodded. "We'll put a stop to General Waltz and whatever she or the Separatists have planned, but for now you need to rest and recover.

Anakin reluctantly heeded their concern, vowing to himself that by the time this Loop was over, Waltz would be put down like the madwoman she was.

11.6

Mara Jade had little knowledge of her past: looping had not helped her connect with her past.

She had no idea why, perhaps it was just like what happened with Yoda's species.

In her time, during loops where she did not start out as the Emperor's Hand, she had been many things. She had looped as a diplomats daughter, a crime lords princess, the daughter of scientists and generals, and even once the daughter of a Astromech and a Gundark.

She had a long drink with CatDog after that loop.

It really didn't bother. Sure, she'd love to know her past, but she didn't want to dwell on it like Logan did.

It wasn't like she lost the memories, like the case was with that 'bub, nor with the case of the Ketchum's patriarch. She never had them to begin with.

It was the best way to look at things anyway.

This loop, though, she was but a 10 year old street urchin on some mid level planet that she wasn't sure existed in baseline.

Grumble Grumble

And damn...she was hungry.

One of these days she had to remember to staff vast amounts of food in her subspace pocket (perhaps next visit to Hogwarts).

Come to think of it, could you staff food in a subspace pocket? Or did that only work with twinkies...

A ping suddenly rang, followed by the sound of T.I.E fighters.

"You know, I know I promised you a date after how busy the two of us were last loop" the nearly 12 year old Luke Skywalker noted as Mara began devouring the meal he had ordered for the two of them on a picnic table in the local park "This...isn't how I imagined it would be. Ideally, the two of us would have gone through puberty for one thing..."

The meal had vanished by the time Mara responded "Sorry, I haven't eaten in days this loop."

Luke smiled sadly at his wife as he patted her back gently "My apologies. I haven't been able to go looking for you, or anyone, for a while. See, this is a variant loop where a non-looping version of my dad is raising Leia and I as the future emperors of the Galaxy."

Mara looked at Luke with some dread. Non-looping version of their father could be...risky. The slightest change in baseline could make them either saints, or horrors. It really depended on what parts of his mind were damaged by the dark side and/or the lava.

"He's not doing a half-bad job" Luke alleviated her concerns "This isn't a Galen Marek variant him. However, he has made some

questionable calls" at Mara's curious/worried glance, he elaborated "As of now, he has not decided if I or Leia will inherit the empire. So, he's decided to test us" Luke gestured to the Stormtroopers doing a really poor job of being subtle in their presence "He gave the two of us each a Venator under our command and told us to go out and do something with it."

Mara looked at her husband in shock "He gave 12 year olds..."

"I never said my father is a model parent this loop, just a decent one all things considered. I mean, sure, it's probably better than just giving the empire to me because I'm the boy, but he's not going to be winning any parenting awards for it. Last I heard, Leia apparently went off to go capture Hondo Ohnaka and may or may not have forced Tarkin to kneel before her" Leia honestly unnerved him this loop. Half the time she seemed like a imperialistic nutcase who had a kneeling fetish that made Zod look chaste, and the other half it felt like she was flirting with him.

Why did his sister have to go through so many radical personality shifts when raised by their unawake father and only him?

"Though I just might be winning this little contest, for coming home with my very own elite minion." Luke's cheeky voice made Mara smirk.

"And what makes you think I'm going to be your 'minion'?" the tone was somewhat not appropriate for a 10 year old girl.

"Well, there is this galaxy famous ice cream place I know of a few planets away I can use my status to get us ahead of the lines..."

"Sold"

…

11.7 (KrisOverstreet)

That Loop there were more pings than I could account for. Yuki, Asahina, and Koizumi all sent text messages. Haruhi, being even more energetic than any of them, actually called one minute after the usual 4:38 AM start of the Loop and spent over an hour blathering about the prospect of visiting Loopers. For the first time the SOS Brigade was going to play host to people from a whole other universe. I said maybe fifty words total in that whole conversation, all variants on *Please let me sleep* . Of course Haruhi disregarded them all.

Sure enough, there was a new faculty member on the stage during the first assembly of the school year. I was too far back to recognize him, but the light brown hair and thick beard marked him as a Westerner, probably an American of some sort.

Then we reported to our homeroom classes, where one of the minor annoyances of my life, Taniguchi, failed to appear. In his desk at the front of the row sat another Westerner, bright blond hair trimmed to a buzzcut except for a tiny braided lock dangling from his right temple.

"From Cibola High School, Yuma, Arizona, in the United States, Anakin Skywalker," he said when it came his turn to stand.

I couldn't suppress a grunt of surprise. My Loop memories said nothing about Star Wars this time around, but in baseline I'd seen all the movies, even the bad ones, at least once. If you were a child anywhere on Earth at that time, you knew about Star Wars.

Behind me I heard Haruhi gasp. I didn't need to turn and look; I already knew what the wide-eyed excited smile on Haruhi's face looked like. I'd learned to dread it. And now, so would someone else.

"My interests are swordfighting and repairing things. I'm looking forward to a quiet three years to learn and expand my horizons in your beautiful country. Thank you."

A moment later it came my turn to speak, and as usual I gave my proper name. "My friends, despite my wishes, insist on calling me

Kyon. My main interest is in keeping my sanity in the coming three years, despite the efforts of the girl behind me. If you are an alien, time traveler, or esper, give up hope now, because she will find you."

"Kyon! Don't say idiotic things like that!"

I don't fight the inevitable, but there's nothing that says I can't give others fair warning.

"Hmph!" As I sat down, Haruhi stood up. "From East Middle School, Haruhi Suzumiya. I have no interest in ordinary humans. For extraordinary humans I plan to form a club to seek out the mysteries of the universe and have fun with them! I'm especially seeking out quiet intelligent types, people who feel emotions deeply, and mysterious transfer students! Especially people who are all three!"

Skywalker turned in his seat to look back at Haruhi. To his credit, he was the last student in the class besides me who wasn't staring in complete shock at Haruhi. On the other hand, his face was definitely the most disbelieving.

I clapped my hands twice and sent up a silent prayer. Rest in peace, Anakin Skywalker. Your life ended the moment you were seen by Haruhi Suzumiya...

For once the first lunch bell of the Loop did not coincide with Haruhi's freakishly strong grip on my arm and a pell-mell rush down the hallway towards the old school building and the club rooms. Instead she left me to trail along behind as she tried to haul Skywalker out the classroom door and along the usual path.

"Hey! Leggo! What are you doing?"

Did I look that surprised and disoriented the first time Haruhi Suzumiya, frustrated with not finding an extraordinary club in the school, took the notion to make her own? Was I that helpless? Did the other students, even that creepy Asakura, give me the same pitying looks?

Only a handful of other students were in the hallway of the main building, and all of them had vanished by the time we got to the walkway to the old building. Skywalker didn't stop protesting the entire way.

"Why are you doing this? HOW are you doing this? I'm thirty centimeters taller than you at least!"

Up the stairs they went, with me following along behind.

"Look, if you don't cut it out I'm going to start getting upset! Bad things happen when I get up set! There are whole planets that can tell you how that ends up!"

Haruhi never answered, never said a word, just kept leading on until we came to the door of the literature club. Haruhi grabbed the knob, opened the door, and practically hurled Skywalker inside, dashing in behind him and leaving me to close the door behind me. It was that simple. But then, for Haruhi the impossible was always simple. It was the simple things that she found impossible.

Nagato, the ever-present sole member of the literature club, looked up from her book. I could just see the title: *The Hero of a Thousand Faces* by Joseph Campbell. Somehow she had known. Sitting in another corner, Asahina, the adorable, helpless second-year student, squirmed in another folding chair. "Ah, my older self- ahh!" Her eyes widened as she realized Haruhi wasn't the first person through the door. "Kyon-kun, who is this?"

Just as Skywalker was recovering his balance, Haruhi stood next to him and gestured in much the same way a game show hostess might point at some wonderful prize. "Starting from this day, Darth Vader is a member of the SOS Brigade!" she proclaimed.

"Whaaaaat?" Anakin Skywalker's eyes bulged. "What the hell are you talking about? Aren't you even going to ask?"

Save your breath. Nobody joins the SOS Brigade. We all get drafted.

"Ah, who's Darth Vader?" Asahina didn't seem to understand. Apparently the Star Wars movies hadn't survived until whatever future year she came from. I need to find some way to get her to a movie theater without Suzumiya thinking it's a date or anything like that. Or maybe I can talk her into making it a brigade activity.

"I prefer the name Anakin Skywalker," the Looping exchange student said firmly. "And if I join any club it's going to be the kendo club, just so I can spend every afternoon yanking Ben Kenobi's chain."

"Obi-Wan's here too?" Haruhi gasped.

"Science teacher," Nagato murmured, returning her attention to her book. "Homeroom 1-9."

"So Koizumi will have him for homeroom when he transfers! Excellent!" Haruhi began pacing up and down the club room. "Finally, a loop where we'll have a friendly faculty member to sponsor the SOS Brigade! This time we'll make the administration recognize us as a legitimate club! No more looking down on-" She stopped as she noticed Skywalker's hand on the doorknob. "Where are you going? I didn't say you could leave!"

"I told you, I'm not doing this," Skywalker insisted. "You're really beginning to annoy me. So unless you give me a good reason to-"

One moment Haruhi's hand was empty. The next it had a thing about as long as a Setsubun lucky sushi roll in her hand. Her thumb moved, and it hissed. A bright red bar of light extended from it.

Despite the added light source, the end of the room where Anakin stood suddenly seemed a little darker. "Where did you get that?" he growled.

That's enough of that. Someone has to stop this from getting any worse. The club room might get damaged, and then where will Asahina brew her tea?

"But it's just starting to get fun!" Haruhi protested huffily.

Remember the movie, Haruhi. There are limits, and you're about to hit them.

"Why do I keep you around, anyway?"

To lift your heavy bags, to clean up after your messes, and to apologize for you when you're being a monster, I didn't say. From the look in her eyes, though, she heard it all the same.

"Whatever!" she snapped. "Kyon, take our new member and explain the SOS Brigade to him. The rest of us need to make plans!"

Good grief. Well, whatever. You owe us each a lunch for this.

"Since when does the brigade chief pay penalties?"

Since the brigade chief is hosting guests. Or had you forgotten courtesy?

"Oh." Finally, at long last, something got through her enthusiasm. "Well." Getting through her pride was another matter. Anyone expecting an apology from her would have better luck waiting for Mt. Fuji to walk into the Inland Sea. "If I do make you lunches, it'll be because I felt like it, that's all! Now go straighten our new member out!"

"What is with her?" Skywalker asked as I closed the clubroom door behind us. "Is she insane or something?"

Oh, where to begin with a question like that? First, it's obvious we know about your home world.

"No kidding. I've met other Looper fans of mine. They tend not to be so demanding." Skywalker hesitated a moment before adding, "Well, the non-creepy ones, anyway. And where did she get that lightsaber? She didn't pull it from a subspace pocket. I could feel the

Force change suddenly when it appeared. It was like the world changed to include that lightsaber."

Well, that'll save some explanations.

"What? How?"

Or maybe not. It'd help if you'd ever visited Japan before in your Loops.

"I did. I had a wonderfully relaxing Loop here some time ago as a tourist. Saw all the sights, spent a lot of time in temples. It was very refreshing."

Oh? Did you ever go into the manga shops, then?

"Only once or twice. I wanted to see what your manga artists did with my world's stories."

That, and nothing else?

"Well... and to try out some new giant robot mangas I hadn't heard of before. Does the SOS Brigade have a giant robot?"

I had the horrible thought of the SOS Brigade piloting GoLion or something and shuddered. Haruhi in command of a giant robot team is something which should never happen. Of course, this being Haruhi and these being the Loops, it's probably inevitable.

Anyway, forget mangas for now, or light novels, or anime or radio plays or anything like that. Let's just stick to here and now. The world didn't change to create that lightsaber. Haruhi changed the world to do it.

"What?"

I explained, there in the empty hallway with as few words as possible, the original baseline run of our world: Haruhi Suzumiya as an unconscious god-or-something, Nagato, Asahina and the yet-to-

appear Koizumi as representatives of various supernatural factions- yes, an alien, a time traveler, and an esper- sent to observe Suzumiya- and myself, an innocent student swept up in the insanity. I didn't mention other agents from those factions- especially not Asakura. Let him find out about her for himself.

"So Haruhi's a reality warper, but she doesn't know it? Then how did she create that lightsaber?"

Baseline Haruhi doesn't know, and the rest of the Brigade works hard to keep her from finding out. But the Loops made that impossible the first time Haruhi visited a world where ours was published fiction- like your prior trip to Japan. So now she knows, and she has partial control over it.

"That's... disturbing." Skywalker leaned against the hallway wall and kicked one heel against his other toe. "How powerful are we talking about, exactly? Closer to Discord or Q?"

Our Admin says her subconscious managed to activate our Loop from the inside.

"That's impossible."

It is now, or so I'm told.

"How could your Loop survive?"

As far as I can tell, because she really wants it to survive. The only reason she doesn't Ascend right now is, she doesn't think it would be any fun.

"Yeaaah, no. I'm not buying any of this." Skywalker pushed himself away from the wall. "And I'm not playing along with it, either. If you think it's your job to keep a spoiled baby god entertained, fine, but leave me out of it. My home Loop is irritating enough, and I intend to enjoy this vacation, all right?"

Believe me, I wish you could.

I watched him walk way, thinking that the only thing Skywalker's resistance would do is wear his nerves out even faster. Once Haruhi really makes up her mind, one way or another, what she wants happens…

It took about a month for Koizumi to arrange to transfer to North High this time. That was a bit slower than usual for him when Awake; usually the Agency could arrange it in a matter of days. Koizumi offered a detailed explanation, but I didn't want to hear it, and thankfully neither did Haruhi. That's one thing we agree on; neither of us wants any more to do with bureaucracy than we have to, even second-hand. Anyway, that delay was probably half the reason her campaign to forcibly recruit Skywalker into the SOS Brigade didn't begin immediately.

The other half of her delay came because of her first-day introduction. Despite her reputation from middle school, and despite her complete lack of interest in what other people thought of her, Haruhi still drew people like a magnet. By the end of the second day of classes everyone had heard through her former schoolmates that she was a genuine genius, both academic and athletic, the One and Only. Even as eccentric as she was, people still wanted to be around her at that point, either to recruit her into their own "strange and interesting" clubs, or simply to be part of the group of "intelligent and sensitive" people Haruhi had said, on that first day, she wanted to seek out.

It took, coincidentally, about a month for North High, as a whole, to give up on Haruhi and to file her as hopelessly insane. Even then there were exceptions. Ryoko Asakura, of all people, defended Haruhi as an exceptional human being who would, one day, accomplish great things. (When other students tried to petition Haruhi to take her into the SOS Brigade she withdrew herself, saying, "I'm not the person Suzumiya is looking for." Touching, how well Asakura obeys orders from the Data Overmind.) Taniguchi, by whining to anybody and everybody about Haruhi's revolving-door

dating scene in middle school, actually made people feel a bit sorry for her. (Take your medicine, Mr. Five Minute Man.) And the computer club didn't have to be blackmailed this time- they actually volunteered a computer to the literary club and, to a man, pledged their loyalty to the SOS Brigade. (I managed to talk Haruhi into accepting, not that anyone appreciated the effort.)

Come to think of it, I think Koizumi mentioned the unusual number of closed-space incidents as being a reason for his delay. Considering how annoyed Haruhi was by all the interruptions, I wouldn't be a bit surprised. Work hard, Koizumi, because every self-important social climber in North High who bugs Haruhi is another Celestial for you and your esper friends to defeat.

Eventually Haruhi had managed to arrange the SOS Brigade to her satisfaction- Nagato's one-member literature club, the computer society, and a few people like Tsuruya and Kunikida who Haruhi just couldn't justify blocking from membership. She made it clear the SOS Brigade had an inner circle- the five of us from baseline, of course- and that even I, "Brigade Leader's Flunky #1," was owed obedience and loyalty from all members not part of the inner circle. When Koizumi arrived, and when Haruhi dropped him into his pre-reserved title of first lieutenant, the outer circle didn't even blink. Haruhi was Haruhi, and you either liked it or you didn't.

As I said, that took about a month. Golden Week was behind us by the time Haruhi dragged a large footlocker into the club room and declared, "Today we're taking back our own from the kendo club!"

The pronouncement brought half a minute of guffaws from Tsuruya. While most of the outer circle didn't have a clue what she was talking about, Tsuruya... well, she's a genius. She hadn't been there to see Skywalker get dragged out of classroom 1-5 at lunchtime on the first day, but she'd heard, and she'd remembered. She's almost as much a genius as Haruhi, though she acts silly enough that sometimes you forget. "So Haru-nyan's going after Anakins, is she?" she grinned. "Do we get to watch? Sounds like it'll be lots of fun, nyoro!"

(Tsuruya only talks that childishly when she's really amused... which means she does it quite a lot, come to think of it. Tsuruya in any Loop is a carefree, happy girl.)

Haruhi didn't answer Tsuruya at first. She pulled out one bundle of clothing after another from the footlocker and tossed them at us- me first, then Nagato, then Asahina, then Koizumi. The last bundle she kept for herself- a rainbow-splattered SOS Brigade keiko-gi with matching hakama. My bundle turned out to be the same, as did Nagato's. Asahina, on the other hand, got what was basically a geisha outfit, and Koizumi the elaborate robes of a feudal lord or Imperial courtier.

"Girls dress in here, boys in the computer room!" Haruhi decreed. "Tsuruya, we'll need your help in getting Asahina's kimono on." When the outer-circle members just stood and stared, she added, "We're challenging the kendo club to a duel! We have to dress the part, right? So if you're not helping dress, get out!"

Most of the outer-circle members scattered, but half of them- including the computer society president- returned wearing oendan jackets. As if this was a sports day event! So, is the SOS Brigade the white team, and the kendo club the red? (The computer society president had added a hachimaki head-wrap. It reminded me that I needed to remind Haruhi that she hadn't "created" the SOS Brigade logo yet this Loop. The president, the walking talking billboard for Stockholm syndrome this Loop, would doubtless have had a happi made with the logo instead of his family crest...)

Koizumi knew his way around his formal wear, so he and I were waiting in the hall when the three girls emerged. Nagato had supplemented her keiko-gi with a belt of hanafuda. Did Yuki feel like a warrior priestess? I didn't ask, but as the SOS Brigade marched for the gym where the kendo club was practicing, we of the inner circle clustered together, allowing me to whisper, "I don't know the first thing about swordfighting!"

"I still can't believe you were too lazy to learn in that Warring States Loop!" Haruhi whispered back severely.

I'd been a minor court lackey that Loop, not entitled to carry the sword and even less interested in trying. But for Haruhi that was no excuse.

"Lucky for you Yuki's Awake," she whispered. "She's going to do the baseball bat trick with a practice-sword. That should be enough for you to at least make a good showing."

"Adaptive homing mode," Nagato agreed.

I never even thought of trying to stop the parade. The best way to deal with Haruhi, even an Awake one who knows about her own power, is to avoid direct confrontation as much as possible. Try to stand like a brick wall, and you'll find out what it's like to meet a wrecking ball swung from a Sherman tank.

I confess it was entertaining to see the sparring matches come to an end as the SOS Brigade filed into the kendo club's dojo. Even though the armor and masks anybody could see the confusion and surprise of the members... well, all but two. The faculty sponsor, Mr. Kenobi, and our designated target, Anakin Skywalker, had been watching the door when we stepped through it. It's hard to surprise people who come from a galaxy far, far away.

Haruhi didn't spare a glance for the dumbfounded kendo club members. While the inner circle followed her and the outer circle spread around the edge of the room, she shouted, "The SOS Brigade hereby challenges the Kendo Club for the membership of Anakin Skywalker!"

"What? Don't I get a say in this?" Skywalker asked. His voice was light, but those eyes, even flickering at me for half a second, drilled straight through.

"Of course not!" Haruhi retorted. "Your rightful place is with the SOS Brigade, and I'm not going to let the kendo club waste any more of your time!"

Those piercing eyes narrowed. Afterwards, comparing notes with Kenobi, I learned that Skywalker had a lot of hot-button issues, and right at the top of the list was treating people as property. Haruhi didn't know it, but she'd just made sure that he'd never join the SOS Brigade voluntarily.

"Miss Suzumiya," Kenobi said quietly, "the kendo club does not barter its members like used comic books. Your presence disturbs the peace of this dojo. Please take your followers and depart."

Well said. I concurred one hundred percent, especially since it would save me some lumps from one or another of the kendo club, "adaptive homing mode" or not.

"So the kendo club turns its back on a duel of honor?" Haruhi retorted.

Kenobi would probably have done just that, given his preferences. So would Skywalker, no matter how much he personally wanted to wipe Haruhi's self-confident grin from her face. But the rest of the club looked... uncertain. Uncomfortable.

And then one still in full armor stepped forward, raising her face mask to say, "What are your terms?"

It was Asakura. Of course the knife-obsessed alien would be part of the kendo club.

"Best two of three matches," Haruhi replied. "Each match, best two out of three strikes. Itsuki Koizumi and any two kendo club members to judge."

Asakura smiled that vicious little smile that never failed to terrify me. "For my part, those terms are acceptable," she said. "I claim the

honor of the first match."

Nagato took a shinai from the rack. "I shall be your opponent," she said.

"It seems foreordained," Asakura said, her smile becoming a bit less vicious and more... wistful? Asakura knew about the Loops through the Data Overmind, which shared all Nagato's memories from prior Loops. She also knew how she ended up- deactivated, put "on standby mode" by the Data Overmind, essentially ceasing to exist until needed for special tasks... always by Nagato's action.

Kenobi shook his head. "So be it," he said. "Armor for Ms. Nagato, please."

I still wonder if any of the normal humans could feel the tension in the room. Koizumi told me he could sense it, in much the same way he could sense Haruhi's moods. To me it seemed like two vast powers, bitter rivals since time began, had clothed themselves in toddler's clothes and decided to play war in a sandbox. It certainly didn't look like much. For half a minute neither girl moved. Then, each time, Asakura would shout a kiai, lunge forward with incredible speed, and...

... the first time, scored an unopposed point on Nagato's left chest. Yuki never even moved.

The second time, Nagato blocked the blow to her head with an upswing so swift it knocked Asakura's shinai out of her hand, leaving her defenseless to Nagato's tap against the side of her head.

The third time Asakura lunged for a stabbing blow, and Nagato spun round in a move I've seen more in swashbuckling movies than in kendo. Asakura's blade slid past Nagato's, leaving the class 1-5 president open for the quick slap to the ribs Nagato administered in passing.

Just like that- one, two, three- it was over.

"Great job, Yuki!" Haruhi shouted, slapping the alien on her back, ignoring the padded armor. "Take a break, you've earned it!" She shoved me forward and said, "Get your armor on, Kyon! You're next!"

"Is he?" Asakura's mask was still on, but I could see that smile. "I would be greatly honored to test his skills."

"No thank you." Skywalker was pulling on his armor. "I claim the right to fight for my own destiny."

Asakura bowed meekly and stepped back from the crease.

As a spectator watching Nagato and Asakura face off, the tension had been incredible, even to an ordinary person like myself. Being in the center of it, being a direct part of it, added another zero to the energy level. From where I stood the taller, more athletic Skywalker towered over me like a suffocating shadow. Meanwhile, the shinai in my hand felt like... well, like a bamboo sword. During the baseball tournament the magic bat never felt any different whether Nagato had "homing mode" turned on or off, not until you discovered that it was swinging you, rather than you it.

But when I compared notes with Kenobi afterwards, he told me that the sword looked like someone had used the Force to make a bow knot that was also a Moebius strip and a Klein bottle at the same time. For him and Skywalker, the thing was hard to even look at- just as unsettling to them as Skywalker was to me. Maybe that should make me feel better, but all I can think is: Jedi Knight or Sith Lord, either way, Nagato scares them half to death.

There was no thirty-second pause before action in this fight. The instant the referees dropped their flags Anakin was on the charge, shouting again and again, swinging his shinai back and forth and overhead, simply overwhelming my defenses. *Adaptive homing mode* only lasted five seconds before the two kendo club referees raised their flags to award first point. I didn't even notice the blow until I saw Skywalker's shinai pressed against my right side, tucked under my own sword.

After that it was a bit more even, but please don't ask me to explain what happened. My arms, and even once or twice my whole body, moved by themselves, faster than I could even think. Anakin shouted, and I may have shouted too, once or twice, definitely not screams. I remember two distinct times when one or the other of the kendo club's referees raised a flag to award me a point, but the other referee didn't agree. Neither did Koizumi, the traitor.

And then, after more time than I care to think about, Kenobi shouted, "TIME! Winner: Skywalker!"

"What?" Haruhi charged forward. "You can't just end the match like that!"

"This match has already gone longer than tournament rules permit," Kenobi replied calmly. "Skywalker has one undisputed point. Your team member has none. Therefore Skywalker wins."

Fine by me. The shinai clattered out of my numb, shaking hands onto the floor, which got me dirty looks from the entire kendo club. Good grief, it's not my club, and it's not my traditions of respect for even practice weapons. If you banned me from your dojo, I'd be as happy as you people.

"Terribly sorry," Koizumi whispered in my ear as he helped me take off the armor. "But the blades were going so fast I simply couldn't see the blows to count them. And I think you'll agree that, since we are the visiting team here, we must be absolutely honest and above-board? With, that is, the exception of the baseball bat?"

I wanted to say something back, but he was using my own frequent line of argument against me, so all I could do was growl at him as I sat on a bench.

"So," Skywalker said, facing Haruhi, "who will face me for the deciding match?"

"Well," Haruhi said, that arrogant smirk back on her face, "it falls to the master to make up for the apprentice's failings! I shall be your opponent!"

Since when have you taught me anything?

Haruhi picked up my shinai from the floor, and instantly both Kenobi and Skywalker took a step back. I could imagine what was going on in their minds that moment, and what little they told me afterwards confirmed it. The instant her hand touched the practice sword, Nagato's power left it, and it was an ordinary shinai again. But at that same moment Haruhi's power flared, strong enough that Koizumi's eternal pleasant smile slipped for several seconds. In that moment the two visiting Loopers were looking at what must have seemed like the Dark Side incarnate; unlimited cosmic power focused by indomitable will to a single purpose, namely sending to the floor anyone fool enough to face that will in the crease.

As Skywalker put it later: "When the Force is against a Jedi, the Jedi must either bow to its will or fall. And in this case, the Force was in the hands of a teenage girl and telling me, in so many words, 'Prepare to get your butt whipped.'"

What he actually said at the time, with a broader smile than he ought to have used, was: "Oh, well, if it's a case of master after apprentice, then you should fight my teacher instead. Isn't that right... Master Kenobi?"

Kenobi had looked pretty grim from the moment we'd entered, but now he looked absolutely stern. Every member of the kendo club had their eyes glued on him. "We will discuss this when we get home, Anakin," he growled, surrendering to the inevitable.

"I'm sure we will, Master," Skywalker said, still grinning. "Could the match wait long enough for someone to make popcorn?"

The following Saturday found us at that cafe across from the train station in the shopping district. I was feeling smug; Skywalker had

arrived two minutes after me, and so for once I wouldn't be the one paying for everyone's drinks and meals.

"This is definitely not an excuse for you to have fun and goof off!" Haruhi said sternly over her coffee. "The boys will take the park, we girls will take the shopping district. If anyone sees something strange and unusual, report to the others at once so we can investigate!"

We've done this a thousand times, Haruhi. We're not going to find anything stranger than the six people sitting in this booth.

"This could be a variant Loop, and we haven't discovered the change yet!" Haruhi insisted. "Or there could be a stealth Looper like the ones that unicorn friend of yours told you about! And it's part of the SOS Brigade Executive Committee's duties to seek out the strange and unusual and to play with them!"

Yeah, yeah, good grief.

Haruhi's cell phone rang. She held it up, looked at it, and then looked across the table to Nagato, who held her own phone up with one hand while pointing at Skywalker with the other.

"You know what I meant, Yuki," she grumbled. "Strange and unusual... besides the six of us. We can explore our own weirdness at school during club time!"

"Why am I here again?" Skywalker sighed.

Because if you try to get away, she'll find some other way to bring you back. It's how this world works.

"I don't think I'm going to like this world," Skywalker murmured.

"That's all!" Haruhi, ignoring our quiet exchange, stood up from the booth. "Kyon, this is Skywalker's first patrol, and besides we should show courtesy to our guests, right? So you're paying in his place!"

"Er, that's all right," Skywalker said, "I don't mind-"

No, no, let me. Some fates you just can't escape, and an empty wallet in my pocket is definitely one of those.

"Why are we driving to Kobe?" Anakin Skywalker leaned up from the taxi's back seat to question Koizumi, who had been forced to sit beside Arakawa this time. The cab simply wasn't large enough for three people in the back when one of them was a tall, broad-shouldered blonde Jedi Master turned exchange student from the United States.

"The thing we wish to show you is there," Koizumi replied. "I thought it might help motivate you to be a little less confrontational with Haruhi."

Yeah, that. Besides, confronting Haruhi is my job. Second bananas need not apply.

"You know perfectly well I'm only going along with your little club under protest," Skywalker complained. "Is this about my refusing to train Mikuru in lightsaber dueling? Believe me, if there's a human less attuned to the Force than Mikuru Asahina, I've yet to meet him."

"That does have something to do with it," Koizumi said agreeably, "but I think today's little adventure was prompted by your declaration of refusal to take the SOS Brigade to Tranquility Base. You really shouldn't have mentioned those shuttlecraft in your subspace pocket."

"I am not a piece of playground equipment for a spoiled demigoddess!" Skywalker insisted. "Why doesn't she just take you to the moon herself, if she's all this powerful?"

"Haruhi's control over her abilities is... rudimentary," Koizumi said with careful consideration. "Little things like creating that lightsaber take a lot of practice. Mostly her power does things according to her subconscious wishes."

"So what?" Skywalker asked. "She wakes up one morning and there's a spaceship in her driveway?"

Koizumi winced. "Never so straightforward," he said, "and often not so... constructive. Have you any idea what lurks repressed in the dark corners of a person's mind?"

Skywalker slumped back in the car seat. For a moment the shadows across his face seemed to form the image of a very familiar mask. "I've got a mild notion, yes."

"Ah, of course. Pardon my presumption."

I felt a bit of sympathy for Skywalker. I've been on the receiving end of Koizumi's smarmy play-acting for longer than I care to think about closely. I had to admit, though, that my point of view was closer to the esper's than to the Jedi's. I knew what we were going to look at, and the gentle reminder of Skywalker's darker nature was probably a good step towards preparing him for it.

So long as he didn't push Skywalker into going full Vader on us. I like my limbs where they are, thank you, and my larynx doesn't need any downward size adjustment.

As we left the expressway for the city streets of downtown Kobe, Skywalker shifted in his seat. "I sense something," he said. "That... that's really strange."

"Oh, do you?" Koizumi looked back from his seat, and this time his fake-cheerful smile was mostly absent. "It may interest you to know that I sense the same thing. And you're right, it is most strange indeed." Looking more serious and thoughtful than usual, he said, "It may be worth an experiment, if you'd be so kind as to cooperate. I promise you this is not for my entertainment. This may seriously affect you."

I could tell Skywalker was barely even listening. "The feeling's getting stronger," he said. He pointed a finger. "It's coming from that

direction. What is it?"

"It is easier to show you than to explain it," Koizumi said.

"Better to say," I said, "it's easier to understand the explanation once you've seen it. Which doesn't mean you'll understand it at all. It still surprises me sometimes."

The cab stopped, letting us off at the curb half a block down from an all too familiar intersection near the center of Kobe's downtown district. "This way," Koizumi said, leading us to the crosswalk, where we waited for the signal.

"Now, here's the experiment," Koizumi said. "When the walk signal lights up, start across the crosswalk, close your eyes, and head towards the center of the disturbance. Concentrate on moving towards the disturbance. I'll be right behind you, bringing Kyon along. He can't get where we're going without an invitation, you might say."

I might say, keep your lame efforts at humor to yourself. Otherwise I might slap you in the gut and say, "Gimme a break!"

Anakin, his face a mixture of worry and curiosity, silently nodded. The moment the crosswalk sign changed, his foot hit the pavement. His eyes closed, and he kept walking forward, allowing the normal people in the crosswalk to part around him like waves around a boat.

"It's time," Koizumi said, grasping my hand and pulling me after Skywalker. "Close your eyes."

I didn't get to see Skywalker make the transition, but when Koizumi told me to open my eyes he was there in front of us. We were the only three humans in sight, when a moment before the crosswalks had been crowded with hundreds of people. The afternoon sky had been replaced by a solid, featureless steel gray.

"What is this?" Skywalker asked.

"Welcome to closed space," Koizumi said. "You didn't believe Kyon when he tried to tell you about Haruhi's power. So we brought you here to see direct proof. Now follow me, please, and quickly. I'll try to explain on the way up."

I'm used to long climbs, thanks to that monster hill between the train station and North High, but nothing will get me to enjoy the climb up all those flights of stairs to the roof of that office building. For Koizumi and Skywalker, of course, it wasn't any effort at all, and those two were able to keep up a conversation even as I trailed behind.

"Are you trying to tell me," Skywalker said as we climbed out the roof access door, "that Suzumiya is powerful enough to create an entire universe every time she gets pissed off?"

"Not exactly," Koizumi said. "Closed space might be considered, from one interpretation, as a universe in embryo. If allowed to expand it would eventually destroy and replace the existing universe. But generally speaking closed space only arises when Haruhi is feeling frustrated with the world. Simple anger or boredom don't trigger the effect."

"You're quibbling over details. Does Haruhi intend to remake the universe right now?"

"Almost certainly not. This is the method her subconscious mind uses to let off some steam. My colleagues and I, the espers of this world, were granted our powers by Suzumiya specifically to keep closed space in check."

"I don't get it, though," Skywalker said. "So all of a sudden the sky's gray and all the people are gone. Big deal. What's destructive about this?"

"That," Koizumi said, pointing to a spot half a kilometer off, where what looked like a patch of night sky was taking humanoid form.

"That is a Celestial," Koizumi said. "Or at any rate that's what my organization calls them. Watch."

I'd seen this show before. I'd seen Celestials that moped. I'd seen Celestials save lives. I'd even seen Celestials dancing to immense taiko drums crafted from half-destroyed buildings. Most of the time, however, Celestials smashed things, and this was no different. One glowing star-speckled limb slammed into a twelve-story building, tearing off a large chunk from one corner.

"It's rather like taking one's frustrations out on a punching bag," Koizumi said. "Except the scale is, I admit, rather larger than usual."

"You've got to be kidding," Skywalker groaned. "You were telling me the truth. Your universe could be destroyed at any moment because of a teenage girl's... hissy fit!" He threw his hands into the air, shouting, "And this girl is a Looper? And she knows about her powers? Why doesn't she stop doing this? Why does she keep putting your existence in danger?"

"I can explain that," a new voice chirped from behind us.

Out of the stairway access door stepped a short girl, slightly younger than us, wearing a North High school uniform that was about a size too big. Close-cut brown hair held a large smiley-button decoration on the left side of her head. "It's me," she said, one bright eye winking.

"Who are you?" Skywalker asked.

"I told you. Watahashi."

Don't make bad puns, Watahashi. "This is Yasumi Watahashi," I explained. "You can think of her as the incarnation of Haruhi's subconscious. She's everything she doesn't let herself know about."

Anakin made a face of utter disbelief. "Whaaaaat?"

"That's not exactly true," Watahashi said, "but it'll do for now. I'm here to answer your question, Skywalker-san."

"Then I shall leave you to it," Koizumi said. "My colleagues, as ever-"

"No, Koizumi-san," Watahashi said. "Suzumiya has given Skywalker-san the powers of your group. You should help him practice after I'm done."

Skywalker looked about as baffled as I'd ever seen him, before or since. "Could you please just explain what you're all talking about?"

Watahashi grinned. "I'll tell you a little bit of a story," she said. "Imagine a very powerful being, technically able to sense and change anything and everything about the world in which it lived. And that being chose to keep these abilities hidden from itself, because it's more fun that way. And yet, that being still had to be able to take action to prevent certain things from endangering its world, and particularly those it felt affection for, so its powers had to be able to operate without its limited conscious knowledge. Do you follow me so far?"

"I... guess so," Skywalker said doubtfully.

"Now, imagine this being subconsciously looking at itself, at its universe, and noticing something slightly wrong. Time isn't flowing quite right. There seems to be a hiccup here," Watahashi held one hand flat on its side, "and here." Her other hand paralleled the first, measuring out an arbitrary distance between them. "This being has the ability to alter time within its own world, and it knows the signs of a time loop, right? But this one seems to come in out of nowhere and go off to nowhere. And the being doesn't remember anything beyond the current Loop, not at any level of its consciousness." She pointed to me and said, "Kyon knows what I'm talking about here."

Endless summer. It's not just an expression for the SOS Brigade. In baseline it was damn near 600 years, though while Looping we keep

it down to a sane five or six months. And it doesn't affect our memory anymore, thankfully.

"So, imagine this being, which has a dim idea of the Loops but no direct knowledge," Watahashi continued. "But that's not the only hint. There are occasional... traces, kind of... it's not the right word, echoes might be closer. The being can't prove that people from other universes have been visiting in each Loop, but it can extrapolate from the echoes. And thus it learns that there are other universes, other people to meet and explore and play with and other fun things.

"But the being's world isn't Looping by itself. It's only activated when someone from outside comes in to visit. So, from the viewpoint of someone outside the being's world, it takes a very, very, very long time for it to figure things out. And then it forgets it all at the end of a Loop, right? But the next time it figures it out faster, because the evidence is just a little bit stronger. And the next time, faster, and the next time, even faster. Eventually it goes from, 'Hm, that looks like a time loop with loose ends, that's funny,' all the way to, 'There's something big and fun outside this world, and I'm not allowed to play,' in less than a day."

I looked up to see half a dozen glowing red balls- other members of Koizumi's Agency- and the Celestial watching and listening to Watahashi's story. I wasn't expecting an audience for this.

"So imagine the being, knowing about this, and looking for a way out. And then, one day, something breaks. I mean, really, really breaks, really badly."

"The Crash," Anakin said. "An entire universe wiped out of existence, even from memory. A lot of other universes badly damaged. And every loop crashed, glitched or frozen until the Admins picked up the pieces."

Watahashi nodded. "And in the confusion, the being finds a tiny crack in the universe, and pokes a bit of itself through to see what's on the other side."

"WHAT?" Anakin rushed forward and grabbed Watahashi by the upper arms, lifting her up to face level. "Are you telling me you ASCENDED? What were you THINKING?"

"Eeeeh, that it'd be fun?" Watahashi said. "The being poked a little bit of itself through. It wasn't that difficult. And it found a system, worked out how to tweak it- again, not that difficult- and set it up so that the tweak would happen the very instant it pulled itself back into its home world."

"But you can't DO that!" Anakin gasped, setting Watahashi back down so he could gesticulate freely. "I've heard what happened to Madoka's world! There is nothing left of it but Homura and that damn bunny cat! If you Ascend to the Admins' level of reality, your home world basically gets destroyed!"

"I'm... not entirely certain about that," Watahashi said. "If Kyon here did that, then yep, that'd be Bad End Game Over for this world. Everything rests on his shoulders. That's a known, definite, absolute fact."

Every word slammed into my shoulders like the weight of the Earth, and I'm certainly no Atlas.

"But if someone who's not the Anchor ascends, then... nobody knows," Watahashi continued. "It hasn't happened, and nobody wants to risk a universe's existence to experiment. But the best case is, if a non-Anchor manages to Ascend, it sheds the shell of its former universe, and maybe- maybe- the eggshell can be reassembled." To illustrate, Watahashi cupped her hands into a ball, opened them with fingers spread wide, and then closed them again into a loose sphere. "But the restored egg would have a hollow spot. That world would go on forever- past, present, future- with the Ascended person never having existed. Maybe they would be replaced, maybe not. Maybe the world would be strong enough to survive..."

Watahashi's hands flattened with a clap, made all the louder by the absolute silence of closed space.

"... maybe not." Watahashi dropped her hands, smiling. "That's too many maybes for the Admins. Or for Suzumiya."

"But... you... Ascended," Skywalker said, hands still gesticulating helplessly.

"In my defense, Suzumiya never completely left this world, and I didn't know the danger before I did it," Watahashi said. "But at the time this world wasn't actively Looping. That made it weaker in some ways, stronger in others, especially when everything broke. I understand things are fixed now, and what I did can't be repeated. Also can't be undone!" she added with a giggle. Then, sobering up, she added, "But that also means that things are different now. If Suzumiya Ascends again, it will be all the way, no partial, no sneaking through a crack, no over-and-back-again. And that's a problem."

Watahashi stepped closer to the edge of the building, gesturing at closed space. "Look at what Suzumiya can do already. Even an unAwake Suzumiya can do this," she said. "She can revive extinct species. She can make flowers bloom and fruit ripen out of season. She can move stars and alter the laws of physics themselves. She can break time as easily as a child cutting and knotting back a piece of string. Now imagine what she could do if she learned how to do it all... deliberately."

Anakin Skywalker, the most feared being in his home universe (if not the most hated), went ghostly white in the face.

"Now add to that any little tricks or epiphanies picked up in the Loops," Watahashi continued. "And then think... how long before she grows too big for the eggshell to hold her?"

Skywalker recovered the power of speech enough to ask, "So that's why she allows this to continue? Because her subconscious mind

thinks it's safer for her universe to deny her the knowledge and control she needs to stop herself from destroying the universe herself?"

"That's one answer," Watahashi said. "There's another answer that's equally true."

"What?"

Watahashi grinned and held up a finger next to her nose. "It's more fun to learn to do things the hard way!" With that she jumped backwards off the edge of the building and into open space. Everyone except the motionless Celestial rushed to the edge to look down... except me. I knew exactly what they'd all see, and that's exactly what they did see.

Nothing.

Anakin leaned over the edge and kept staring down long after everyone else had pulled or floated away. "What? How?"

She's an incarnation of her subconscious. You're currently IN her subconscious. Figure it out. Of course she can appear and disappear at will.

Suddenly Watahashi popped into existence again directly behind Skywalker. "Oh, by the way!"

"WHA-HAAA!" Anakin very nearly jumped off the building himself, which likely would have had a much different result from Watahashi's jump. He managed to flop on his back with his shoulders hanging over the edge of the roof.

"I almost forgot to warn you," Watahashi said. "Suzumiya kind of dreams her way through visits to other worlds. She remembers afterwards, but not at the time. So if she visits your world, treat her as if she's not Awake at all, okay? Just a caution!" Waving goodbye,

the strange underclassman took a more conventional exit by the roof access door.

"D-does she mean..." Skywalker gasped, looking from the door to me, "does she mean to say that that girl could show up in my universe any Loop, and maybe destroy it... without even knowing she was doing it?"

Memo to self: no matter how much Haruhi enjoys it, talk her out of the Sleeping Beauty incident this Loop, for the sake of our guest's sanity. "To be fair," I pointed out, "there's the same risk if any of the original seven show up."

Koizumi put a hand on Skywalker's shoulder. "And besides, Suzumiya's given you a counter to use against her." He used his free hand to summon up a glowing red ball. "You'd figure this out by instinct anyway- that's how our powers work- but you might as well take advantage of this opportunity to practice."

The Celestial, destined for a very brief existence as practice dummy for training Darth Vader in new esper abilities, stood there, motionless and expressionless. I don't think I'd be so stoic in its place, do you?

On the taxi ride back, Koizumi said, "By the way, it would be for the best if you never mention Watahashi's little story to Haruhi."

"Why not?" Skywalker asked. "Does she not know about her?"

"Oh, she knows, all right," I said. "There's a point in baseline where they meet- don't ask me to explain, it's complicated, and a lot of the time we short-circuit those events anyway. But Watahashi never tells Haruhi anything, so the whole business makes her really cranky."

"And we've just seen what happens when Haruhi gets cranky," Koizumi agreed. "Though cranky isn't the word I'd choose."

Skywalker groaned and put his head in his hands. "How do you people put up with this, Loop after Loop, and stay sane?"

Koizumi considered the point. "It could be argued that we haven't," he admitted. "The SOS Brigade as a whole could be a collection of four cases of extreme Stockholm Syndrome."

"Don't listen to him," I interjected. "We stay sane because, for all the crazy things Haruhi puts us through, there's a lot of fun as well. You wait and see." I sat back and relaxed, glad to finally be in the role of the wise mentor to... well, to anyone at all. "The first couple of months are always the worst... well, except for November, but that's not a problem when Haruhi's Awake. And we have our own little Loop within this one, that we completely control."

Memo to self #2: explain to Haruhi that this Loop's endless summer itinerary needs to be set by Skywalker. Two weeks of summer in any location in Japan he cares to go? Or possibly anywhere, full stop? Can Koizumi pull enough strings to get us all international plane tickets each time the summer resets? Need to get the inner circle together and hash this out.

"Oh, hells," Skywalker moaned. "I just realized something." He brought a hand up to rub his forehead. "Never mind Suzumiya... think how cranky *Obi-Wan* will be when I tell him about all this!"

Being the wise mentor here, I acted wisely by leaving that problem entirely to Anakin Skywalker to solve. Not my business at all.

The rest of that Loop, I'm sorry to say, was a bit of a flop from my point of view. Oh, we all had fun, and even Anakin enjoyed some features. For example, this year we had enough people for a proper nine-man baseball team without using Asahina or my little sister. Thanks to a change in seeding we didn't meet the Pirates in the first round, so we actually advanced to the second round without cheating. Also, Skywalker figured out both the murder mysteries almost instantly, which led Koizumi to accuse me of dealing in spoilers. We avoided the Disappearance and the anti-SOS Brigade,

though I did make sure to introduce Skywalker to Sasaki as sort of a Haruhi antidote.

But our visiting intergalactic Looper never became comfortable with Haruhi Suzumiya. Never. He played along with her whims (though the moon trip was out, because he had shuttlecraft but no spacesuits for anyone besides himself), but whenever she wasn't looking I could catch him regarding her with fear and suspicion.

One day well into second year, not long before we would expect a possible ending if the Loop ran short, I asked Anakin what he was staring at.

"In a way, myself," he said, "magnified a thousand times. You don't sense the Force at all, so you don't feel it."

Thank the Admins for little favors.

"If the senses were sight, it'd be like staring into two arc lamps at once," he continued, "except that one glows black. There's so much selfishness, and also so much love, in that one little figure. In my world she could be the greatest Jedi or Sith of all time... even before we talk about eggshell issues." That was how he referred to Suzumiya's powers- "eggshell issues."

"If you ever visit my world when I'm Awake," Skywalker finished, "don't even bother talking to me, because I'm going to run and run and never look back. Let my son deal with it- he's better at that sort of thing anyway."

And now you know why Haruhi is the only Looper Darth Vader actually fears (and/or loaths) that he doesn't put a bounty on in his home Loop. Not because he feels any sympathy for the SOS Brigade leader, but because he fears what she might do if any bounty hunter were unfortunate enough to try to claim it…

11.8 (Gamerex 27, Evilhumour and Thanatos Scribe)

"And I thought the *Horse* was a bad joke," Luke muttered, as he weaved in and out of the blaster fire over the first Death Star. "At least that one rhymed."

Luke, Obi-Wan's Force Ghost said, right on time.

"Can't I just use a torpedo instead?" he asked, anticipating the Jedi's next response.

You could use that any Loop , his voice replied. *Now, use the Bees, Luke. Use the Bees!*

Sighing, Luke switched off his targeting computer, waited for the exact moment he had long ago memorized to come, and pulled the trigger.

Out of his ship came a simple, humble bee hive. Slowly, it drifted through space, miraculously avoiding every single blaster shot coming its way.

Finally, it bumped against the heating vent, and several bees (inexplicably still alive in the vacuum of space) obediently flew into the structure.

Luke waited. And waited. And waited.

"Shouldn't it have exploded by now?" he asked himself.

And then, out of nowhere, honey seeped out of every porthole, every crack, and every opening of the Death Star. From the doors to the hangars to the opening of its infamous main cannon, the fluid seeped outwards, coating every square inch of the Death Star in delicious, sweet nectar.

"What would the dark side of the Bees even *be?* " Luke muttered absentmindedly to himself, ignoring the mix of cheers and mass confusion over the Rebels' comms systems.

Trust me , Obi-Wan said, *You do* ***not*** *want to know.*

…

Anakin was doing his best not to yell.

"Waspinator is here to help you, my master!"

He really was.

General Tarkin looked at the screen in malicious glee as the Death Star neared Yavin-4. Darth Vader may have said that this battle station was nothing compared to his archaic path, but soon he'd prove to the Emperor that this battle station far surpassed his so-called 'powers' when the Rebel base and the Rebellion itself were destroyed!

He was brought out of his malicious gloating as a slight buzzing sound began to permeate through the halls. It to a few seconds to pinpoint what the noise was, but he drastically paled as he realized what it was. *It can't be* , he thought as he began to panic and the sound grew steadily louder, memories of a childhood incident starting to surface, *they couldn't be on here!* He had the station checked over a multitude of times, and not a single one had been found!

"No. NO!" He shouted as a veritable wave of bees and honey surged into the room, "NOT THE BEEEES!"

11.9

Tap

Tap

Tap

Drumming her fingers against her terminal, Nut had every issue lined up in some way, shape, or form.

On one hand, the loops with the Enterprise crew members was surprisingly stable. Despite time travel, alternate realities and near omnipotent trolls running around, there did not seem to a be a problem with it beyond their general need to be covert in their changes, as to avoid the harassment of the Department of Temporal Investigations.

On the other hand...was the dandy little galaxy far far away...

While it was nowhere near as bad as some loops (several dozen terminals away, Hephaestus and Ganesha sneezed), there existed quite a few annoying problems.

First, though it was more a minor annoyance at best, was that gray area between the birth of Luke Skywalker, and his destruction of the Death Star.

There was no clear cut 'cut-off' between when Anakin was the anchor during that time, and when Luke was.

Sometimes Luke anchored the loop as an infant, other times Anakin anchored the loop while Leia was off having her sweet sixteen.

It wasn't a major issue, it just was something she could deal without.

Second was...

SHEEV PAL...

She cancelled the pop up that was the center of her troubles: The fact her terminal kept trying to get Palpatine looping, along with most every other Sith the ones that should not be allowed to loop in any shape or form.

Darth Maul was a no.

Darth Krayt was a no.

The Emperor of the Sith Empire was a very *big* no.

While Revan and Anakin could loop just fine, they at least were easily redeemable.

Someone like Malagus or Tyrannus could possibly loop and not become menaces like Kyubey, Waltz or Billy.

Maul would simply turn into Obi-Wan's Dio-Brando.

Third was an inverse of problem two; the fact that Padme Amidala was not looping.

Despite being an obvious candidate, having loops of good interactions with both her anchor husband, anchor son, looper daughter and looping droids at a minimum, for countless loops, she had not been activated.

It would be like someone living in, say, Earth's Chernobyl restriction area full time, lakeside to the reactor, and not getting cancer.

It defied the odds. While the Equestrian loopers had new loopers coming out of the woodwork with questionable relation to any looper, a centerpiece of her loopers lives wouldn't and she coudn't figure out why.

The lack of loopers coming from Anakin's branch in itself was somewhat of a concern. Bar Bariss (Who was canonically dead) and Ahsoka (...whom Nut had no idea of what happened to her in those loops, a fact shared by the loops themselves), all of the loopers commonly found in his branch woke up first in Luke'ssection.

Even Revan, who was a far younger anchor, had more loopers unique to his branch than Anakin.

Speaking of Bariss...

Her wandering looper status was a pain to fix up, and whenever it seemed like she had figured something out, she was distracted. The latest was Revan's loop emerging in the wake of the Crash, while no where near as much of a clusterfuck to set up as half of the loops that came out, took up all her time, and now she was playing catch up. By the time she was back on it, some other form of massive stupidity would ensue. Another crash, a trans loop civil war, maybe Zeus becoming the leader of all the admin staff.

Something stupid like that.

Finally, was one particular issue she found herself confronted with. A puzzle if you will.

Her monitor at the moment displayed several different girls and fantasy looking creatures, all pieces of this very puzzle.

MADOKA KANAME: Status, ascended to Adminspace. Current verbal punching bag of grouchy admins.

KYUBEY: Status, MLE wandering looper. Despised by all.

HOMURA AKEMI: Status, wandering looper? Widely considered only survivor.

SAYAKA MIKI: Status, unknown. Appeared in loop briefly. Apparently connected to Anakin anchored loop. Possible connection to Luke and Revan loops as well.

CHARLOTTE: Status, unknown. Appeared in loop briefly. Apparently connected to Kirby anchored loop.

KYOKO SAKURA: Status, unknown. Probably similar to others. Begin random guessing.

Though how they fit together was still escaping her. What was going on?

A recent bit of information gathered from an email from a friend had offered up something, hence the other bit of data she had up at the moment.

MAMI TOMOE: Status, unknown. Probably similar to others. Apparently connected to Shepard Anchored loop.

Shepard, a friend of Revan, anchored one of the loops run by Athena, Olympian Goddess of Wisdom and Comparative Sanity (Formerly run by Ares, until he approved of a 'Sovereign' to loop). In said loop, a looper named Jeff Moreau had encountered a girl befitting Mami's description sometime recently, in a scenario similar to her observed appearances by Sayaka and Charlotte.

How it was that Athena knew she had a similar experience was beyond her, then again she was considered a goddess of wisdom. Theoretically that made her good at piecing together mysteries.

Her response had been a lot of complicated theoretical babble that Nut couldn't make heads or tails of. However, it made a bit more sense when she put it through the same translator protocols she used when trying to figure out what Thoth's messages were supposed to mean.

The basic theory Athena had came up with, and that once translated to something normal people spoke Nut found herself agreeing with, was this: The lost Madoka loopers had sizable bits of data embedded in various loops, apparently one per girl or vicious monster. This data caused them to randomly reincorporate into the loops at random times briefly.

The whereabouts of the rest of their data was either spread out across looping space/time, or somewhere else. The latter being a worst case scenario that opened up so many horror filled what-ifs another Crash was a serious risk it wasn't even funny.

Theoretically, according to Athena, it could be fixed by simply isolating the data of one of the girls in the loop from the native data,

and manipulating it to draw in all the lost data belonging to said girl. In doing so, the girl in question would be fully reformatted into the loops once more. And once that was done, it would be a simple matter to get it applied to all other affected loops to get a similar result. Of course, you had to find all the data in the loop that belonged to the girl first, and to do that you would have to run a full system scan on the loop, which was typically used to debug a loop and scan for viruses.

That would be noticeable: not only would all native loopers be put on a streak of fused loops for a noticeable amount of time (like a sports team whose arena was damaged by an earthquake), but it would require a load of paperwork completed first that no one would want to do if it wasn't absolutely necessary. As Athena's boss was Zeus, she would be lucky to even get all the required paperwork from higher up, let alone not get harassed by her father. The fool would probably do something idiotic and mess up the entire operation. However, as Ra was always looking for ways to keep her and Geb too busy to meet up (and was still busy dealing with Thoth's little Яeverse Incident), he wouldn't give it much thought.

With a determined breath, Nut hit her keyboard to begin the request for the necessary paperwork.

Who knew? By the time she was done with it, perhaps Padme would be looping? It would take a while after all, for all she knew by the time she was done with all the red tape,, someone would have finally gotten the Doctor looping.

Stranger things had happened after all.

…

11.1 Revan changes gender in loop. A lot. And it isn't Gendo's day.

11.2 It's a Small Galaxy after all! It's a small Galaxy after all! It's a small Galaxy after all! It's a small, small,Galaxy!

11.3 This is an older loop that is probably going to be true this 2015, so that's why Anakin's messing with Han. Note loops do not necessarily get posted in order of appearance, but order as I see fit in telling a tale.

11.4 Someone ask for a Indiana Jones based snip?

11.5 Waltz. A one shot character of the massive Mega-Man series, the guy in charge of the Mega loops, Crisis, brought her into the story as one of the most bat shit insane elements of the loops. She is…..not popular among loopers. At all.

11.6 Figured Mara needed a focus loop

11.7 This is the start of the Star Wars loopers fear of Haruhi. More incidents merely solidified this fear.

11.8 There was a Bee gag this spawned from

11.9 That was just a bit of filler to set up an up coming storyline to be known as the Multiversal World Tour. It's kind of going to be big. And, coming up next, The Great Elevator Saga Episode 5: the Elevator Strikes Back!

The Great Elevator Saga Episode 5

And now, for a looping special.

The Great Elevator Saga: Episode 5, the Elevator Strikes Back!

A long time ago, in a looping fanfiction far away, six mares got stuck in an elevator.

For 23 hours.

Strange stuff happened.

That was the first incident…

This is the fifth

Warning. The following loop was the end result of me telling writers on the Star Wars forum to go...nuts. Logic is thus probably not here. Nor is a directory. Sorry, but I couldn't figure it out if I tried. Hopefully you guys can understand it

…

Leia Woke Up, restrained by her clearly unawake father, surrounded by stormtroopers and being led to a smirking Tarkin and an elevator, which very well likely led to a certain viewing deck she was far too familiar with for her own taste.

Now, the Death Star was never a fun place for Leia to wake up to. Sure, the torture droid wasn't that bad after a few hundred loops, and she had personally broke out of, destroyed or stolen the Death Star so many times it wasn't funny (and would have made Palpatine, if force forbid he ever loop, see Tarkin as about as competent as a B1 droid with a pop gun).

However, for the last three loops she had woken up, the moment Alderaan blew up.

So, even for her usually low opinion of this damn space station was simply abysmal.

Idly using the force to work her subspace pocket, Leia idly began to feel around for something nice, big, and explosive to blow the damn thing up. Sure, she could simply break free from her cuffs using powers that Tarkin could not have thought to prevent, use Vader as a club and smash the place up until she felt better, but people frowned on the use of parental figures as weapons.

Plus, an explosion was more fitting to her mood at the present time. She had picked up some rather nice bombs too: it was simply amazing what one could steal from the unified evil laboratory of Mojo Jojo, Doctor Doofemsmirtz, Jack Spicer, The Monarch and a bored Trixe after all.

She could easily apparate a safe distance away, perhaps with her unawake father. If not, well if he woke up he'd understand the reason for being trapped in a limbo for the rest of the loop.

Still fumbling around for the proper explosive, Leia found herself in the elevator with her unawake father and the non looping (hopefully for always) Tarkin...when she grabbed what she thought was the proper explosive.

However, while in the process of getting it out, she knocked something else out...

A little party favor she had bought off Discord a few loops ago: one she and Han had planned to use if her father had kept being a overprotective ass of a father-in law.

She had forgotten about it after her father stopped trying to make her a widow, and now it was loose.

A small, unasuming blue cube that was now fell to the elevator's floor, and shattered.

The resulting disturbance in the force could be felt not only by the two sensitives in the elevator, but even the non-sensitive Grand Moff (though as more a sense of unease if anything else), as the elevator began to flash and shudder.

Worse, Leia realized that this was a Death Star Variant, where the prison cells and torture chambers were all on the bottom of the structure, so she was starting on the lowest sub-level.

And Tarkin's perch was the highest one.

"What..." she heard Vader wheeze out in shock, in a different tone than a normal shocked Vader, which she was pretty sure meant he had just woken up. The two loopers briefly exchanged unnerved glances, before they saw the elevator's button panel.

Where every button was lit.

All 257 sublevels, per main level. All 84 of them.

All together, all 21,336 buttons were glowing, adding up to one very, very long elevator ride.

"I don't know what little rebel trickery this is princess, but don't think it will spare any of your rebel scum" Tarkin told the princess defiantly as both remembered he was stuck with them in this quite narrow elevator "We'll be continuing your interrogation after I have a electrician inspect what your little firecracker..."

SMACK!

Tarkin walked right into the force-field that now had them locked in one narrow imperial elevator.

"What the...Vader! Undo this sorcery at once!"

Both of them ignored the Grand Moff.

"Luke, you're our only hope" Vader muttered under his breath, hoping for a merciful photon torpedo as soon as possible.

"Who is this Luke person!? Undo this at once Vader! This is my ship to command, and I command everything on it, including you! Open it!"

"Can you just stab him" Leia growled, noting that at the moment her father had the best angle for stabbing.

"I'd rather not have a corpse in here for the ride up" the Sith Lord muttered regrettably as the elevator doors closed.

(OathtoOblivion)

"This is just typical," Vader noted, staring at the panel as if it had all the answers. "The worst part is, this isn't even the first time this has happened!" he complained.

"It's not?" Leia asked with morbid curiosity.

"No. The first time it happened to Twilight and her friends, although that one was just a prank by Discord." *At that, Leia looked shiftily away from Vader. He gave her a suspicious look, before deciding to continue.* "The second time, it happened to Pikachu, and there seemed to be no cause at all. Then it happened to...well, actually, I don't remember who the other two who ran into this was. I think one of them was Rock though."

(Me)

"What on earth are you talking about!?" Tarkin demanded as the two Skywalkers ignored him. "Who is Discord? Is Pikachu a Jedi Master?! Is Rock a code name for a rebel spy in the government!"

"...Space and time will bend. Loops will randomly be met. All sense will be lost forever" Vader continued "And for once, something

horrible in this universe is the fault of neither myself nor Revan".

"Agreed" Leia would not be arguing that fact.

Floor 2

The Elevator door opened up, and Tarkin's jaw dropped.

No longer were they on the Death Star.

No, now the elevator had opened up, to reveal a massive swamp, with an old looking hut the only sign of any sentient life.

"Huh...Dagobah" Leia noted as Tarkin just babbled. "I was almost expecting the Emperor's throne"

"How...it...impossible..."

"Remember what I said about time and space Tarkin?" Vader inquired "Yeah, this is what I meant."

A diminutive green creature was staring at them from the door of the hut, before turning and stumbling back into his hut "Too old for this, I am"

"Wait, was that Yoda..." Tarkin began before the elevator doors shut.

FLOOR 3

The door opened up, revealing a chained up, white haired male individual locked in a stone dungeon somewhere.

Leia studied him for a moment, before looking surprised "Triclops?"

The elevator closed shut before they could get a response.

"Huh, you never see that guy all that much" Leia mused. You never did see much of Palpatine's alleged three eyed mutant son in the loops.

"Triclops?" Tarkin still had no idea what was going on.

FLOOR 5

"...A jungle, a cell, a graveyard..." Tarkin seemed to be trying to make sense of what was going on.

After all, there had to be some rhyme or reason to this...whatever was going on!

Then the door opened to reveal...

" *"Hi my name is Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way and I have long ebony black hair (that's how I got my name) with purple streaks and red tips that reaches my mid-back and icy blue eyes like limpid tears..."*

Tarkin proceeded to draw his side arm and started firing at the open door like a madman, completely ignoring the fact the barrier on the door would deflect all shots.

"I find his lack of control in this case, agreeable" Vader noted with a shudder.

"Agreed" Leia added to the now gun crazed imperial.

Floor 9 ¾ (Evilhumour)

The door opened partway to a train station, with a lot of young children walking around before one stopped and looked at the trio. who were on the floor trying to see outwards.

"Elevator?" The boy with a lighting bolt scar asked, looking at them with a grin.

"Indeed." Vader answered, rubbing himself clean. "It was nice see you Potter."

"Likewise Anakin."

And with that, the doors closed once more.

Floor 10

"YOU DA-LEK TO THE LEFT, YOU DA-LEK TO THE RIGHT. YOU DO THE DA-LEK PO-KEY, AND YOU EXTER-MINATE ALL AB-OUT!"

"What are those droids?" Tarkin inquired in admiration as they both danced, and set a Gungan Village on fire.

"Distant cousins of yours, I assure you" Leia snarked.

Floor 13

The door opened up on a cruiser, startling a Mon Calamari at it's helm.

Pointing his finger at Vader, he shouted "It's a Trap!"

"It's always a trap with you" Vader snarked.

"Well well, the rebel command..." Tarkin looked ready to get the coordinates, but the elevator closed before he could "Damn it!"

Floor 16 (Crisis)

Anakin and Leia blinked as they beheld the sight behind the open doors. Tarkin on the other hand decided to speak his confusion.

"Why are there yellow words against a deep space screen and why should I care what happened a long time ago in a galaxy far far away?"

Floor 20

"Commander, sir..."

"What is it, droid" the metallic and gargarly voice of the fearsome General Grievous growled in annoyance from his commands hip.

"There are intruders in the elevator sir, and one of them looks like that Nabooian senator who's always targeted by our assassins"

"Oh really?" the commander stood to full height, and spotted the intruders in question "Hmm...yes, I do see the resemblance. Seize them!"

Tarkin didn't even process that comment as he just stared in horror at the alien ghost before him "But...this is impossible..."

"Remember what I said about time and space being distorted?" Vader reminded the hapless fool they were stuck with for this entire trip, mentally remembering to kill Grievous more painfully next loop for that remark.

He really had no tolerance for people who were sending assassins after his wife's hide.

The elevator doors closed just as a mob of B-1's crashed into it (Ow), and Grievous gave off his 'I am surrounded by idiotic droids' groan, variety 3.

Floor 29

"Welcome to Love that Hutt. Your one stop destination for all your Hutt loving needs. We cater to all those enlightened people who share in love for all manner of Hutts..."

Vader deactivated his visor, blocking the store from sight.

Floor 30

"Welcome to Pizza Hutt. We deliver!"

Leia pinched her nose in disgust. Hutt Pizza smelled horrible.

Floor 31

"Welcome to Hutt Topic. Please note today we are having a sale on name-brand thrones and slave outfits"

"...I feel as if I am missing a pun here" Tarkin snarked.

Floor 32 (Evilhumour)

Vader was glad he could not smell anything. The stench of Pizza the Hut's dead, half eaten body was just horrific, going by how much Leia and Tarkin were gagging. Being mainly cybroganics did have some benefits every once in a while.

Floor 34 (TheBurper)

The elevator opened to... Origami and horrible kids shows.

"Is that an Origami Yoda?"

Floor -40 (Taalismn)

"A negative number?"

"Forty below. Looks cold and snowy out there."

"Looks like Ho-"

"GRRRRAAAAGGGHHH!"

The door was suddenly full of angry white fur, gaping jaws, and flailing claws-

#SPLAT!SPLATSPLATSPLAT!#

DING

Vader shook the snow off his cape where he'd used it to shield his daughter.

"I see why Luke dislikes those things."

Beside them, Tarkin slumped back from the weight of the large ice ball covering his face and already melting down his uniform collar, before collapsing to the floor.

Floor 42 (Crisis)

"Welcome to the Hitchiker's Boutique. Now a free pan-galactic gargle blaster with every purchase over twenty triganic pu so you too can enjoy the feeling of having your brains smashed in by a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick."

"...what?" Tarkin looked baffled to the point of near-fainting.

Floor 44 (Hvulpes and Wildrook)

Leia looked at the version of her father fighting a jedi as Tarkin said, "That's impossible!"

"Who are you fighting, Vader?" she asked.

"Anakin Skywalker." said Vader as his twin stuck down and killed the man he used to be.

"And technically," Vader said, "from a certain point of view...this DID happen."

Leia rolled her eyes. "And this is why most of us dislike the LEGO variants," she muttered.

"What's LEGO?" Tarikin asked them.

Floor 63 (Wildrook)

"What's that sound?" Tarkin asked them.

Vader and Leia, wondering what Tarkin meant, heard the familiar music that was associated with a certain incident in one of their

friends.

The door opened to reveal...a sapient broom with arms? Carrying buckets of water?

Tarkin, being the unawake one, wondered what kind of droid that was.

"That's not a droid," Vader said, shocking Tarkin. He was looking around the area to see if someone was around. "And if it wasn't for the force-field, the place would be flooded by now."

Leia then groaned. "How early are we?" she asked Vader.

"Let me put it this way...even Lord Diz-Ni had his off days..."

As soon as he said that, a certain mouse Woke Up...in both ways.

"Oh no, not again," he muttered. "Master Yen Sid may have thought it was funny the first time, but Waking Up in the middle of it? Good thing I remembered how to stop it."

He then extended his arms and slowed the broom to a halt with magic...as he sighed.

He then looked at the people in the elevator...then sighed.

"Elevator Loop?" he asked Vader and Leia. "With someone NOT Looping?"

Both of them nodded.

"Never heard of Lord Diz-Ni," Tarkin muttered. "Isn't there a rule concerning..."

"Normally, yes," Vader replied, "but this is him in his early stage. Being an apprentice is hard work."

"If you guys are finished," Mickey said, "I need to get rid of the excess water before something else happens."

That's when the door closed.

"And I was about to say the hat suited him," Leia muttered.

FLOOR 69 (Gamerrex)

The doors opened, and Vader and Leia both screamed in surprise, quickly averting their eyes.

"We're running in the shadow of the Dark Siiiiide!" Sheev Palpatine sang, as he washed himself in the bathtub. "So, baby, take my hand, we'll be alright!"

"Surrender all your freedom, to me, tonight!" he "they'll come true in the-"

That's when the Emperor turned his head slightly sideways, and saw the three voyeurs in the same room as him.

For a moment, everyone was quiet. The Emperor was both too confused and disgusted to speak, Vader and Leia were too busy trying to wipe the image of the Emperor's nude body from their minds, and Tarkin was frozen in place, stock still.

"So," the Emperor said slowly, "you have dared to intrude upon me while I was preparing for the conquest of the Rebel Scum. So, now...you...must.. *die!* "

The Emperor held out his hands, and attempted to zap the trio with Force Lightning. However, he seemed to forget that he was still in a giant pool of water, as he, to quote Shakespeare, hoist himself by his own petard.

The doors slowly closed shut as Palpatine screamed in agony, aging himself even further with the reflected power of the Dark Side.

"I *wish* I could say that had been the first-and, Force willing-last time I ever saw Palpatine expose himself," Vader commented as he turned back around, "but I would be lying."

(Evilhumour) Floor 3

As the door opened up, everything was odd and weird. It seemed that everything was upside down and backwards.

Vader and Leia groaned from the mental pain from trying to understand it. Tarkin was holding onto the railing for dear life.

Thankfully the door closed before they could experience anymore.

Floor 75 (Scorntex)

The doors opened onto a pleasant looking mansion. Leia tried to get a better look, which given the way the elevator was facing, was difficult.

"Bub?" A voice called out. Suddenly a man in a yellow and blue outfit appeared.

"Bub?" An identical voice called out, from a man in a blue and yellow outfit, with a red visor covering this one's eyes.

"Bub?" The same, but this time it belonged to a version of the man in a red and yellow outfit.

"Bub?" Black and yellow, and with a flowing cape. Leia couldn't help but notice the heels on that one's outfit.

"Bub, darling?" Leia stared at the sight of an incredibly hairy man in a disturbingly revealing outfit that bared most of his navel, his upper chest, and far too much of his very hairy legs.

"Yo, bub?" Another one, only apparently made out of ice, and who apparently felt his hairiness was too much to share with the world, and was only wearing some cargo pants.

The W-Men stared at the three people in the elevator, and vice versa. The doors couldn't shut fast enough for Leia.

"... How much alcohol have we got left?" She asked, weakly.

"I don't think it's enough." Vader said, morosely.

Floor 76

The sight of Mace Windu with Yoda's head promptly cost them what remained of their alcohol.

"Drink too much, you strange elevator people do" Mace Windu's voice replied in Yoda-speak.

Floor 78 (Seaoffallingstars)

"I... what is this?"

When the doors opened, it was to a space battle. Normally, that would be concerning, given decompression. However, that wasn't the confusing part. That was-

"Why are we all Transformers? And how come Han and Chewie combine into the Millennium Falcon?"

"If I knew that, Leia, I'd wonder if this counts as a fused loop or not. Hold on, I need to write down plans for this for you to pass onto Luke and for me to use for myself."

Tarkin just stared, uncomprehending, as the Star Wars Transformers continued their endless dogfight. When the doors closed, Robo-Han was bouncing off the protective force-shield.

Floor 88 (KrisOverstreet)

The doors opened to reveal the backs of three people- one tall wearing a helmet and black cape, one short wearing a sheer white dress, and one of middling height wearing a gray uniform.

"What on Coruscant...?"

Tarkin's words caused the three people on the other side of the doors to turn around. Past them Leia and Vader could just see another set of open elevator doors and another set of... themselves... looking around in surprise.

The Vader on the other side of the doors rocked his head a little to the side, paused, and said, "Just a word of warning: you DON'T want to look behind you."

"Yeah, I can guess," original-Leia replied. The Vader beside her stayed motionless, staring ahead at their doppelgangers.

"Bwhaaaahh!" Tarkin's scream trailed off as the grand moff passed out and collapsed to the elevator floor.

"He looked behind us, didn't he?" original-Vader asked.

"Schmuck," original-Leia replied.

"Indeed," the Tarkin beyond the doors agreed. His grim, disapproving gaze at the catatonic version of himself was the last thing Leia and Vader saw before the doors swung mercifully closed.

Floor 92 (Hvulpes)

The Door opened to what seemed to be them, but they looked different and Vader's counterpat's helmet was huge.

"Dark Helmet? Who are these people? Our stunt doubles?"

"I don't know Colonel Sandurz, but we must get the codes from Princess Vespa and this is not help."

Vader replied, "Spaceballs, there goes the elevator."

Floor 93 (TheBurper)

The elevator opened to get jam splattered on the barrier.

"We've been ja-" Leia started.

"Finish that and I will strangle you."

Floor 101 (Hvulpes)

Vader screamed in horror as the doors opened as he saw the legendary source of pain and suffering, "Noooooooooooo!"

On the other side, Andrew Wells lit up as he got a chance to ask all of the Star Wars Fanboy questions he wanted from the source. Xander Harris felt sorry for the Sith Lord.

FLOOR 105 (Drakohahn)

Vader, Leia and Tarkin felt the elevator come to a stop again. As the door opened, they became aware of singing. It was a female voice singing slowly in a classically trained style.

"In this quiet night

I'm waiting for you

Forgetting the past

and dreaming of you.

Time passes by

and memory fades

But time can't erase

the love that we've made"

When it finished opening, they saw three young adults snuggling on a small one person bed together. One was a guy with brown hair and violet eyes while the other two were girls, one with red hair and blue eyes and the other with pink hair and blue eyes. The Sith Lord sometimes known as Anakin Skywalker immediately recognized them.

"Kira Yamato, Flay Allster and Lacus Clyne?!"

That shocked the trio out of their alone time. They all looked towards the door, where instead of the hallway they would have normally seen, it was the inside of an elevator. There was now an awkward pause between the two groups. After a few seconds, Kira blinked as he recognized the three in the elevator from a movie series he saw during his last Hub loop.

"Darth Vader, Leia Organa and Wilhuff Tarkin? Er, what's going on here?"

As the young man looked confused, Leia responded in a tone that sounded like she wanted to be anywhere but in that elevator, "Yggdrasil shenanigans. We're stuck in this elevator for all the floors."

To prove her point, she pushed her weight against an unseen barrier. The redhead, Flay, winced, "Ouch, that sucks. I mean, being stuck in an elevator with Tarkin? Doesn't he smell bad?"

The princess of Alderaan rolled her eyes at the joking reference and replied, "Yes, but he'd smell worse as a corpse."

Tarkin himself was silent as his lack of comprehension of the last few floors made it hard for him to keep up. A couple more seconds passed.

"Er, now what?" Lacus asked when no one else spoke up.

"Now we have to wait for whenever the elevator decides," Vader was cut off as said elevator closed its door at that moment. A second later, he concluded with, "Well, how rude."

Floor 108 (Tovath)

The elevator doors opened to show a young man with a staff and a green bandana standing in front of the elevator.

He raised one eyebrow. "Should I ask?"

"It would take to long to explain Tir." said Leia, "How are things going with your father?"

"Great, with Frey's help I am able to get him sent down to Falana. He can't get back until the war is over."

Vader noticed that the tattoo on the boy's hand was glowing malevolently. It seemed almost angry about this fact.

"Good, hopefully he will start looping soon."

"Not sure whe-" The doors closed.

"Who was that ?" Vader asked his daughter.

"Tir McDochl. Luke and I met him a few loops always ends up at the head of the Liberation Army while his father stubbornly continues fighting for the Empire."

Floor 132

"Are we there..."

"Begin that line of questioning Tarkin, and I will sever your vocal cord"

Floor 166

The doors opened, to a mound of bloody stormtrooper helmets.

Being burned.

In a massive bonfire, with demonic little creatures dancing around it in a war dance of sorts.

"Yub Yub Yub Yub! Yub Yub Yub Yub!"

"What...what are those things!" Tarkin sounded quite disturbed.

"Ewoks, Tarkin, Ewoks" Leia told him with a wicked smirk.

"Yub! Yub! Yub!" the chanting even penetrated the closed doors.

Floor 185

The Jedi Council, to their credit, did not look that surprised when a elevator randomly appeared in their chambers.

"A disturbance in the force, I sensed. See that this is the cause, I do" A Yoda whose head was not stuck on Mace Windu's body stated the obvious "Tell me, strange visitors whom have an odd resemblance to Senator Amidala and Captain Tarkin, do you have a message for us"

"Palpatine is evil!" Leia and Vader shouted at the top of their lungs "He's a..."

The door shut on them and vanished, leaving a somewhat unimpressed council.

"So, they managed all the effort to send a message through the Force, just to tell us a politician is a bad person" Obi-Wan Kenobi deadpanned "What a waste. They could have least told us the identity of Dooku's master or something".

Floor 212 (Leviticus Wilkes)

"The sauna floor. I forgot we had this installed."

Leia glanced at Tarkin. "Why did you have a sauna floor installed?"

"Well we're going to be blowing up planets. Might as well be comfortable."

Floor 225 (KrisOverstreet)

Hooves clacked on the space station deck as the doors opened.

"Pardon me, please." The strange pink equine strolled straight through the barrier, fluffing out her wings slightly as she reached a hoof for the bank of buttons. Her floor selected, she settled back on her haunches and brushed a lock of her mane away from her horn.

As the doors closed, the lights in the room took on a distinct rose tint, and music began to play:

Love in an el-e-va-tor!

Livin' it up when you're goin' down!

"Oh, wait," the alicorn pony said, "you're going up, aren't you? My mistake. I'll catch the next one."

The doors opened again, and the pony stepped back through the barrier and out, hooves ringing on the deck plates.

As the doors closed again, the lights returned to normal and the music ceased, Tarkin muttered, "I certainly wasn't expecting to find myself questioning my preferences."

"TMI, Tarkin!" Leia protested.

"Besides, she's married," Vader added. "You wouldn't even get started."

(Hvulpes)

Outside the Elevator...

Shining Armor looked at his wife, who sheepishly said, "It was just a joke. The only person I want to make love in an elevator with... is you, my very special pony."

"Good. Now just one thing..."

"Yes?"

"Where are we going to find an unoccupied Elevator at this time of day?"

Floor 247 (Evilhumour)

As the door opened up, Vader, Leia and Tarkin found that while there was nothing outside this time, the elevator had changed into a ...oh bloody hell, not the *broom closet* again! There was sound of thrown papers and a loud grumble before the voiced cleared it's throat. **You know what? Go on, I don't even want to bother you with an adventure! I don't even understand what your fetish is with that room...**

And with that, the doors closed.

Floor 300

"Mandalorians! Ready your breakfast and eat hearty... For *TONIGHT! WE JOIN!* ***THE MANDA!"***

As Mandalorian warriors rallied for a brutal battle somewhere on Mandalore, completely ignoring the elevator that had appeared behind them, Vader scoffed.

"Dramatic much?"

Floor 314 (Evilhumour)

As soon as the doors opened up, the pies began to fly. Vader, Leia and Tarkin could do nothing to stop from flying, with Vader slammed into a corner by the time the doors closed.

Floor 332 (Seaoffallingstars)

Vader looked at the person in the doorway. The person stared back.

"So, Vader, to what does the *Lost Light* owe the pleasure?"

"Elevator loop. Your admin still activating everyone who passes by her terminal?"

"Yes. Good luck on your trip. We're about to embark on a Time Chase to hunt down Brainstorm. I'm not sure who is the more danger-"

The elevator door shut in on their face.

"Father, who was that?"

"That is one of the people that I have keep me in check when I visit Transformers, Leia."

outside the Elevator:

"-ous looper candidate. Hope he does well on that." Ultra Magnus said as he turned to go help Megatron and Perceptor.

Floor 380 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The door opened to a multicolored sugar land. In front of him, ponies walked every which way, except for a pair of unicorns, one purple and the other white, stepped up to the three out of place loopers, "Elevator trap?"

Leia nodded slowly. The purple pony poked her horn through the door and scanned, "Hmm...no chaos magic, seems this is a Yggdrasil issue. You need anything in there? Cup of coffee, video game, etc.?

Vader stared at Tarkin, who was resting against the wall, staring at nothing in particular, muttering words in an elder tongue. Vader

turned back to Twilight, "Brain bleach, or something similar. Whatever you have for encounters with Lovecraft universes."

With a pop, a jar of pills appeared in the elevator. Vader nodded, "Thank you, my mistress."

Suddenly, the Imperial March echoed across Ponyville, as the gathered ponies finally took notice of the humans. The white unicorn, Rarity, rolled her eyes as Vader's voice echoed, "Darth Vader cannot just visit Equestria, after all."

With that, the door snapped closed and the music cut off.

Floor 402 (Seaoffallingstars)

"Um... Dad?"

"Yes Leia?"

"Why does the floor consist of a wall that says 'Forbidden'?"

"If I knew that, my wife would be Looping."

Floor 403 (KrisOverstreet)

"Cinder blocks on a space station. Daring design choice," Leia noted.

The wall that blocked the exit from the elevator from door to door had had two words stenciled on it in white paint: NO ACCESS.

Floor 404 (Seaoffallingstars)

"There's nothing here!"

"Of course not. Given that we're in a Yggdrasil elevator and how floor 402 worked out we're stuck with a stupid 'file not found' error."

Tarkin just whimpered at the madness beyond them.

ffo tahwemos saw ti tuoba gnihtemos taht leef tub pleh t'ndluoc aieL tub, yranidro rehtar saw no dednal yeht roolf ehT.

000144 roolF

Floor 4.44 (Leviticus Wilkes)

Leia and Vader shared a confused look as the floor indicator went from 443 to 4.44. "Must be an issue with the computer," Vader suggested.

The door opened up to reveal an utterly *massive* Evangelion, with a single, bearded man working on it. "You make one comment about how an English transfer falls in love with your wife and then you're forced to build an Eva from scratch. Damn English woman..." Gendo glanced up to see Leia pounding against the force field separating the Star Wars loopers from him. He sighed loudly. "Alright, what did I do to you?"

"You shot me in the head, dumped my half-dead body into an Evangelion, and then forced Jaina to pilot it!"

And thus, Gendo was left thankful for the forcefield seperating him from one extremely pissed off mother and an impossibly furious grandfather. "In my defense, this is the first time hearing about it!" he shouted as the doors closed.

Floor 501 (Seaoffalling stars)

When the doors, opened, Vader stifled a chuckle at his personal legion. Every incarnation so far, plus a group of Transformers in the deco. And turning into their vehicles, if his eye was correct.

"Nope."

Leia pushed the 'close door' button as the legion began praising Lord Vader.

"Leia, that was rude."

"Sorry, but if I had to hear that I would need to punch something. Tarkin's gone through enough this set of digits."

5-11-14-14-17 FAC (Evilhumour)

21-0-3-4-17 0-13-3 11-4-8-0 7-4-11-3 19-7-4-8-17 7-4 0-3-18 8-13 15-0-8-13 0-18 19-7-4 3-14-14-17-18 14-15-4-13-4-3, 22-8-19-7 19-0-17-10-8-13 17-14-2-10-8-13-6 8-13 19-7-4 2-14 17-13-4-17 0-6 0-8-13.

"3-14 24-14-20 20-13-3-4-17-18-19-0-13-3 0-13-24 14-5 19-7-8-18?" 11-4-8-0 0-18 10-4-3 19-7-4 18-8-19-7 11-14-17-3.

"8 19-7-8-13-10 8 3-14," 21-0-3-4-17 18-0-8-3, 17-20-1-1-8-13-6 7-8-18 2-7-8-13. "5-14-17 19-7-8-18 5-11-14-14-17, 11-4-19-19-4-17-18 0-13-3 13-20-12-1-4-17-18 0-17-4

Floor 503 (Evilhumour)

-switched." Vader looked at Leia.

"It seems you are correct, and thank goodness it is *over* ." Leia nodded her head as Tarkin was starting to get up.

Floor 504 (Cipher 100)

The elevator door opened up to a view of rural Japan. In front of the three occupants stood an orange haired young man known wearing a black robe, wielding a large black sword shaped like a kitchen knife. The young man, known as Ichigo Kurosaki, stabbed his sword into the air. A moment later there was a bright light and a rice paper door materialized as it was opening. Sighing in relief, Ichigo began walking toward the gateway. However, before he could step through, the portal slammed shut and disappeared. Cursing loudly Ichigo tried again, only to receive the same result.

This continued on until the doors finally closed on the scene.

"What in Yggdrasil was that about?" Leia asked Vader in confusion.

Shrugging Vader replied. "It must have kept on Timing-out."

Floor 505 (leviticus Wilkes)

The doors opened up to an enormous restaurant, filled to the brim. A waitress appeared in front of the group. "Would you wish to order anything?"

Leia held up a hand. "No thank you. We're fine."

When the doors shut several minutes later, Tarkin looked at their prisoner. "Why didn't you order anything?"

Leia shrugged. "Wasn't it obvious? The servers were all busy."

Floor 506 (Cipher 100)

"There is also the fact that we are trapped in an elevator, having to endure a numerous amount of floors before we get to our destination."

"Your point, Vader?" Tarkin asked.

"We are trapped in an enclosed space without access to any facilities. And neither you nor Leia have an armored suit that has plumbing." Vader said. "How long would you be able to hold it?"

Floor 555 (Me and Gym Quirk)

The elevators chimed open to reveal...an primitive looking outhouse.

"Charming" Vader eyed his two guests on this elevator of doom "See what I mean about the risks of being stuck in here for an obscene period of time?"

Leia shrugged and produced a can of toon paint from her subspace pocket. Eyeing one wall, she mumbled something about Wakko Warner and a holographic privacy screen…

Floor 559 (Crisis)

"–and that's how Cthulhu ended up with the runs. Oh, hey! My ride's here! See you all around!"

"Bye Jenny!" a quartet of human adolescents and a large brown canine called from some primitive wheeled transport labeled the 'Mystery Machine' as a young human woman of heritage Tarkin could not determine got on the elevator.

"Hey Leia! Hey Ani! Long time no see! So you guys got stuck in the elevator this time?"

"Indeed," Darth Vader chuckled pleasantly (or as pleasantly as his breathing apparatus could manage). "It is good to see you again. Grand Moff Tarkin, this is Jenny Everywhere, the looper without a home and the eldest among the group known as 'travelling loopers'. Jenny Everywhere, this is Grand Moff Tarkin."

"Nice to meet you for once!" the girl smiled and shook Tarkin's unresisting hand. "Usually I'm just helping blow up your moon-sized superweapon."

"...Charmed...?" Tarkin replied hesitantly.

Floor 564

Tarkin stared at the giant black figure with the comical skull mask and giant white hands who was standing in the middle of the graveyard where the elevator had dropped of.

'"Was up? It's not often that I get visitors coming out of random elevators. I'm Death" The figure replied in the most undeath like voice imaginable. It sounded more like the voice a Jedi Master would use, if they were Yoda like and spoke normally. "Do you need something"

"Please kill me".

"Sorry, I only kill evil people" Death informed the now deliberating Tarkin "By any chance are you evil?"

"Some could call me that, so it could be argued".

Death looked thoughtful at this.

"Oh. Okay then, then I can kill..."

Ding

The doors shut.

FLOOR 574-R (Gamerex27)

"574-R?" Leia asked, raising an eyebrow.

"The 'R' is for 'Recreation,'" Vader explained. "If only we could get out on this floor: I could really do with a break."

Oddly enough, the doors opened to reveal not a recreation room, but rather a window, looking out into the black depths of space lit only by the shining stars.

"What?" Tarkin asked, looking out with bloodshot eyes. "This is not the swimming pool I had installed! Where are the scantily clad women?!"

"You do recall the dress code that you instituted demanded all soldiers use the pool in full armor, regardless of gender, right?" Vader asked dryly.

"No one actually listens to that!" Tarkin hissed.

As the two men argued, Jenny Everywhere tilted her head in thought. "Oh, I get it. 574-R. STA-R. It's a 'Star Wars' pun! The numbers look like the letters!"

"What are the 'Star Wars?'" Tarkin demanded, whirling around to glare at the odd visitor again. "Is that a Rebel codeword for a superweapon? Or the signal to attack the Death Star?"

"You really do need a break," Vader noted. "Too bad we won't get one."

Floor 599 (Crisis)

The elevator opened to the view of a giant man in a red and blue bodysuit, complete with full face mask, with a spider emblem on his chest, sitting on a wall in full defiance of gravity. He was also staring straight at them.

"Uh... Access? You've got a tiny elevator in your chest..." the man sounded a little unnerved. "With tiny people in it."

" *Again?* " the beleaguered reply coincided with the rumbling of the elevator itself.

"Hmm...?" Jenny blinked as the rumbling shook her from checking on Tarkin after he'd fainted. Again. "Oh, hey, this is my stop!"

With that, the multiversal traveller stepped out of the elevator, and grew until she matched the general proportions of the other man.

"Oh, hey Jenny!" the friendly looping Spider-Man greeted her. "Nice to see you again!"

"You too!" Jenny grinned before turning to wave at the still-conscious elevator occupants. "Bye Leia! Bye Ani! See you guys again sometime!"

"Bye!" Leia waved, smiling.

"Farewell," Darth Vader bowed politely as the door closed and the elevator continued on its long journey.

Floor 600

The 12 Olympian Gods, massive in their thrones for their summer solstice meeting, certainly were not expecting an elevator to appear randomly at their feet.

Nor were they expecting a black armored man inside to give Zeus the middle finger.

The door vanished just before the Master Bolt struck it, leaving one pissed off head god.

Floor 616

"You know, the Elevator Saga was a Pony thing. Is this thread really getting so off topic it's going to start copying horse dribble? And what's with it being called episode 5!? What is with you guys and going to 5 in the second inning. Sure, 1, 2 and 3 suck, but it's still weird!"

The trio in the elevator stared at the annoyance that was the red dressed mercenary before them.

Before they could react however...he got on as the doors closed.

Floor 617

"Wait, how did you get in here!?" Tarkin demanded of the bizarre human, who shrugged. "Why can you get in, while we can't get out?!"

"What can I say, I am Deadpool!" the door opened up on a distorted color space "Seen it"

Floor 618

"Seen it! What the hell is 'Old Mare Henderson' anyway?

Floor 619

"A lamppost in the snow in the middle of nowhere. Oh, how scary! Seen it!"

Floor 620

"You know, this floor and all it's giant mice makes me feel your pain. Like you, we also are now owned by the evil overlords, and now we're getting our canon reset, just like yours. The Canon fodder union is already at arms"

"Can you just stop talking nonsense" Tarkin spoke for everyone else in the elevator.

Floor 621

"Seen it. Honestly, this floor looks like a bad Stormtrooper sitcom!"

Canned laughed was the response the floor gave them.

Floor 622

"Huh, a school where all the females have breast sizes that do not naturally exist in Japan. Must be an anime of some sorts. But man, those are some big..."

As had been customary since he got on, once a floor Leia tried to kick Deadpool out of the elevator.

This time, he was not blocked from exiting, and promptly crashed onto the sidewalk just as the elevator closed on them.

Floor 623

"Thank the admins for Eiken, he's finally gone!" Leia and Vader shouted in glee (gone, gone, gone, gone the floor echoed back).

"What's Eiken?" Tarkin demanded in a further fractured tone (Eiken, Eiken, Eiken, Eiken).

Floor 628 (Seeker 213)

The doors closed as Leia, Tarkin, and Vader underneath his helmet, showed faces which portrayed shock, horror, and immense confusion

"Wha-wha-what", Tarkin began to mutter as his mind finally rebooted "D-d-did we... Just..."

"Don't think about it" Vader interrupted hastily

"N-n-no I argee what..." Leia started to say

"Don't think about it" Vader interrupted once more

"B-b-b-but Lord Vader... all those girls...", Tarkin pleaded "With that young..."

"Do not think about it", Vader stated commandingly.

S-seriously what did we just watch", Leia questioned "I-I-i mean at the end..."

"DO. NOT. THINK. ABOUT. IT", Vader ordered with a sense of finality in "Next one to mention anything of the last floor I will knock unconscious"

"Fine but can you past the alcohol? I seriously need to kill some brain cells to forget what I just saw" Leia pleaded

"... Very well, I suppose that's fair" Vader shrugged as he handed Leia a bottle of alcohol

"Thanks... wait this bottle is only half full!" Leia observed angrily

"Of course where did you think the other half went?" *Hic*

Floor 666 (Seeker213)

The doors opened revealing a demonic looking throne room, with statues of demons, and torches that were human skulls along the walls, and sitting in a iron and blood red throne inscribed with scenes of toture was...

"Johnny Gat nice to see you" Vader greeted curtly

"Yo Vader! How you've been?" Johnny Gat who was sitting on the throne eating a burger asked

"Good, expect someone pressed all, the buttons and we can't get out", Vader answered politely

"Huh, well sucks to be you. Anyway next time you Wake in my the multiverse want to use the Death Star on Zinyak?" Johnny Inquired

"Okay been a while since I used a Death Star anyway", Vader shrugged before looking at the throne room "But I didn't think you be one to go for a classic hell design"

"heh wanted to try something new out" Johnny replied "anyways Ive got to do some mass murder think you move the elevator?"

"Okay power to the saints" Vader answered before pressing the close door button

Floor 678 (Leviticus Wilkes)

Across the room from the elevator, Shinji and Kaoru were playing ping pong. Neither of them looked up from their game to greet the visitors, just sent the normal pleasantries. As the doors closed, Vader discreetly looked at Leia. "Was that it?"

Leia shrugged. "I guess not every floor needs to be all that interesting."

Floor 682 (Evilhumour)

Vader immediately threw Leia behind him, enacting a massive shield around her as the doors opened and a lizard-like creature threw itself into the room and at Tarkin. Pulling out his lightsabers, Vader began to stab the thrashing monster that had moved away from the pale white officer towards him.

After struggling to keep the lizard creature from biting his head off and it growing it's skin to block his lightsabers, Vader heard the ding of the door opening. Using the Force and a bit of Force Lightening, he sent the lizard sprawling out on floor 683.

It roared out in anger, causing the elevator to shake violently and charged back towards them. Thankfully the doors closed before it could back in.

"Damn lizard is *really* hard to kill." Vader grumbled to himself before sitting down.

Floor 718

The door to the elevator slid open, to reveal a trio of Gran in business suits.

Darth Vader wasn't sure what this was about "I would not recommend boarding this transport at the present time." he told them honestly.

The Gran looked annoyed at this, and all nine of their eyes began to glow red.

"HIT THE DECK!" Leia did not need to tell Vader twice.

"Wait, what..." Tarkin cried out in confusion.

To his confusion, The Gran responded with laser vision

"Ow"

Floor 721 (Thanatos Scribe)

Pikachu and Ash watched in mild surprise as an elevator rose from the ground, only for the Electric Mouse Pokemon to grin slightly as the elevator opened to show Darth Vader, Princess Leia, and what seemed to be Grand Moff Tarkin, as weird as it seemed, inside the metal compartment.

"Hey, Vader, Leia, How's it going?" Pikachu greeted the father-daughter duo, and the Sith nodded to him while Tarkin gaped at the Pokemon speaking.

"Good, Pikachu. How about you?" Leia replied.

"I've been doing well. Hey, Vader, I was thinking that the next time we were-" Pikachu began to say, only to be cut off partway as the elevator closed in front of him before rising up and disappearing into thin air.

"...Well, that was abrupt," Ash noted.

"What. In. The Empire *was* that?!" Tarkin exclaimed once he had regained his senses.

"Another who one would meet as the Loops intersect," Vader cryptically answered, and the Grand Moff looked at the Sith Lord incredibly before shaking his head, taking the words as some of Vader's 'mystic voo-doo'.

Floor 777 (Leviitucs Wilkes)

The doors opened to wedding bells and organ play. The occupants of the elevator looked at the cartoon man and the cartoon priest reading vows. "I now pronounce you, man and elevator. You may now kiss the lift."

The door, mercifully, closed before that could happen.

Floor 843

"Baaa"

The floor the elevator opened up on was a field.

A field filled with large, white, fluffy things.

In more Hubish worlds, they were known as sheep.

"Achoo!" Tarkin sneezed violently just from being in their presence

Floor 890 (Leviticus Wilkes)

Armin Arlert and Jean Kirstein looked into the elevator as the doors slid open. "So that's what's in the basement this loop. Hey Anakin."

Vader waved at his friend. "Armin. Nice to see you. We're stuck in an elevator. HELP!"

Armin winced, but Jean laughed. "So I take you're all..."

Vader realized what Jean was going to say seconds before he did. "Don't!"

"...In an ele *Vader!"*

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Floor 999

"We're underwater"

"How very astute of you, Tarkin." Leia snarked "It's not the first time a floors been entirely submerged"

"It is the first time the floor was an underwater restaurant though" Vader noted the fast food style cooking area the elevator had popped in, apparently replacing the back door.

And they were noticed...by one sentient sponge.

"Holy clams, a space-time bending elevator! You poor things must be starving," the sponge exclaimed as if it was the simplest deduction in the world. Looking slyly around, as if fearing being watched, he discreetly (and rather quickly) assembled three sandwiches, bagged them and tossed it through the elevator's closing doors in a surprisingly feaet of strength for him.

Floor 1000

"...How did, that bag went through...the sandwich isn't soggy..." Tarkin was being driven mad trying to understand what just happened.

Leia ignored his babblings as she finished hers sandwich. Her father's had vanished, though his improved mood suggested he somehow managed to digest it despite all logic saying he would not be able to.

"Welcome to floor 1000! Today's phrase of the day is, Deus Krabby Patty Machina! Thank you, and have a nice day!

Floor 1001 (wildrook)

"Excuse me sir," a voice said, surprising Tarkin. "I hope my horrible ugliness doesn't distract you during the ride up."

"I've seen weirder," Tarkin muttered, but looked at the yellow sponge...and took a whiff of what was in the air. "DEUUEAUGH!"

"OUT!" Leia and Vader yelled, simultaneously force-pushing Spongebob out of the elevator as soon as it closed.

Floor 1013 (Blazingen)

The elevator opened to reveal a white room with three figures fighting. Awake!Sora and Awake!Riku were in their final battle against Xemnas in his armoured form, during the part where they reflected Xemnas's red aerial blade away. Sora and Riku were in

overdrive, but that didn't stop them from looking at the elevator that appeared in thin air.

"Hey Mansex!" yelled Vader.

Xemnas actually turned away from his opponents and glared at the offending black armoured man.

"Ha! You responded!" said Vader, "F*ck off, Sith Lord wannabe!" The dark figure then flipped him the bird.

This distracted Xemnas enough so that both Sora and Riku could laser blast him into oblivion (or at least until he comes back again).

"Hey, Anakin! Hey, Leia!"

"Hello Sora."

The elevator doors then closed just as they were saying their goodbyes.

Floor 1067 (Rockgolem)

"It's time to DUEL!"

"Yugi next time, your ass is mine."

"Oh sure thing *Vader, lord of getting his ass kicked.* "

Floor 1138 (Endymion)

The doors slowly opening to a flat black expanse. Turning to Leia, Vader whispered, "Cover your ears."

"Why"

"Just do it, I'm cutting my audio receptors till.."

LUCASFILM

THX

Floor 1200

The floor of clocks was a mess.

Some were normal, yet some were in reverse.

Some had their speed going into overdrive, others moved at a snails pace.

Tarkin tried not to look into the tick and tock chaos before him, and instead took the morbid interest in seeing exactly how long they had been in this damn...

His watch didn't have numbers anymore.

He paled in unease as his now numberless watch began to make everything he saw trippy...

Yackle!

Babble!

Nuget!

Floor 1201

"Time displacement of elevator movement causing exact body and mind clock perimeters to fluctuate randomly..." Tarkin said in a possessed monotone of voice, just as loopy as the floor of Devil's tuning forks they had arrived on.

"You know, how long have we been on this damn elevator anyway" Vader asked curiously as he pushed a few buttons on one of his arms "How odd...according to my stopwatch, we've only been here 10 minutes!? That cannot be..."

He checked it again "Wait, now it's saying we've been here 10 years!"

"Time hicucps! Time burps! Time f..."

Leia responded to Tarkin's continued use of bizarre phrases with duct tape.

Floor 1212

"Leia"

"Yes father?"

"Have you noticed our maturity seems to fluctuate between floors, or is it just me?"

"It's the stress father" Leia assured him, completly ignoring the floor of dancing pears they had landed on.

Floor 1436 (Levitucs Wilkes)

The door opened to reveal...

"Sanders! What the hell am I looking at?" Dark Helmet shouted.

Colonel Sanders stared at the screen. "Sorry Sir! It seems I've accidentally confused our movie "Spaceballs" for the parody of our movie, "Star Wars".

"Well fix it!" Dark Helmet shouted at Sanders. The beleaguered Colonel ran and grabbed a different instant cassette and ejected the current cassette just as the elevator doors closed.

Vader glanced at Leia. "Say what you will, Mel Brooks always gets the best worlds to film."

Floor 1492

With a confident jab, the flag of Spain was dug into the sands of this island.

Christopher Columbus, Italian by birth and sailing for the crown of Spain, had discovered islands the likes of which had never been recorded.

Strange people, strange creatures, and gray skinned mermaids with blubbery faces. He would go down in history for this...when a sudden blast of wind sent him flying back into the tropical waters behind him with the rest of his men, where sharks waited for them

From the door that had appeared in front of him before he could make his move, a dark knight scoffed.

"I find your people's treatment of the locals, disturbing"

"Father, what have we told you about murdering hub world historic figures"

"You didn't argue when it was Andrew Johnson

Floor 1701 (Gym Quirk)

The doors opened onto a wall of fur.

Specifically a wall of spheroid balls of fluff ten to thirty centimeters in diameter.

And they were all trilling high-pitched purrs.

Tarkin stopped his attempt to reach toward the mass at the sound of Vader's igniting lightsaber.

"Do not pick any of them up," warned Vader.

"Have you heard of Gizka, Governor? These are worse," explained Leia.

FLOOR 1812 (Gamerex)

The doors opened to reveal a dirty-looking cantina. Beings of all shapes, colors, sexes, and planes of reality were sitting around, drinking, swapping stories of successful "jobs," and occasionally getting in bar fights.

"C'mon, Cheewwie," Han Solo said as he walked into the elevator, followed by his faithful Wookie companion. "Contact's a few hundred floors up."

[Um, Han...], he tried to say, [you might want to-]

"This Hutt is a giant coward," Han told him, heading to the buttons without even turning around to see the other people in the elevator. "We won't need to look over our shoulders ever second to see if he's going to shove a blaster rifle down our mouths."

"...Han?" Leia asked, stepping over the unconcious Tarkin. "Quick, get out of the-"

But before she could finish that sentence, the doors swung shut.

"...elevator," she finished. "Are you Awake?"

[We...are,] Chewbacca said, hesitantly, [but what's wrong with the elevator?]

"Aw, crink," Solo groaned as the elevator began to rise, "someone pushed all the buttons."

"Put simply," Vader added, "we cannot leave. Any attempt to get off the elevator is blocked by a force field."

"...How long does that mean we'll be here for?" Han asked his faithful companion.

Chewbacca mentally did some math, counting down on his paws and scrunching up his face in concentration, before replying. [A very,

VERY long time,] he said, hanging his head.

"Well, may as well get comfortable," the smuggler said. "Anyone want some booze?"

"Please," father and daughter said in unison.

Floor 1874 (Seeker213)

"TARKIN! GET THE F $KING DOOR CLOSED NOW!" Vader ordered in desperate fear

"Lord Vader, no offense" Tarkin began "BUT WHAT THE F $K DO YOU THINK I'M DOING!" Tarkin shouted as he pressed furiously on the door close button.

"Hey, guys, I don't mean to alarm you," Han started "BUT HE, IT... THAT THING IS GETTING CLOSER!" Han screamed has he continued to fire at their unknown attacker

Leia only whimpered as she hugged her father in fear.

"Leia, what about me?!" Han questioned

"... You have Chewbacca don't you?" Vader stated

[Hummm... Hey everybody it's almost here] Chewbacca muttered as he walked away from the door, as everyone began to scream

Fortunately enough the doors closed just as the faceless, white skinned, long limbed, eldritch abomination in a black suit known only as the Slender-man had reached the elevator doors

Floor 1876

The doors of the elevator opened up, to reveal a golden pedestal.

And upon that pedestal, was a smoking ham.

"Huh...this is a floor in which Ham is Solo" Tarkin observed.

Han whacked in the back of the head for that joke.

Floor 1928

"Welcome to Diz-Ni's musical thought chamber. If you're a princess who needs a character song, please proceed to your left. If you're a villain who needs a character song, please proceed to your right".

Floor 1971 (FTKnight)

The doors open showing Jack O'Neil and SG-1.

" Right, well I'm taking the Stairs. " O'Neil Said in response.

" Sir, that 45 floors. " Samantha Carter said in shock.

" I need the Exercise. " O'Neil said as the doors closed.

Floor 1955 (Scorntex)

The doors slid open, revealing... darkness. Utter darkness. The sort of darkness where something inevitably horrible was likely to be waiting for the unwary.

In the absolute quiet, there was the sound of something dripping.

Something hissed.

And then there was a bright light, revealing a strange creature, that looked like some strange and unfriendly fusion of machinery and biology. Though its head had no actual (visible) eyes, it was definitely looking in their general direction, several fangs present and correct, to say nothing of the long tail ending in a massive, unmistakably sharp tip.

Normally, that would have been unnerving, edging straight into outright terrifying. Except it was wearing a straw hat on its head. A

few floors later Tarkin would ask whether it had actually been smiling.

And then it began to sing.

" *Hello, my baby!*

Hello, my honey!

Hel -"

The doors slammed shut again.

Floor 1985 (ThanatosScribe)

Tarkin looked out in slight confusion as the elevator door once again. For some reason, everything appeared to be all... blocky and chunky. He looked to the others in slight confusion, and was only able to see what looked like a blocky, portly man in a red shirt and overalls start to walk over to them before the door closed.

"Well, that was interesting," Leia remarked.

Floor 1987 (Thanatos Scribe)

The five looked in slight confusion as the door opened up. On the other side of the elevator, it appeared to be some sort of an office, but the office seemed to still be in construction, with there being no doors, hanging wires, and unplugged monitors about the room. However, it was the teenager sitting behind the desk and holding both a flashlight and a helmet similar to an ursine mask that caused for Han and Chewie to realize where they were and they both let out a curse. At the duo's curse, the teenager jumped in surprise and whipped around towards the noise, dropping the mask in the process, before relaxing somewhat as he realized who it was.

"H-hey, Han, Chewie." The teenager said, stuttering slightly as he looked in between the elevator and the hallway, before flicking the flashlight down the hallway. The beam of the light revealed a vulpine

being in disrepair, as shown by the exposed wires, and Jeremy paled at the sight before jumping out of his chair.

"Close the door!" He shouted as he dashed into the elevator, causing for Tarkin to curse before to press on the button vividly. The doors barely closed in time as a a decrepit Foxy leapt at them with a metallic screech, and the group heard the animatronic slam into the door with a ***clang*** .

"That was too close, kid," Han muttered as the elevator continued its path, and the others nodded in agreement.

"Thanks a lot for saving my hide back there," The teenager said as the elevator reached Floor 1988, then gave a quick wave before stepping out of the elevator.

"When did you two meet him?," Leia asked.

"He had a Fused Loop with Chewie a while back, and I met him a few Loops later," Han answered, then shivered at the memory. "It was *not* a nice Loop, either."

Floor 1989 (Thantos Scribe)

The five looked out into the floor the elevator opened onto with some confusion. Unlike most of the the Loops, this one was nothing but a hill covered in snow, trees jutting out of the landscape.

"This was less than I expected," Han muttered as he looked out to the landscape, and Tarkin couldn't help but agree mentally.

"LOOK OUT BELOW!" A voice cried out, and everyone turned towards the sound to see a boy and a anthropomorphic tiger jump over the hillside on their toboggan. To the surprise of everyone in the elevator, the two were able to slide into the elevator a few seconds before the doors closed, the toboggan slamming into the wall before shattering, leaving its two riders prone on the floor.

"That. Was. AWESOME!" The blonde boy shouted as he regained his senses, sitting straight up and pumping his arms into the air. It was then that he noticed who else was in the elevator, and exclaimed, "Whoa, Darth Vader? Han Solo?! CHEWBACCA!?"

"Well, this is interesting," The tiger said as he looked around the elevator, noting the four people in the elevator, "Though not as weird as the time we were a sabertooth tiger and a Tyrannosaurus."

"That was a *Calvinosaurus* , not a Tyrannosaurus!" The boy corrected. As the two bickered over what dinosaur the boy had been, the other four Loopers shared a look. Could it be that these two were Looping? After a few seconds, it came to a silent agreement that Han should ask the question and the pilot of the Millenium Falcon cleared his throat.

"Have you, perchance, been in several time loops over and over again?" Han asked, and the duo whipped around to face the Corellian.

"How did you know that?!" The boy exclaimed.

"Yes. How *did* you know that?," Tarkin asked, causing for the other four Star Wars Loopers to look at him, remembering that he was there. After a shared look, Han nodded to Chewbacca and the Wookie slammed his fist down on the Grand Moff's head, knocking the Eraidu-native officer out cold.

"Alright, now that he's knocked out, let's explain what's exactly going on here, kid." Han said.

Floor 1999 (Thanatos Scribe)

Tarkin groggily opened his eyes and looked around the elevator, trying to remember what had happened. He didn't remember passing out...

"So, you're saying that we're all stuck in these 'loops' since the multiverse is out-of-whack, and we're going to keep going through said loops until the universe is fixed?" A voice asked, and Tarkin turned to see the Corellian, Darth Vader, Princess Leia, and-. Spotting the Wookie talking to the tiger, he suddenly remembered what had happened. That *Wookie* knocked him, a Grand Moff of the Empire, out!

"That's AWESOME!" A childish shout rang out, and Tarkin realized that the child was still around. In an instant uncharacteristic of himself, he decided to quell his anger until the child had left. A ding signaled the elevator reaching the 1999th floor, and the group turned to see a vast forest outside of the elevator.

"C'mon, Hobbes! It's a whole new multiverse out there; let's go exploring!" Calvin said as he ran out of the elevator, scrambling over a fallen tree as he ran out into the forest.

"Well, it was certainly nice to meet another fine furred friend," The tiger said as he shook hands with Chewbacca.

-It's a pleasure to meet you as well,- Chewbacca replied, and the tiger gave a nod before racing after the boy.

As the door closed, Tarkin spun around and began to say, "How *dare* you-"

"Ah, go kiss a Sarlacc, Tarkin," Han interrupted, and Chewbacca let out a growl, causing for Thrawn to shut his mouth with a slightly pale face.

Floor 2007 (ThanatosScribe *)*

Tarkin blinked once more in mild surprise as the door opened again. On the other side of the door, there were several people standing in what seemed to be the Death Star. However, it obviously wasn't *his* Death Star, since the people in front of them were all copies of the elevator's inhabitants: A rotund, balding man was dressed in much

similar attire to the one called 'Han', Princess Leia's counterpart was older and had orange hair, a canid, bipedal being was obviously a copy of the Wookie, and what seemed to be a toddler was in armor near exact to Lord Vader's.

"Well, this is interesting," The tiny Vader look-alike said in an accent Tarkin was unfamiliar with, and muttered to himself, "We'll take the next elevator," before the elevators doors shut again.

The Grand Moff turned back to the others to see if they knew who was those copy-cats were, only to find them whispering in a huddle, with words such as *'they can't be looping, can they?'* and *'it* must *be a glitch'* being heard.

Floor 2319 (Blazingen1)

The doors opened to reveal monsters, lots of monsters of different variety standing before them. It was quiet for a moment until one of them yelled in fear.

"2319! WE HAVE A TWENTY THREE NINETEEN!"

Immediately there was panic with the monsters running away at the sight of humans. The glass rooms above their heads broke open as the CDA (Child Detention Agency) officers, in their yellow hazmat suits burst into the room.

"Halt!"

Chewie was the first one to reach for the close button on the elevator, and just before any of the CDA officers reached them, the elevator doors mercifully closed.

"{Phew! Thank goodness}" sighed a relieved Wookie.

"What was that all about?" asked Han.

"{I've looped into that world before. They were about to shave all my fur off! It was a scarring experience.}"

Floor 2345 (Rockgolem)

Tarkin looked out of the door and saw nothing but pitch blackness, he was about to open his mouth and comment on its plainess when Vader beat him to it.

"I sense a dark presence."

Suddenly two large circles of white with smaller circles of black in the center appeared.

"HIIIIIIIIII!"

Vader and Leia started to scream as Trakin felt a shiver run down his spine.

"Oh look some who doesn't know the pecking order, POPO!"

Floor 2474

"Welcome to the Waste of Money Floor. To find out why this floor is a waste of money, please insert a Credit"

Han, truly bored, inserted a credit into the coin slot that had taken up the opening to the floor.

"This floor has successfully wasted your Credit. Have a nice day"

Floor 2475

"Welcome to the trampoline floor. We spared no tax payers expense to make everything on this floor bounce for no reason whatsoever"

"HELP ME!" a stormtrooper screamed in terror as he kept being bounced against the walls "I've been in here for days!"

"So, that's where that guard got off to" Tarkin almost felt bad for killing that prisoner now

Floor 2476

"Welcome to the 'It smells like a wet Wookie' floor"

All present non-cyborgs inhaled deeply, before shivering.

Chewbacca shrugged. It wasn't that bad.

Floor 2477 (KrisOverstreet)

"Tell me, Tarkin," Vader asked conversationally, "when exactly did the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation set up shop on Despayre?"

"In my defense," Tarkin replied, "the prototypes did look quite charming. And their bids were quite reasonable."

The doors opened, and the voice spoke, "Welcome to the Death Star central droid containment floor, where those droids which have malfunctioned are stored until such time as a Sirius Cybernetics Corporation maintenance technician can provide service. In the meantime, we thank you for your patience. Share and enjoy."

The droids jumbled as far as the eye could see in the vast chamber beyond the doors began to sing and/or beep, exactly a flatted fifth off key:

Share and enjoy

Share and enjoy

Journey though life with a plastic boy

Or girl by your side

Let your pal be your guide

Until it breaks down or starts to annoy-

The doors mercifully closed, silencing the horrible electronic chorus.

"Unfortunately three months ago the Rebellion took Sirius," Tarkin said. "The uprising, I understand, was quite popular. The Rebellion was acclaimed for fulfilling its promise to make the marketing division of the corporation the first ones against the wall. The rest of management followed, as did engineering."

"Totally not sorry," Leia muttered.

Floor 2478 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The elevator opened, to reveal a much shabbier elevator containing only two individuals within, a young teen with a harsh looking lightning bolt scar and a middle aged gentleman in a brown tweed suit. The teen looked to the man behind him, "Have you met the Star Wars Loopers yet?"

The older man had a wooden stick pointed at Vader, "No, but I've seen the movies."

The teen rolled his eyes and pulled down the older man's arm. Vader nodded to the individual, "Harry. Showing your godfather around the multiverse?"

Harry sighed, "Nope, stuck in an elevator."

A chuckle echoed from Vader's helmet. "Same here with Leia and Tarkin."

After Harry's eyes widened, he added, "Tarkin's not looping."

Tension faded from the boys limbs. Meanwhile, Vader started sizing up Sirius Black, "Have you tried slipping *Professor* Snape some Polyjuice potion? I personally favored making him look like Slughorn."

A moment passed as Sirius' mouth curled into a delighted grin, "You know, *Lord Vader* , this might be the beginning of a beautifu-"

The door slammed closed before he could finish that statement. Only now did he notice Tarkin giving him an odd look. Vader responded, "What? Have you ever seen Slughorn try to glare at someone? He just can't pull it off."

FLOOR 2600 (Gamerex)

The doors opened to a familiar sight: the Millenium Falcon.

Or, at least, what was once the Millenium Falcon.

Han made several sounds that could only compare to a bird being Force Choked. The entire inside of the ship had been re-painted with garish reds and blues, with flame patterns littering the walls without rhyme or reason. Junk food littered the entire floor: candy bar wrappers were strewn everywhere, pizza boxes were all over the dashboard, and thee was a noticable stench of both cooking and mechanical grease lingering everywhere. The familiar knobs, levers, and buttons of the main controls had been replaced by a variety of video game controllers and joysticks.

And at those controls was a portly, blond-haired human. Upon hearing the elevator door's chime, he turned around in confusion, then promptly froze when he saw Han.

"Uh..." Coop said as Han's eyes practically popped out of his head, and he began hissing. "Want...some?" he asked, holding a Slurpee container to the elevator.

"You *son of a SITH!* " the rightful owner of the ship roared, trying to storm out of the elevator to murder this man who had *defiled* his precious shipo, only held back by Leia and Chewie's combined effort.

[Calm down!] the Wookie roared. [You've got the real Falcon in your Pocket!]

"I DON'T CARE!" Han screeched. "I'M GOING TO SHOVE HIM IN THE ENGINES AND USE HIM A FUEL FROM HERE TO TATOOINE!"

As the confused Terran sweatdropped, the elevator doors closed, and the mysterious metal box vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Ah, well," he said, returning to his seat and taking a deep gulp of his soft drink. "More for me!"

Floor 2742

"This may be my stop, but I shall not leave. Like a stubborn boarder before a storm, I shall abandon you to the cruel whims of fate!"

"Oh my love, my heart, my soul! Oh how it scours my soul to say, I must ask you to leave me to my fate! The whims of the storyteller, brutal they all. Only I should suffer them to their completion. You, you my knave of my heart..."

Technically, Han and Chewie were supposed to get off on floor 2743. However, it would seem that the floor they had landed on compelled any human who saw it to sound like a Shakespeare ripoff, and a low quality one at that.

Said Wookie wasn't affected by the floor's strange miasma. Nor was the cyborg Sith Lord who would have once killed Han for such affection to his daughter.

Tarkin was spared said dialogue as well, if only because he still was mentally damaged by a meeting with Rapper Q a few floors earlier.

Floor 2743 opened up before them, revealing a Coop-less Falcon. Han made no attempt to leave, and instead began a long winded and indirect dialogue that would have made him a sex god in an even more primitive British culture.

Chewie, after a serious guy nod to the Sith Lord, resolved the issue by picking Han up against his will and walking out with him.

"My heart! My heart, you rip out my heart! Oh savage creature from the forest of gods...!"

Leia would talk that way for 54 floors after.

54, long, long floors.

Floor 3000

The elevator opened up in the middle of a musical hall, filled with seven students of various ethnicities (two of Asian descent, two of African descent and three of European descent), being led in instrumental instruction by a older man of African descent himself.

All eight eyed the elevator that seemed to magically appear out of nowhere, before shrugging as if it wasn't all that odd to them and resumed practice as the doors shut.

"They ignored us?!" Tarkin demanded in somewhat unstable fury.

"...I would assume that they simple did not find us that remarkably surprising...though I do admit I am unfamiliar with what loop they come from" Vader mused.

Floor 4000.0 (Evilhumour)

"Hold the door, hold the door!" A waves of tentacles reached inwards as a being squeezed inwards as the door shut behind them. "Oh, *thank* you! I saw *him* again and he was in his stalky mood again and-
"

" *Slaanesh* !" Vader glared at the entity that taken on a solid form of Padme, reminding Vader of a particularly *bad* loop. "What have we talked about talking *that* form?"

"...That you'll tell Leman on me again?" The being asked, a tentacle being slapped away from Tarkin's quivering form by a frowning Leia. "Aw, let me have some *fun* . He's on my list!"

"Slaanesh, I've seen your to do list, and the only thing written is *'Not him, never him* '." Leia rolled her eyes. "Besides you'd take *him?* " She pointed at finger at Tarkin, who was trying to fight back a curious tentacle. "Don't make me get out the squirt bottle!" She glared at the Chaos God.

"Seeeesh!" Slaanesh pouted again as the doors opened. "Ooo! My stop! Bye!" Slaanesh then slipped a paper into Tarkin's pocket, with a tentacle making universal symbol for 'call me later'

Tarkin looked at Vader and Leia, and then just grabbed the nearest bottle of booze and began to drink heavily in the hopes to forget this happened.

Floor 6336

The doors opened, to reveal Anakin Skywalker.

Or more specifically, Annie Skywalker.

Vader and Annie glared at each other.

"Obnoxious male" Annie told him.

"Overly buxom female" Vader replied back.

"Ready for round two!?" Annie demanded, removing from her subspace pocket (that was actually a copy of his) a bladeless chainsaw. Which promptly lit up into a lightsaber bladed chainsaw. Which promptly ignited.

"Sadly, this isn't my floor" Vader deadpanned as the doors closed, separating the two before they could destroy the galaxy.

Again.

Floor 6363 (Seeker213)

The doors opened to revealing, what looked to be a male Leia, female Tarkin, and Darth Vader whose armor was made to fit a female's body

The two sides stared at eachother awkwardly for at least a minute before Leia and her male counterpart both pressed the close door button for their respective elevators, before continuing to stare at the other until the doors closed completely.

"...Well I'm going to need a lot of alcohol", Vader finally said after a few minutes of staring at the closed elevator doors

Floor 6666 (Hvulpes)

The door opened to...

"I now pronounce you husband and wife, Mister and Misses Skywalker." said the Priest as Luke his bride, the former Leia Organa, kissed.

Tarkin was surprised how the dual "Noooooooooooo!" harmonzied from the Sith lord and the Rebel Princess.

Floor 7777 (The Burper)

As the door opened, a cart full of alcohol came crashing through the barrier.

"I suppose we needed that."

FLOOR 8335 (Gamerrex)

The doors opened to reveal an absolutely massive bee hive. Upon seeing the elevator, the queen looked at Tarkin, and her face contorted in rage. "THE GREAT ENEMY!" she buzzed. "SEIZE HIM!"

Hundreds upon hundreds of bees proceeded to crowd against the force field where the door once was. All of Tarkin's haughtiness abruptly left him, and he shrieked in terror, hiding behind Leia as a human shield.

Rolling her eyes, Leia picked him up with the Force, and shoved his face against the force field. As thousands of bees struggled to pierce the barrier, Tarkin screamed like a little girl, barely stopping himself from soiling his uniform.

And then the doors closed, as suddenly as they had opened. Tarkin had no boasts or threats to Leia or Anakin this time: he was just lying on the floor, trying not to vomit.

"Was that really called for?" Anakin asked his daughter.

The adopted princess thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Yes. Yes it was."

(Evilhumour)

Tarkin stood up, glaring. "To hell with this!" He shouted, slamming his fist into the maintenance button.

For some reason, the sounds of an old fashion phone was heard as a somewhat weasly voice was heard.

"Yes, what can we-oh it's *you* three!" The voice perked up. "Superior Saturday has informed us of what has happened, and while elevators usually fall under the Upper House in these situations, Lady Saturday has ordered us not to interfere as she found the last few elevators incidents to be greatly enjoyable." The person then hung up on them with a Victorian style ringtone buzzing out into the room.

Vader and Leia had no words for what happen while Tarkin seemingly tried to find something if the way his mouth was moving up and down were any indication.

Floor 8888 (KrisOverstreet)

The doors opened to reveal an older, slightly shabby school classroom converted for use as a clubroom. Two male students stared in idle concentration at an Othello board. A female student sat in a sunny corner reading a book. Another female student, wearing a strange waitress costume, paused in pouring a cup of tea to stare at the elevator. "H-h-hello?" this notable asked, eyes wide in astonishment.

And then, from the back of the room, another female voice shouted, "He's BACK! And he's wearing the SUIT this time!"

Vader, Leia and Tarkin all locked their eyes on the figure standing up from behing a primitive computer terminal. Her hair had a headband with ribbons flanking a smile that was two-thirds determined and one-third demented.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" Vader roared, thrusting a hand forward.

The people in the elevator couldn't get out, but the Force could. The classroom shook as an unearthly wind poured through it, sending every loose object and three of the occupants (the boys and the waitress) flying to the sunlit window. The girl reading her book, for some reason, didn't even have her hair ruffled, and the pages of her book remained stock still.

And the girl with the headband and ribbons advanced through the storm, leaning against the wind, one slow footstep after another bringing her ever closer to the doors.

Vader kept pushing against her with all his might, while Leia began pounding the door-close button for all she was worth. The unstoppable smile kept advancing, bit by bit. A hand reached for the doors-

-just as they closed.

Vader and Leia both slumped in relief against a wall of the elevator. Even so, they didn't completely relax until Floor 8889 opened on an ordinary, empty Death Star corridor.

"She just kept coming... and coming... and coming," Tarkin gasped. "And that smile... that SMILE..."

In a very rare moment of sympathy and compassion, Vader squeezed the grand moff's shoulder reassuringly. "It's all right," he said. "When confronted by Haruhi Suzumiya, insanity is the only sane response."

Floor 8,914 (KrisOverstreet)

Two stormtroopers, helmets removed, walked into the elevator. One had a bald head; the other, much shorter than standard 'trooper height, had a thick head of black hair in spikes that never should have been able to survive being in a 'trooper helmet.

"My lord," the shorter of the two said, nodding to Vader. "Sir," he added, giving equal respect to Tarkin. "Pardon us, but we've just come off a double shift."

"Yeah," the tall bald one added, moving towards the corner of the lift. "If you could wake us when we get to our floor, we'd appreciate it. Sirs," he added as an afterthought.

Floor 8914

Leia couldn't resist the following line

"Aren't you a little short for a stormtrooper?"

"Silence" the short one muttered before he too fell asleep

Floor 9,006 (KrisOverstreet)

As the door opened to reveal a (blessedly) empty corridor, the taller of the two sleeping stormtroopers stirred. "Vegita, what floor is it?"

The shorter 'trooper moved just enough to look up at the readout. His eyes shot wide open as the number registered. "It's PAST 9,000!"

The bald 'trooper jumped to his feet. "Past 9,000? That's IMPOSSIBLE!"

"Curse the luck! Now we'll have to take the stairs back down to the barracks!" The short trooper stood up and joined his compatriot in straightening his armor. Picking up his helmet, he bowed slightly and, with a mumbled, "Sirs," followed his taller compatriot out the elevator doors just before they shut.

Floor 9007

"...He was oddly tolerable today, the egotistical dwarf. Thank the Force for small mercies"

Vader felt so relaxed about the lack of bickering he had to endure with that Saiyan that he didn't even care that the floor outside him was Snarf Wars, Episode 1: the Phantom Mumm Ra.

FLOOR 12277 (Gamerex)

The doors opened into, oddly enough, another elevator cart. Standing inside of it were what looked like two identical twins: both tall redheads, wearing custom-tailored suits, green ties, and a general sense of otherworldlyness. One of them wore a sandwich board covered in chalk tally marks, and the other carried a large silver platter in one hand.

"Well," the man said, "that's unexpected."

"The other elevator?" the woman asked.

"The people inside it," he replied.

"With infinite possibilities," the woman said, "one would expect the Fictional Realism hypothesis to be true *somewhere* ."

"One would *not* expect them to be trapped in an endless time Loop."

"Should we warn them about his tantrum?" the man asked, pointing towards Tarkin, who was sitting in the corner and staring at the wall again.

"I suppose we should. It'll leave horrible spots everywhere."

"And every *when* . It's ever so hard to clean the fabric of reality when someone leaves a stain."

"I suppose you would know from experience, brother?"

"Indeed."

"...what?" Vader asked.

"But what about this 'Anchor?'" he continued.

"The tattoo?"

"The man."

"What of him?'

"Do you think he will sink this time?"

"Depends if the tide comes in or not," the woman said. "Though he *is* dense enough to sink."

"Assuming the pressure doesn't let up," he man concluded. "Should we get off here?"

"I think not. We're due for the androids in another few floors."

With that, the doors shut, leaving the Skywalker clan horribly confused.

Floor 14000

The elevator doors opened up in a workshop somewhere, displaying a large white robot connected to an array of monitoring devices being observed by a white haired scientist in a lab coat who didn't look old enough for his hair color.

Looking over his shoulder to spot the visitors, he didn't seem that perturbed "Tell me, are you people here with the parts my Lancelot needs?".

"Lance a what?" Tarkin questioned as the man looked almost comically offended.

"You ignoramus! You dare insult my precious Lancelot, be gone!" the doors to the elevator shut as he demanded this, causing the scientist amusement.

Stupid ignorant elevator peons.

FLOOR 14141 (Gamerex)

The doors opened to reveal Great Cthulhu swinging around a broom, in a manner oddly reminiscent of a lightsaber, complete with making swooshing lightsaber sounds with his mouth.

Upon hearing the elevator's chime, the Great Old One turned to look at the elevator's occupants.

Vader and Leia, being experienced Loopers, were used to seeing sights as bizarre and awful as Cthulhu, and therefore only suffered minor headaches from looking at the non-Euclidian geometry of the R'leyhain offices.

Tarkin, however, took one look at Cthulhu's makeshift Jedi robes and promptly dissolved into an incoherent pile of screams and mad laughter, wrapping himself around Vader's leg and licking it.

"Get off!" the Anchor yelled, trying to shake the Mad Moff off his leg. "Get OFF!"

"Really?" Leia asked. "You could just-I don't know- *program* a lightsaber for yourself or something?"

"Your Admins tend to notice when we draw that kind of power in for something so tiny," said the hacker, "and I've got enough bruises from Bastet's *visits* as is."

"Ia! Ia!," Tarkin gibbered. "El'eh'Vader Cthulhu Je'dai fhatgn!"

"Leia! Get a crowbar!"

As the doors closed, Leia waved goodbye to the Lovecraftian hacker, then went to the task of trying to help her father pry the madman from his leg.

Floor 15378 (Seeker213)

the doors opened to reveal, Tarkin in a frilly orange dress and his hair dyed neon blue, Leia in a tie dyed punk outfit with clown shoes and her hair styled in a spikey afro, and Vader whose armor was painted bright pink with Christmas ornaments hanging off his helmet and shoulders.

"The next floor is going to suck" was all the pink painted Vader said before the doors closed

Floor 15379 (Seeker213)

"Super Fist of the Nose-Hair! Attack of the crazy fashion!" The yellow Afro haired, sunglasses wearing man yelled as his nose hairs extended in response, carrying a variety of clothes and dyes, before descending upon the loopers and non-looper

Floor 15380 (Seeker213)

The doors opened revealing the three occupants in their regular clothes and in Vader's case armor color

"The next floor is going to suck" Vader repeated to the regular clothed versions before the doors closed after which the occupants went to work on putting their clothes back to normal, as Vader pulled out some paint remover from his Subspace pocket

Floor 19000

"Damn it, not again" Leia complained after hundreds of floors of Starbuck restaurants.

Tarkin was muttering in tongues again, and her father...

"Grr...just a few points from my record!"

Was playing Angry birds on one of his replacement arms.

Why did all the men in her family get to have prosthetic arms capable of playing mindlessly amusing games, and she didn't?

Floor 19001 (Wildroof)

As soon as the doors closed, both the front and the back of the elevator opened...and on both sides...was two...Starbucks booths!?

"What?" Darth Vader yelled.

"Unbelievable," Leia groaned.

Tarkin was surprised, so surprised he no longer was speaking in tongues (for the moment). "Why are there two in the same area?" he asked them.

"I don't know," Vader muttered, "nor can I ponder the reason why there's two Starbucks locations ACROSS from each other. What reason could there POSSIBLY be for THIS to occur?"

FLOOR 20000 (Gamerex)

The doors opened to reveal the sea floor, with dozens of little sea creatures swimming everywhere and singing.

A redheaded mermaid swam up to the elevator. "Leia? So *that's* what your human body looks like!"

"Hey, Ariel," Leia greeted her fellow princess. "How have the Loops been so far?"

"There are a few creepy Variants," she said, "like the one where my lower body feels like it's on fire whenever I get legs. Or the one where there are those painful tuna nets everywhere."

"Don't even get her *started* on the pollution ones," Flounder muttered.

"But other then that," she continued, "I'm fine. How are you?"

"Pretty fishie!" Tarkin cooed, much to Vader's discomfort. "Look at the pretty fishie!"

"Elevator prank," Leia explained. "We've been in here for...a few days now, I think...and Tarkin's lost it."

"Well, I'd try to give you something to help, but since everything's blocked off in those...I guess we'll just have to say good luck!"

"Right. See you at the next Eden Hall princess meeting," Leia said, as the elevators slid closed and Vader wiped more of Tarkin's drool off his leg again.

Floor 21130 (Seeker 213)

The doors opened to reveal a movie theater playing Star Wars IV at the scene where Tarkin was talking to Leia.

Tarkin at this point finally broke down.

Floor 21336

With a beep, the elevator finally opened up to the destination they had been seeking, the viewing area of the Death Star before Alderaan.

Normally, Tarkin would be in the lead, ready to gloat about his new toy.

Instead, the normally in control Moff was being dragged out of the elevator, unresponsive to the world, by a far too giddy looking Darth Vader, with his daughter bursting out of the elevator with the sort of energy you'd expect of a far younger girl.

"Finally! By the force, it felt like we were in there for weeks!" Leia shouted as loud as she could, wanting to get it all out "I still don't know why none of us starved, or had to actually use the bathroom..."

Now free of the elevator, Darth Vader once again checked his arm stopwatch "Huh...apparently to the outside world we were only in that elevator for 3 hours" he said in the sort of horrified voice last heard in this galaxy when Obi-Wan checked the security tapes of the temple.

"What?" Leia gasped weakly. "But, it was definitely more than that..."

"Personally my daughter, I'm going to call this time question a blessing and not ask too many questions about it" Vader mused, before noting the Moff at their feet.

What to do with him...

(KrisOverstreet)

The senior bridge captain walked over to Vader and Leia, looking down at Tarkin. The grand moff had begun to gibber incoherently. "What happened, milord?"

"The lift malfunctioned," Vader said simply. "It took three hours to get from the detention cells to the bridge." He gestured to Tarkin. "The

confinement had this effect on him."

The captain squinted a little in confusion. "Sir? I was a fighter pilot once. Three hours in a confined space isn't even a full patrol. It shouldn't have had this kind of effect."

"Quite," Vader agreed. "I find myself questioning the Emperor's judgment, seeing what sort of fragile personality he allows to command his most important strategic asset."

"Sir, I am obliged by duty- please no wait before you strangle me sir!" the captain gabbled, holding up a hand to ward off Vader's... which had barely moved. "Duty requires I point out that sort of talk is treasonable, milord, no offense, begging your pardon, please don't get angry."

"Isn't reputation wonderful?" Leia smirked.

"If I pay the price for it, I deserve the right to use it," Vader replied. Returning his attention to the captain, he added, "Please ponder this, captain. The Emperor was granted his power by the galaxy because he promised to restore peace, order and prosperity to the galaxy. For almost two decades I have fought to make that a reality. And yet, under the Emperor's guidance, we have incompetence in high office and command," emphasized by a casual gesture down at the trembling body on the deck, "restive worlds held in check by ever more severe retribution, and an economy crippled by ever-higher taxes to fund the ongoing war effort and the accompanying corruption." Vader paused for a moment to let his respirator catch up with him.

To his credit, the captain's mouth shut a moment after it opened to deliver the canned response. His eyes flickered away from Vader's mask for a moment as he carefully chose his words.

A thinking boy, I like that, Vader thought.

Leia's thoughts retorted, *Since when, father?*

"The emperor says," the captain finally replied, emphasizing those three words, "that total victory lies just around the corner."

"He has said this since he was only Supreme Chancellor of the Senate," Vader said. "And yet, instead of sending this mighty battle station against a known Rebel stronghold world with a massive task force admitting of no possibility of defeat, he sends it out unescorted and undefended save for my personal fighter squadron. And instead of a formidable defended rebel world like the Mon Calamari homeworld," Vader added, gesturing at the giant viewscreen showing a green world dead center, "his chosen commander chooses a completely undefended, unarmed, densely populated planet that is a galactic synonym for pacifism." Respirator again.

"The emperor would say," the captain continued in the same vein, "that he has his reasons."

"Of the two of us, which is more likely to know the Emperor's mind," Vader asked, "you or I?"

"You, of course, milord," the captain responded instantly.

"And what if I said," Vader asked, "that the Emperor was a complete bastard whose only joy comes at the suffering and death of others? Does it line up better with the evidence than the official releases from Coruscant?"

The captain's face took on a grieved grimace. "Sir, there's no way I can answer that question and live."

The respirator noises, for a moment, took on a sighing quality. "Captain," he asked, "right now, what do you want to accomplish as an Imperial officer?"

"Honest answer?" the captain asked. "Right now I'd be happy to survive the next ten minutes, milord. Or at least give me some danger I can shoot back at!"

"Very well, I can work with that." Vader straightened himself up and continued, "You have two career options open to you at this point, captain. You may either join me in persuading the Emperor that he should abdicate on grounds of incompetence... or you may remain true to your duty and your oath of personal loyalty." Staring down at the captain, he added, "I trust you can judge which option has the longer life expectancy. And the greater opportunity for shooting back."

To his credit, the captain didn't answer immediately. After a few seconds of thinking, he asked, "Would I have to join those rebel terrorists, milord?"

"Terrorists? Why you-" A black gauntleted hand restrained Leia.

"Baby steps, princess," Vader replied. "Let us say for the moment that your true loyalty lies with the Galactic Empire, rather than a particular Emperor whose conduct... disgraces the uniform."

Much relieved, the captain snapped to full attention and asked, "What are your orders, milord?"

"Your first task will be disposing of that gaggle of useless generals and admirals downstairs," Vader replied, "along with this." He nudged Tarkin with a toe. "After that I believe a trip to the Kuat system is in order, to discuss with the shipyards and defense fleet the true nature of loyalty. En route we shall repair the lifts..." Vader's head tilted just a fraction, and in the light his death-mask appeared, for a moment, to smile. "... plus certain other design defects which may have been overlooked. Particularly in the way of reactor exhaust ports."

"As you wish, milord," the captain said, bowing and turning to give orders.

"Potentially bright officer," Vader noted, "at least in comparison with his colleagues."

"Can I get better quarters than the detention cells now?" Leia asked. "And possibly a bridge station? When you turn up in Coruscant orbit with the Death Star and a full battle fleet escort, I want to see the look on the Emperor's face..."

Huh, that really was a lot of floors, wasn't it.

Now, back to our regularly scheduled loops.

Chapter 13

12.1 (Crisis)

"Oh, you look like a fun one!" General Waltz grinned as she stared down the white-armored figure of Anakin Skywalker in his billowing cape. "Be sure to let me know where it hurts so I can keep cutting there!"

"You will not find me so easy an opponent this time," Anakin's distorted voice boomed across the distance between them. Despite the claim, he held himself in a tense stance. He'd only survived their first encounter due to his long practice with the Sith regenerative techniques he'd studied under Darth Sidious/Palpatine and his unquenchable fury at this insane droid girl.

"This time?" Waltz's grin grew like someone had told her it was her birthday. It really creeped Anakin out in ways he'd never openly admit to anyone. But then, anyone who'd ever met Waltz and lived wouldn't need such an explanation. They'd know the feeling first hand. It was the feeling that had led the Separatist leaders to try and replace their mad general with someone more stable. But Waltz was still the general, and the new Separatist leaders were too frightened of her, or still too nauseous from seeing what happened to their predecessors, to try that again. "You mean... You actually lived through me killing you once? I... I get to kill you *again* ?!"

Anakin discretely began channeling chakra into one of his prosthetic hands, one he'd modified specifically to work with this particular attack. He also tried not to let on how much his opponent's glee was freaking him out even past his Jedi focus on righteous justice and Sith desire for bloody revenge.

"THANK YOU! HAHAHAHAHA!" General Waltz charged, slashing wildly with the energy blades of her finger-sabers.

Anakin parried in a reflexive maneuver governed solely by his Force precognition and finely-honed danger senses, allowing his opponent to skid far past his position and counting himself lucky that he only got part of his helmet and cape shaved off in the exchange. He finished channeling chakra into his arm and took aim at General Waltz's back, musing as he always did about the irony of his natural chakra element.

"ROCKET CHIDORI!" he bellowed, firing the armor-piercing electrically imbued knife-kand at Waltz's center of mass.

The mechanical limb shot forward at very literal lightning speeds in a yellow blaze of light... and was cut down by a ridiculously off-balance spinning-slash from Waltz that caused the mad robot to hit the ground face-first even though she'd destroyed Anakin's rocket-propelled prosthesis.

What bothered Anakin was that he could swear her finger-sabers had been crackling with Dark Side Force lightning when she'd countered his attack. Tabling the thought, he rushed forward to take advantage of General Waltz's vulnerable state with the lightsaber held in his remaining hand, only to check his charge and jump back as powerful rocket thrusters in the base of the general's sundress-shaped armor flared to life with enough intensity to almost roasted him alive. They forced General Waltz to scrape forward along the ground for a ways until she righted herself and whipped around to grin at him, half her face missing from the self-damaging maneuver and her armor scored from the ground in places.

"You actually tried to shoot me in the back?!" General Waltz looked thrilled as she laughed maniacally and electricity crackled spastically around her finger-sabers. Damn. It *was* Dark Side Force lightning...

'How the hell did she...?' Anakin wondered for a moment before shaking the thought off. He could wonder about that later.

"No wait, that couldn't have been you! It had to have been the–" General Waltz suddenly shot forward, propelled by her rocket

thrusters and Anakin barely got up a block that held back all ten of her finger-sabers, the blades close enough that their heat was causing parts of his helmet to warp, "– *one armed man!* "

"Elation. I feared that my exile to this maker-forsaken place filled with happiness and joy would cause me to loose my sense for artistic and precise murder. It is with great joy I have come across an organic with such, vision."

Twilight normally had nothing against trans-loop bonds of friendship, family and love. However, in this case...

"Query. Angel Bunny, have you ever considered the most efficient way to destabilize quadruped governments via efficient and discreet assassination?"

She could not, in good conscience, allow a friendship of mutual murderous intent to form between Angel Bunny and HK-47.

12.3 (Scorntex)

"So," Leia declared, "We're in a cell. In the Death Star. Under enemy control."

" *That part had not escaped any of us* ." Chewbacca noted, through the comlink, which the guards had thoughtfully declined to search him for (not that it mattered much. Each of the Loopers presently occupying the Death Star's scenic prison blocks had several comlinks in reserve).

"Outside the cell," Leia continued, "Are armed guards, facing the door."

"To the best of my knowledge." Came the voice of Luke.

Leia shook her head, pacing back and forth in the small amount of space the cell provided. "And there are guards guarding the

entrance and exits of the hallway."

"Yes." Anakin said from the shelf (Leia wasn't about to call it a bed), where he was staring at the ceiling.

"Provided we got past those guards, the lifts have security cards. Voice activated, I assume?" She looked towards Anakin, whose expression yielded no answer.

"That might explain what happened to Threepio." He said mournfully.

"Right." Leia looked at the wall. Suddenly a large solid surface looked amazingly inviting. Perhaps if she hit her head against it hard enough, she would've been able to escape.

"And you *could* apperate." She noted to the imprisoned Sith Lord, "But you've no idea whether or not he's prepared for apparition."

" *It stands to reason he has.* "

There was a moment's grim silence. "And he's likely got people monitoring every inch of this place he can." Luke provided, "So the garbage chute is out."

"Oh no" Han said as dryly as he could manage. "That's so awful."

"And if he hasn't managed to set up wards for apparition, he's likely got someone, or something, on guard to protect him."

"Almost certainly." Anakin said.

Leia scowled. Not at her father, but just in general annoyance. She looked down at the comlink. Theoretically, R2 had made sure even *he* couldn't access their private communication channel (Set for Loopers only, and specifically those with comlink he and Luke had worked on) but with their opponent, it was anyone's guess whether that applied.

"Or he has a dead man's switch for something, like a self-destruct mechanism. That's pretty popular." Han groaned, "Jabba's had one a few times."

" *Oh, my. So he did.* " Leia could practically hear Chewbacca's exasperated facepalming, even though he was in a cell at the other end of the block. " *The corpulent bastard.* "

"And he has to know we're planning an escape attempt." She noted.

"It's a classic." Anakin shrugged.

"And in all fairness," Leia could tell Luke was smiling. She didn't even need the force to know it, "We are. And whatever he's up to, he most likely could be counting on it."

There was the sound of Han swearing, loud enough to be heard through the walls.

"So..." She sighed, leaning against the walls, "Unless anyone's got a hidden ability they've never mentioned before, we're stuck here."

"Well..." Anakin said, "I do have one potential idea."

Leia waited to see if anyone else had anything. And waited. And she waited some more.

Regrettably, the others had fallen silent. "Alright, what is it?"

Anakin slowly removed his helmet, and then fished his hand inside, before removing something. Leia stared at it, then at Anakin.

"Hold on... you don't need your armour this Loop?"

Anakin held a finger up to his helmet's mouth-plate. "No," He said, "But it's surprisingly useful to keep on."

He looked like he was about to say more, and then stopped. After all, someone, mostly likely the man who'd imprisoned them all in the first

place, was almost definitely listening in. Leia stared at the device.

"Is it a signal beacon?" She asked. Anakin shook his head.

"No. It's a remote."

Leia stared at him. Given the helmet, she had no idea if her biological father was staring back or not.

"A remote." She repeated. "For the doors?"

"No." Anakin said. There was a definite hint of mirth in his voice. "The station's communication systems."

He pressed on it. There was a brief flicker of a red light, and then...

Nothing.

"Well..." Darth Vader, Dark Lord of Sith, Leader of the 501st Legion, and the Emperor's Right Hand, said. "Damn."

" *Incidentally, fellows...* " Chewbacca spoke up, " *Am I the only one who hears music all of a sudden?* "

There was a moment as Leia and Anakin's eyes met. "Of course!" Anakin declared, "The cells are sound-proofed!"

"You *forgot* ." Leia said, fighting the all-too tempting urge to strangle him with her bare hands, " *About. The. Sound-proofing.* "

"Yes." Was his response. "Which means we can just sit back, relax, and wait for that pompous Xanatos to crack."

"Oh, *joy* ." Leia deadpanned. "Stuck in an enclosed space. With you. For hours. ***Again*** ."

"We could always risk the music." Luke suggested. "By the way, father, what music is it?"

"Oh" Anakin said, "Something I asked someone to make for me some Loops back."

"One of those ponies?" Han asked.

"No." Was Anakin's response, "Not even close."

On the bridge of the Death Star, *his* Death Star at that moment, Grand Moff Xanatos scowled. Even through his ear plugs, the refrain would not stop, no matter what the technicians tried. And perhaps it was the fact that it couldn't stop, but he disagreed strongly with it.

Everything was most definitely *not* awesome.

12.4A

Whenever Anakin taught non-loopers (or unawake loopers) whose names did not start with Ahsoka, or end with Skywalker or Solo, weird shit happened.

The time he taught Asuka, she turned into a shrinking violet yamato nadeshiko.

The time he taught Usopp, he turned into a violence loving blood knight who ran into fights without a single fear.

The time he taught a human Rarity, she developed a Canadian accent and a fondness for AC/DC music, which should not have existed in loop.

And that wasn't even going into the time he taught a teenage Mace Windu...which was universally decreed by all present to never talk about again.

He had no idea why. A crack team of looping Equestrians, baseline psycologists and Ranma had tried figuring out one loop, to no conclusive results.

So, Anakin found himself somewhat uneasy when he found himself with Bariss again as a padawan (Kamina-Bariss is an experience he was nervous of dealing with again), along with Ahsoka.

As it turns out, the Jedi never dropped that 'one Padawan' rule this variant loop, and Luminara happened to be one of Grievous's victims.

Lucky him.

How would his 'curse', as some called it, react to this? Would Ahsoka negate it? Would it only affect Bariss as normal, leaving a weirded out junior padawan to figure out why Bariss suddenly started wearing pointed shades and speaking at high volumes? Would it turn Ahsoka into a version of Simon?

It was a bit too late to return the two by the time he woke up, so Anakin would just have to find out.

Quite a while later, Anakin was pleasantly surprised by the lack of odd behaviors in either of his Padawans.

Ahsoka did seem to divert that strange jinx of his, and good thing too. A Team Gurren'd 501st was not something that Anakin liked to deal with more than absolutely had to.

Sure, they were unbeatable to all who opposed them that loop with far fewer casualties, and they all managed to overcome Order 66 with sheer willpower and inexplicable explosions and rock music, but he got too many complaints from all the other commanders, for both their conduct and when contact with the 501st infected other clones.

But, regardless of crazed Bariss's of pasts past (or something), the Bariss in this loop seemed to be doing well. It seemed that laxer viewpoints and a constant friend around her to vent out frustrations helped avoid a repeat of past events, and Bariss's maturity (which, Anakin had to admit, was better than his when nano-droids were not

factored in) helped Ahsoka mature faster and somewhat more evenly than in baseline.

All in all, it worked out quite well, even if all his attempts to kill Palpatine were always being foiled by witnesses (Bail Organa, Padme, the Jedi Council and others who reacted badly to murdered heads of state right in front of them.)

"Beep Beep"

"Agreed" Anakin was snapped out of his contemplation by his faithful droid, rolling alongside him as the two traversed the more remote corners of the Jedi Temple for peace and quiet (and to avoid Obi-Wan, who was annoyed at him for his most recent scuffle with Spock). "He does need to die soon. You up for killing him?"

"Beep beep?"

"I keep trying to, but Padme keeps showing up. You know she never likes it when I stab Supreme Chancellors."

"Beep"

"Yes, I do explain it to her when I do, and she does calm down a bit. I just dislike sleeping on the couch for killing Sith Lords..."

Anakin trailed off when he noticed his droid had stopped rolling along, and turned back to spy his droid.

Said blue and white astromech was gesturing at something in the distance, which Anakin gazed at himself.

"Huh? R2, what's so interesting? It's just Bariss and Ahsoka talking to one another close together in a corner and putting their faces near..." Anakin stopped talking as he saw exactly what was going on from a decent distance away.

Huh...so that happened.

Anakin noted a odd lack of murderous intent, considering his view points on Lux Bonteri and Bariss's baseline issues. That was probably somewhat concerning.

"Beep beep beep"

"...Yes, there probably are several loopers who would probably pay well to see Ahsoka and Bariss kiss...wait, R2...No! Stop recording this instant!"

Damn curse. Now he had to have that awkward conversation with unawake Ahsoka's about relationships and the code while avoiding hypocrisy, (those conversations never got any less awkward), and try to stop R2 from further recording.

There went his rather peaceful loop.

12.4B (Crisis)

Ahsoka and Bariss sat a bit nervously as Anakin Skywalker stared them down. They didn't know what this was all about, but they both knew that the phrase 'we need to have a talk' never boded well.

"Master, why are we here?" Ahsoka broke the silence first.

"Well..." Anakin trailed off with as much awkwardness as the two padawans were feeling. "Force, I hate having to do this, but... You see..."

R2D2 interrupted Anakin's clumsy attempts to begin whatever with a long string of musical beeps and whistles, which actually made a rather catchy tune.

"R2!" Anakin scolded, looking a bit scandalized.

"What did the astromech say?" Bariss whispered to Ahsoka.

"Not sure..." Ahsoka scrunched her face up. She'd begun to understand some of the droid's speech, but was still far from fluent.

"Something about the two of us and... a tree I think?"

12.5 (Evilhumour)

C3PO observed as a man stormed into his tavern, dressed in heavy battle-

"Oh! You must Leman Russ, of the-"

"Are you the bartender you annoying twit!?" The man glowered at droid and then at the other people in the bar before sitting down. "If so, then give me your strongest brew *now* . If not, I will rip you from that spot and get it myself!"

"My word!" But still, trying to do what his friends had taught him, he tried to make the customer happy while fetching the drink. Small talk, let the person talk. "Right away sir." Turning around, the droid asked the person a reasonably small and safe question. "I take it that you must have had a bad loop?"

"Bad does not begin to cover it nor do I *ever* wish to go over to think of it again." the looper snapped before sighing. "All I will say is that I had to deal with a *Chaos* God Emperor and *I* lead the Heresy that loop."

Staring at the drink, Leman sighed as began to drink the memories away.

12.6 (Gymquirk)

Wedge Antilles scowled as he climbed out of his X-Wing.

"Got you too, did he?" asked Jeff 'Joker' Moreau.

"Welcome to the club," added James Bigglesworth.

"I don't get it. The bunch of us here are among the best pilots in the multiverse, right?" asked the Corellian ace.

A white duck in a red jacket held up a hand. "I wouldn't..." he began modestly.

"No, Launchpad," interrupted Baloo von Bruinwald. "In the air, you're as good as any of us. It's just landings that trip you up."

"Anyway," went on Wedge. "And, with one exception, none of us has been able to beat him." He gestured at the white beagle doing the happy dance around an orange doghouse.

Rogue Leader addressed the smallest member of the gathering. "Okay, Cal...I mean Spiff. You're up. I have a hunch that you may be the only one of us who can take him on with a decent chance of victory..."

12.7 (TangleKat)

"Welcome to Empire Burger. How may I make your life miserable today?" Anakin resisted the urge to groan. For some reason, all the major faction in Luke's era were currently fast food joints. Empire Burger (a massive corporation), X-Wing Eats (a small but resilient joint) and various other oddities.

"Vader, get off the floor and into the limo. We have to find X-Wing's headquarters and get them closed down. I've already got a Health Inquisitor posted to their main outlet and we don't have much time." District Manager Tarkin. If only it could be used as blackmail.

Anakin sighed. One of the local bars had better serve a mean drink. He was going to need it by the end of the Loop.

12.8 (Kris Overstreet)

Luke Skywalker sat in Eden Hall, nursing his decidedly non-alcoholic beverage.

He wouldn't mind the bar Loop so much if it weren't for all the questions- and, so often, all the same questions, over and over

again. (His father didn't get hit with nearly so many; even without the mask and suit, he had a way of staring at people who annoyed him that generally persuaded them to find business elsewhere.) If only there was some way to get them answered once and for all. But... nah, stringing up a HoloNet between universes simply wouldn't work.

So here he was, being polite and calm and very, very Jedi to Twoflower, who had dragged his friend Rincewind over to Luke's table. (The third member of their little group was currently snoring on its lid, hundreds of little feet twitching in the air, having got itself hammered on a cocktail of wood polish garnished with bee's wax.)

"I understand your right hand is robotic," the Discworld's first tourist was saying. "Would it be possible for me to look at the workings? I have ideas about improving the Red Army back home on the Counterweight Continent. It would save wear and tear on very culturally important pottery."

Luke's hand was flesh and bone during the bar Loop, but his baseline seemed to find new and annoying ways to lop it off. He hated getting the cyborg replacement, and especially hated how the second metacarpal piston would occasionally jam, locking his middle finger at full extension until he got the stupid thing repaired. As for other people poking at it, well, politeness has limits. "If you don't want your pottery broken, why not tell your robots not to break it?" Luke asked, trying to change the subject.

"You misunderstand," Rincewind moaned. "The robot army *is* the culturally important pottery."

Luke was trying to figure out how that would even work when he spotted another Looper walking away from the bar with her drink in one hand and a datapad in the other. "Excuse me, Chun Li?" Luke asked. "What's that you're reading?"

"You know the honorable police woman Chun Li?" Twoflower asked in awe.

"We met during a strange fighting tournament," Luke said. "What was strange was, it was my world and not hers. I don't care to talk about it."

"What he means is, I KO'ed him in sixty seconds," the statuesque street fighter remarked. "What can I do for you, Luke?"

"What's that you're reading?"

"This?" Chun Li flipped the electronic tablet over. "Looper newsletter. Superman's idea, I think. He thought the Looper grapevine was really inefficient and prone to distortion- you know, Telephone Game?"

Luke give Chun Li a confused look.

"Right, they don't have telephones in your society, do they?" Chun Li said.

"I know what a telephone is," Luke said, "but I've never heard of a game."

"Anyway," Chun Li said, waving the point away, "Superman got together with April O'Neil, Kolchak, and a few other Loopers with news experience, and they've organized a sort of samizdat news distribution service."

"Samizdat?" Luke tilted his head. "That doesn't translate into Galactic Basic."

"Oh, I know that," Twoflower chimed in. " *Samizdat* is a technique we use in the Aurient. It means being very careful when copying documents so that one is exactly like the other."

"...er, right," Chun Li muttered, "let's go with that." She waved her tablet again. "App works on most tech world systems, including yours. There's also a CD-ROM library for early tech worlds, and Ryu

lets us use the photocopier and hole punch in his back room for those who don't have information technology."

"Oh really?" Twoflower jumped from his seat. "I must see this wonder! Are you coming, Rincewind?"

Rincewind looked at his beer tankard. "I'm still waiting for my potato," he said. "But I'm sure you'll bring copies of everything for me."

Luke, relieved that one-third of his uninvited table guests (and four-fifths of the unwanted table conversation) had just departed, took a closer look at the screen of Chun Li's datapad. The application design strongly resembled a cross between a Hub world newspaper page and a Star Trek data archive directory. The newest and most interesting articles were displayed on the front page. (Chun Li's app had chosen articles on Sly Cooper, Lupin III, and for some reason She-Hulk.) Menu bars offered navigation to saved articles, indexed by universe. (The words "Star Wars" appeared near the top, under "Frequently Requested.")

"And everybody reads this?" Luke asked.

Chun Li shrugged. "It hasn't been in the works long," she said, "but Superman claims he's already got a couple thousand people sending in articles through the old grapevine. And since the app's decentralized, anyone with a terminal can become a distribution point. Eventually every Looper who ever meets another will be able to update the system just by connecting these," she waved the tablet again, "for a few minutes."

Rincewind sighed and knocked on the Luggage. The wooden chest opened its lid for a prolonged drunken snore, and a USB drive fell out. Rincewind picked it up and handed it to Chun Li. "I don't have a tablet," he said. "Recharging's too iffy, especially on the go. But the Librarian has several, and he's definitely going to want to be part of this."

As Chun Li plugged the thumb drive into a custom jack on her tablet, Luke had the idea. He left the table, made his way to the bar, and asked the bartender, "Please sir, may I have a pen, a piece of paper, and a thumbtack?"

After a minute or two of writing the bartender suggested using a hammer and nail instead, to ensure the attention of at least some of the drinkers.

The notice that got posted on a support pillar read:

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED (once) (maybe)

If you have questions about the universe referred to as

"Star Wars", "the Galactic Republic/Empire", etc.,

please give them IN WRITING to Luke Skywalker

(or, in future Loops, to any Looper from our world).

WRITTEN ANSWERS will eventually be distributed

through the Looper news service

(ask the bartender for details).

VERBAL answers will NOT BE FORTHCOMING.

Questions will ONLY be answered if and when

one of our Loopers feels like it. You may ask

one or all of us- try your luck-

BUT NO GUARANTEE OF AN ANSWER.

Signed, Luke Skywalker.

A few minutes later he nailed a second copy to the same pillar, only in English instead of Galactic Basic. To this copy was added:

If you can't read this one, don't bother me. Ask the gold-colored droid standing next to the bar.

To which, a few minutes later, the proprietor of the bar added, after underlining "ask the droid":

YES, PLEASE. - Ryu

12.9A

It was actually somewhat uncommon to see a looper die.

Outside of a few choice worlds, most loopers were so far beyond their native dangers that they were all but impervious.

So when a looper did die, it was custom for the loopers in loop to mourn his or her death as if it was forever.

Not only was it only fair, but it was a good way to remember that consequences existed.

In remembering this, a looper would avoid losing what it was that made them who they were, and not suffer from that nasty malady that was Sakura Syndrome.

This loop, it had been a great battle to prevent the actions of a MLE bring forth the deaths of uncountable numbers of civilians across multiple galaxies.

It had been masterfully set up, and only was stopped by the actions of a great gathering of loopers, led by Luke Skywalker and Jean-Luc Picard.

But at a great cost.

"We gather here today" Luke Skywalker began "To remember a man whose brave actions spared the galaxies we all share from a great catastrophe. A man who never forget the value of life, even as he found himself as something beyond the ordinary. While he knew that no matter if his original self died, he could be reborn again and again, he also knew himself unique compared to the vast majority of those around him. Let us never forget this: for while we are never dying, others are not".

"Today, we honor the man known as Spock".

12.9B (Evilhumour)

Kirk walked to the podium.

"Many would say that a Vulcan is to be without emotions; to be full of logic," he cleared his throat. "They could not be further from the truth. Vulcans, they have so *much* emotion that they *have* to hold back, they *have* to be logical all the *damn* time or they couldn't cope." He looked at the tube that held Spock. "The loops have not changed this is Spock. It has only made him a *far* better man with even *deeper* emotions, feelings and wondrous wonders that made our friendship that much more special. I would not be half the captain without any one of my crew and I would be so much less of a man without my best friend by sides." Raising a hand to wipe away a tear, he stopped himself. To do so would mean hiding his emotions, his feelings towards the man he knew and love a brother. "I will not say good bye Spock, but Until next time, my dear old friend."

With that, he walked off the stage with tears flowing proudly down his face.

12.9C (myself and Wildrook)

"Reflection: The Flesh-Bag known as Spock was not one to put unnecessary emotion into things. His actions were as calculated as a droid. I found his fondness for logic to be quite refreshing when I find myself exposed to it. Should something ever happen to my universe,

and I find myself being reborn in another one, I would very much approve of being re-purposed as Spock's own personal Assassin Droid, or even, I must admit, his personal Assassin Vulcan".

Revan gave HK-47 a look.

Yes, there was a bit of respect, but it wouldn't be HK-47 if he wasn't himself.

12.9D

"The people of the worlds, they share many things. Their laughs, their dreams, their hopes, and their voices. Sometimes you think you hear someone, and find that you're speaking to someone else entirely" Sora began "When I first met Spock, I feared he was my world's Big Bad. Their voices were uncannily similar. However, his heart was his own. While they may have sounded the same when they spoke, their words were different. While one spoke of darkness and hate, the other spoke of loyalty and trust. That is who Spock is, no matter what whom he sounded like from afar. It was who he was up close that truly matters"

12.9E

"Yeah...his logic is weird" was all Kamina had to say about the guy. "However, his fighting spirit still earned my respect in this and every other loop I meet the pointy eared bastard. He's welcome to join Team Gurren anytime!"

12.9F

"Some people call these loops, immortality" Alucard began "Such a thought is childish. The loops are not infinite. One day, these loops will end. As such, simply wasting ones life doing pointless things, dying for foolish reasons, is truly the mark of an imbecile."

"Some choose to use these loops not as a way to torture those around them, or to behave like addled rabbits, but as way to better

themselves. They live the loop as if each loop was their last, and aim to make the loop they are in worthy of being the last loop".

"Be it creating the life of ones dreams, or avoiding ones mistakes, many loopers travel this path of diligence. Spock was one such looper. He is a man worthy of overcoming all monsters in his wake, as is his destiny as a man".

"For if there is immortality, it is not the ability of someone to remain forever as they are now" the vampire finished "No, it's the ability to inspire others to follow in your footsteps, and take up your sword."

"Where one Spock falls, there shall be born a new Spock to continue the story the first one begun."

12.9H

"Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep"

R2's words were short, yet surprisingly profound.

12.9I (Crisis)

The loop after

"Attention all crew," James T. Kirk spoke from his chair, "this is the captain speaking. First officer Spock has informed me that a very dear friend of his passed away recently and as he cannot return to attend the funeral, he would like to offer his eulogy here to be recorded and sent on. I ask that all members of the crew observe a respectful silence while he speaks."

Kirk then stood from the captain's chair and nodded to the blue-uniformed half-Vulcan in question.

"Mister Spock, the floor is yours."

"Thank you, Captain," Spock nodded respectfully before straightening and beginning to address the crew. "I first met mister

Leonard Nimoy a long time ago, at a particular convention he was asked to speak at. By chance I was able to speak with him alone and in a few minutes it was like we had known each other all our lives..."

12.1 It is time for episode 2: Vader strikes back!

12.2 The bunny is evil, or so I am told

12.3 Humor at its finest. For humour at his finest, that's up to you.

12.4 ….I ship Barrisoka, but the writers say I cannot pair them up in loop. So this is my tribute to it

12.5 The Bartender 3PO saga continues. Who is Leman Russ?

12.6 More X-Wing stuff

12.7 Pizza Hut does not support the rebellion. Nor does Pizza Hutt. Or Pizza the Hutt

12.8 Expect some loop stuff from this idea next time.

12.9 While I have never seen Star Trek, I am a fan of him from his work in Kingdom Hearts and Civilization. Rest in peace, Leonard Nimoy. Thus the lack of plot this snip.

Chapter 14

So, time to see if Question and Answer style loops are enjoyable. If you feel they are not, tell me and they will never appear after this chapter

13.1

To, Anakin Skywalker

From, Discord

Question: So, if Brook is your favorite looping pirate, who is your least favorite?

Response: Without a doubt, that nefarious knave they keep around in limited attire named Nami. That menace stole a very important and very precious giant golden statue of mine. What kind of person steals another's giant gold, gem encrusted statue of their beloved wife from them!?

13.2 (Evilhumour)

"Say dad," Luke looked at his father as he was working on a ship, a loop where things were simple for their family. "Who would you have wanted Leia to go with anyways?"

His dad pulled his head out of the engine, covered in oil and grime, tapped his chin. "I don't know to be honest, but there *was* this one time where the Emperor of Mankind offered one of his Primarchs to bridge our Empires together. Odd loop." He leaned back into the ship he was working on.

"Really? Any of them good?"

"Well, Horus made me uneasy, I thought Leman was into unsavory things, Ferrus brought up a sore issue," both he and Luke looked at

their hands and winced. "I don't think Fulgrim is interested into girls, Vulkan was too much of a geek, Rogal wasn't thrilled by the idea when marrying the the 'witch', Roboute is too vicious, Magnus couldn't pull his head out of the books."

"What about Sanguinius?"

"...are you kidding me?"

"Sorry dad," Luke said, looking at the speeder he was working on.

"Lion El'Jonson wasn't there to arrange anything, Perturabo seemed to have too much fun playing with his tanks, Mortarion…" He shuddered, and then swore as he hit his head against the inside of the engine he was working on.

"Lorgar had that preacher look, Jaghatai was the kind I don't want Leia around." Anakin grumbled. "Bad boys with hot rods, what do girls *see* in those types?"

Luke looked at his father, withholding a grin. "I wouldn't know dad."

"Konard thought he was Batman and wouldn't get out from under my desk to 'spy' on me. Argon reminded me of Charybdis. No thank you." Sighing, Anakin leaned against the side of the wall. "Corbus's beak-helmet was a deal breaker."

"What about Alpharius and Omegon?"

"They *were* passable until those two spirited Leia away with Han to screw with us." Anakin groaned, stretching out. "And before you ask, I don't know if they're looping or not. No one does." Staring off into space, Anakin glared at his son. "Don't you dare repeat this to anyone but I was glad Leia was with Han that loop; the Emperor's kids are *really* messed up."

"I won't dad, I promise."

With that, the two Skywalkers went back to working.

13.3 (Thanatos's Scribe and myself)

To, Han Solo and Anakin Skywalker

From, Calvin (And Hobbes)

Question: I've recently been thinking of upgrading my ship, the Red Saucer, but am having difficulties as to what and how I should modify it except that I want it to be both faster and better offensively. Considering that you're both experts at modifying spaceships, I have to ask: Do you guys have any recommendations?

Han Solo

Answer: Your the kid with the tiger, right? Anyway, I'd suggest something to remove snagged hairs first of all. I adore Chewie, but he does shed. I'd also recommend a new, or lightly used, hyperdrive, high quality laser cannons, a new (this is a must) engine, plenty of spaces for hiding goods of questionable origins from the authorities and a mini-fridge. In our universe, there are plenty of places to obtain these items, though I would suggest avoiding this at any point in time in which the Galactic Empire is around, if just for a lack of hassle. If your not in our world, I'd suggest looking up fellows like Samus Aran, Fox McCloud, Leeron (though I suggest you have your tiger (Hobbes right?) bring a whacking stick if you do so), Applebloom and Bruce Wayne for modifications. Don't try to add them yourself unless you have practical experience, a mistake in setting up your hyper drive could lead to the devastation of entire planets. Good luck kid!

13.4 (Kris Overstreet)

Anakin Awoke.

Vader Awoke.

They faced each other across the typical guardrail-less elevated walkway, with the reactors of the space station humming merrily away below their feet.

They sent out simultaneous Pings.

"YOU!" Anakin Skywalker shouted, breaking into a run and charging forwards.

"WAIT! STOP! PAX!" Vader deactivated his lightsaber and leaped over Anakin's mad charge, landing behind the Jedi near the end of the walkway. "Listen, why don't you?"

Anakin turned around, his own lightsaber at the ready. "You are going to DIE!" he snarled, advancing at a more cautious pace.

"Will you stop for a minute and THINK?" Vader shouted. "This is another damn Mikasa Glitch Loop, right? I'm Awake, you're Awake. Pull something out of your subspace pocket."

Anakin and Vader reached into nowhere and pulled out identical teddy bears, identical Starfleet uniform tunics, and identical Darth Potatohead toys (mint, in box).

"Right, so you're me, big deal," Anakin said, putting his copy of the oddball junk back into subspace. "I'm still going to kill you."

"Why?"

"You know the answer."

"Yes," Vader nodded, "because I really, really hate myself and want nothing more than to strike out at my evil and stupidity. But it never works, does it?"

"You die."

"BOTH of us die, after blowing up a planet or three, and then I wake up with BOTH our memories in Eiken, or in Teletubbies, or-" The Sith Lord shuddered in revulsion. "-on Kashyyyk celebrating Life Day." The Sith Lord pointed at the Jedi's lightsaber. "You looking forward to another Life Day celebration? Because I'm not."

Anakin's glare didn't waver. "I know all that," he said. "But if I don't hear some idea for a better way to spend a Loop than killing Darth Vader, then you're still going to die."

"Remember that gag armor we had made up?" Vader asked. "We were waiting for the right time to use it to prank the others, right? Well, what better time than when we can play both sides of the gag?"

Anakin considered this, and with the faintest hint of a smile he deactivated his lightsaber. "I still hate you with the fire of a thousand supernovas," he said.

"And I you," Vader replied. "But this gag is just too good to pass up, isn't it?"

"And now, princess, we will discuss the location of the hidden Rebel base... or else I shall tie you to the monorail track!"

Leia goggled. Darth Vader stood before her, except his normal helmet and mask had been replaced by something with... a top hat, a large beak of a nose, and a curled pencil-thin mustache? She managed, "Er... that's what you think, Vader! I'll never talk!"

"We shall see, my pretty! Nya ha ha ha!" With a wave of his gauntlet (which, Leia noted, was covered with a finely tailored white silk glove) Vader raised a swarm of ropes around her. In moments she was firmly bound to the monorail track.

"Unhand her, Vader, you fiend!"

Leia struggled to look up from her bonds. There stood General Anakin Skywalker, last of the Jedi, founder of the Rebellion, and all-around hero. (And in the back of her mind she shrieked: *WHAT?*)

"Aha, Skywalker," Vader intoned, reaching up a gloved hand to twirl his metal mustachio. "This time you will not foil my plans! Have at you, cursed do-gooder!"

"Have no fear, Princess Leia! I shall save you from this wretch's clutches!"

Lightsabers ignited, and Leia watched two enormous hams who should have known better doing their best Errol Flynn imitations. After several minutes of what the princess privately considered faffing about, Anakin got in close, twisted his wrist, and sliced off Vader's mechanical right hand, lightsaber still enclosed.

"AAARGH! Curses, foiled again!" Vader leaped down from the monorail track, shouting, "But mark my words, Skywalker, I shall yet have my revenge!" With a flicker of the Force he leaped up onto a hovering landspeeder, which zoomed off to parts unknown.

Off in the not-distant-enough, a monorail blew its warning horn. With Jedi swiftness and skill Anakin sliced away the ropes, picked up Leia, and jumped off the track moments before the train passed over the spot.

"All right, Father," Leia said dryly as Anakin landed on the ground below the tracks, "now that the clown show's over, care to explain yourself? Or should I say yourselves?"

"Yeesh, tough crowd," Anakin grumbled. "The act went over much better in the Jawa sandcrawler with Luke."

13.5 (Evilhumour and Myself)

To, Anakin Skywalker

From, the Emperor of Mandkind

Question: I understand that you had trouble with raising and interacting with your two children. Do you have any advice?

Answer: This was mostly because in baseline, I had no idea who they were for quite some time and attempted to kill, torture, actually torture and murder friends of theirs. Once we began looping, my

relationship with my son greatly improved, so there I would suggest working on any established good faith in your original relationship and expand it. In the case of my daughter...try not to murder your child's spouse that often and eventually your relationship will work itself out. Though I might point out the issues in either parent-child relationship are heavily dependent on the child in question: what worked with one will not necessarily work with another.

13.6A (Wildrook)

Anakin had endured many things in the Loops.

He had endured Sith Lord Jar Jar, Sith Padme, and a Sith version of his Mother. He had also endured Chancellors that were more honest than Palpatine, even if one was an Imperialistic Space Nazi. Heck, he even dealt with the Warp and had a kinship with Usagi and the God-Emperor of Mankind.

But nothing could prepare him against THIS.

"Now, young Skywalker," the voice said, opening the horn and showing off a lightsaber. "Let us see how you fare against the almighty Darth Horn!"

He then brought out his own Lightsaber and unleashed the blue blade to the Narwhal's own red one.

' *Something must be up with the tree,* ' Anakin thought. ' *Then again, something unexpected always shows up...* '

13.6B (Hvulpes)

Anakin had thought the Narwhal Sith Lord Darth Horn was weird. It got weirder with this loop...

"Young Skywalker, Obi Wan Celestia, now you face the fury of Darthmare Moon!" said the Sith Alicorn as her horn lit up into a red lightsabre to counter the green one of his alicorn master

13.7 (Gamerex and Kris Overstreet)

TO: Luke Skywalker

FROM: Naoki Kashima

Am I allowed back in C-3PO's bar yet? I'd like to get a drink, but the last time I tried, your dad screamed bloody murder and tried to cut me into a few billion pieces. Rampage millions of years ago or not, that's a dick move on someone who just wants to get wasted.

Dear Naoki,

Father is not all that fond of people who remind him of his baseline self. He's even less fond of people who make Pinkie Pie cry. I suggest on future visits to our world you restrict yourself to the cantinas of Mos Eisley or, if you're playing the tourist, the casinos of Cloud City.

Luke Skywaker.

13.8

"You want Ultron to loop?!"

Anakin's incredulous voice rang out across the Avenger's tower, where the loops Avengers had gathered.

The spectacular anchor, the strongest there was, the prince of asgard, the star spangled man, the genius billionaire playboy and the one who had dared to say such a crazy thing: the blond scientist whom Anakin normally got along with.

A kindred spirit if you will, in things to overcome on a mental level.

Anakin's Borderline, and his Schizophrenia.

However, this was just too much.

Hank, a man who had gone by far more names in his life than Anakin ever had (Ant-Man, Giant-Man, Yellowjacket, Goliath, Wasp, and probably a few others that Anakin could not really remember), gave him a long, hard look. "I created Ultron, from my brain patterns. No matter what Ultron does, he will always be connected to me. He's my Brando, if you will".

"So what, you want to just get it over with? Whose next then, Norman Osborn?" Anakin sarcastically inclined as the anchor face palmed. "Tirek? Aizen? Voldemort?"

"Please don't jinx it".

Hank sighed "Not as it is normally, obviously. No, what I want is a looping version of Ultron Mark 12. An Ultron who came to see himself as human, and became a force for good. That is the Ultron whom I wish to strive towards a looper, and therefore block all other Ultrons from ever looping. Like how the Lex Luthor who loops is supposedly a good version, thus forever stopping an evil Lex Luthor from looping, I wish to create a good Ultron to stop the evil."

"As risky as it is, it is not unprecedented. In this universe alone, many have been redeemed from the path of evil, and became great forces for good" Steve Rodgers spoke up to their guest Avenger, in defense of their resident scientist "Clint, Natasha, Ares, Simon, Anna Marie, Bucky...and they are just baseline examples. Even you were saved from the path of evil, and you're a hero now, no matter what some may say".

While smiling from the Cap's honesty, Anakin still felt some unease "So, what you're saying is I should be trying to get Palpatine..."

At this thought, the Cap's gaze darkened "No. Some, no matter how much we may try, cannot be saved. The Red Skull, Thanos, Apocalypse, Joker, Darkseid, Reverse-Flash...they are beyond redemption. Palpatine is the same way. Ultron can be remade into something respectable. Palpatine cannot."

13.9 (Gamerex and Kris)

TO: Luke Skywalker

FROM: Leman Russ

I've been trying to design a chainsword with lightsabers in place of the chainsaw teeth, but I can't quite get the power source to work well with the design. I'd ask Father to help, but he hasn't been Awake for several dozen Loops now. Do you have any advice?

Dear Leman,

My son has little interest in more, shall we say, extravagant lightsaber design. However, I have crafted my own light-chainsaw, and for that application I found it was simpler to rotate the plasma containment field rather than have a lot of little lightsaber chain teeth. (Besides, with the chain-saber the true terror isn't in the actual blade, but in the sound of the engine. It makes one's opponents stop and think whether or not they wanted to, which allows the wielder to make them stop, full stop.)

I hope this helps. Give my regards to your mother.

13.10

"You know, I've been wondering something?"

At the question of the visiting alien girl, Nico Robin smiled "Ask me anything you like."

Ahsoka eyed the getup that the second Straw Hat female wore after the Straw Hat's two year hiatus "You're a grown woman, right?"

Robin nodded. Ashoka noticed a certain set of motions.

"Which means you no longer go through puberty."

Robin once again nodded, with similar motions.

"Then why did your breasts get bigger?"

Robin actually looked ponderous at that question, before giving off a smile that was somewhat unnerving "It's simple, I got stronger. Breasts get larger the stronger you are".

Oddly enough, Ahsoka thought to herself, with how odd the Straw Hat's world (and several other worlds like it) were, that could possibly be a decent answer.

13.11 (Gamerex and Kris)

TO: Anakin Skywalker

FROM: Varric Tethras

Found this in a Hub Loop. Little comic called "Darths and Droids," Ever had a Variant like that? If so, care to share? Maybe as an interview? I'm working on a piece about weird Variants for this rag, and figured that since you guys are old Loopers, you'd have quite a few stories to tell about that kind of stuff.

Dear Varric,

I don't remember any particular Variant like this, but I do recall one Hub Loop where Luke, Leia, Han, Artoo and Chewbacca were neighborhood teens who had a weekly D&D game at our house. I made the mistake of telling Lina Inverse about their Slayers campaign. That's how I first learned that my battle armor and respirator mask are not fully proof against a point-blank Dragon Slave.

If you find any similar Hub works of other worlds, I strongly suggest you reveal their existence only with the greatest of caution. Quite frankly, there's some messed up (bleep) in here.

13.12

" *Who's gonna fight for friends and freedom? Korra!*

She's the biggest baddest bending-est gal we know!

Who protects the icy tundra? Kor..."

The massive fireball that was blasted at the music speaker silenced the rather catchy tune, causing the golden droid who was running the temporary bar in Republic City to sound disappointed.

"Must you destroy my property. If you dislike my musical selection, you could just say so".

The avatar merely glared at the golden droid in response "Where did you even get that tune in the first place!?"

The golden droid proceeded to do a finger pressing that was rather Hinata-like "well, Bolin owes me a lot of money for those french lessons...".

Across town, Bolin felt a shiver of fear he hadn't felt since that loop where Lin was a overprotective aunt.

13.13

"So, let me get this straight. You want us to fund 3 million more clone troopers?"

"Yes. Is that a problem Senator Skywalker? As I recall you are usually quite responsive to the needs of our armed forces"

Let the universe agree that Anakin taking Padme's job as Senator (if for Tatooine, not Naboo) was disturbing on many levels.

However, that did make him uniquely qualified to point out some flaws in political logic.

Staring down the old Kaminoan senator, Anakin shook his head "For assault vehicles and ships yes, but this is just a waste of money. Frankly, if we'll still fighting this war by the time those clones can be deployed, in 10 years or so, I frankly do not want to see the state of

the galaxy by then. We should be putting that money into things that can aide the war now, not in it's worst case scenario."

The murmurings of senators suggested this was the first time they realized that 3 million more clone troopers would not actually help them out that much.

Obviously they failed to read the memos about how long it took to make Clones. The Kaminoans didn't keep them in stock like R2 units after all.

13.14

Luke just stared in shock at his father's current appearance in their meeting spot on Bespin/ spot to duel to the death in when said father was not awake or just bored.

He had gotten used to his father appearing in a metal armor long ago, and probably found it more normal than him being flesh and blood.

However, that armor painted yellow with flowers on it was a new one.

"Why father, why?" he questioned as his father actually looked nervous.

"Um...you see my son, I was merely cashing in some of my vacation hours."

"The Galactic Empire has vacation hours?" the image of Tarkin in a speedo and a bad tan would not leave Luke's mind for some reason.

"I had 23 years saved up" his father explained "Sometimes, I just need to take a break to relax when memories of bad loops come to mind. You know; Sith Jar Jar, Caboose, the Death Note War, Forks Washington..."

"Wait, what was that third one?!" Luke questioned.

"Forks Washington" his father backpedaled "You know, creepy vampire stalkers, sociopath fangirls, babies being the abusers in relationships with their mates..."

"No no, the one before that".

"Caboose" His father obviously was hiding something he didn't want to talk about "Now son...do we really need to be talking about this? I kind of want to go back on vacation soon, so can we make this duel to the death quick?"

13.15 (Tanglekat)

For some reason, this Loop had some of the strangest Variants Luke had seen - and that was counting the Elevator Loops. And for the life of him, Luke simply couldn't figure out what the reasoning behind this particular Variant was. "I think I liked the 'May the Horse be with you' Loop better. Single-Letter substitutions make sense. This makes no sense at all."

Of course, all this was muttered under his breath as he maneuvered his way around the support tower in Cloud City. (The opportunity to run the baseline with this Variant was too tempting to pass up.)

"Luke, I don't want to have to kill you." His Unawake father pleaded. "If only you knew the power of the Dark Side!" Luke had to hold back a snigger. "Obi-Wan never told you what happened to your Father, did he?"

"He told me that you creamed him. Considering what I've heard about Sith induction rituals, it seemed to be a pretty accurate statement to me." Luke replied. ' *I will not laugh, I will not laugh, I will not - wait. How can my arm be cut off? It isn't even that sharp.'*

While the wayward Anchor pondered this mystery, Anakin Woke up for the first time in that Loop. He then proceeded to look at the weapon in his hand and groan. "I see we're still doing this one, then. The modus operandi is a bit different, but the same in practice."

Luke nodded. "Indeed. It's a little hard to take this loop seriously when the Force has been replaced by pie."

Anakin poked the pie in his hand and tasted it. "Hmm... Meringue. I hope this one carries over; summoning pies at will would be a useful - if mundane -ability.

The other anchor snickered. "So, Father. How *did* the Emperor convince you to turn dark anyways?

"He said - and I quote" here Anakin made air quotes "'Come over to the Dark Side. We have double-fudge cookies." He looked back at the meringue pie in his hand. "you know, I think I'll sue. After all, I didn't get what I was promised."

"I'd like to see that." Of course, Luke had every intention of selling the information to Artoo as blackmail as soon as he could.

"But seriously, pies? Why pies?"

13.16

The explosion that rang out from his office was moments after the Senator from Tattoine burst out of his window and fell to the bottomless city below.

He didn't seem that concerned though, as if he had a habit of jumping out of things and towards speeders.

Speaking of which...

THUMP

One brand new one got a pair of footprints embedded into its frame the shape of Senator Skywalker's.

"You know, I swear being a Senator is more dangerous than being a Jedi sometimes" Anakin admitted to the very, very uneasy Obi-Wan,

who had been put in 'find out who tried to murder the senator' duty.

"No it isn't Anakin. Jedi are constantly being shot at on the battlefield"

"Yeah, but at least we know who wants to kill us on the battlefield. Droids, Stormtroopers, Vong...I never know whose trying to kill me during these loops. I swear, how Padme manages to be so trusting bewilders me..."

"Unlike Padme, you have a bad habit of letting lobbyists pay for your meals and then not voting their way. They tend to not like that" Obi-Wan pointed out.

"Well they need to stop offering a former slave from a desert planet free food. You'd think they'd understand I just use them for free 5-star meals by now".

"Lobbyists don't loop Anakin"

"I wasn't implying that".

13.17 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Rahm Kota was fairly sure what to expect from Vader's arrival. His troops held no chance, he knew that, but they were required to funnel the Dark Lord to his position. Mentally, he had already prepared himself for their sacrifice and dreaded feeling their deaths through the Force. He offered them the chance to back down without shame and return to their families, live out their lives in some small measure of peace on an outer rim world. They earned that much for working with Khota as long as they have, but not one backed down. Even when told that none of them would survive the mission, they raised their blasters in one and shouted in unison, "For the Republic!" It was inspiring how they carried out their assault in holodrama perfect fashion. Then a unique vessel appeared on the bridge's holo display, Imperial in design and designation.

As Vader's ship approached, he expected to sense the Dark Lord in all his power. However, he felt nothing, as if the force didn't exist within that confined space surrounding that one ship. It was a disquieting feeling, as the ship docked, then departed in short order after presumably depositing the Dark Lord.

And then...nothing happened. There was still infighting between the stormtroopers and Kota's men, but Vader wasn't slaughtering his way through his men. It was about an hour later when a panel dropped from the ventilation shaft overhead and a young man in his late teens dropped from the ceiling. He had a neatly trimmed full beard, white shirt and a single shoulder pad on his left arm. He held a backpack attached to his back. His men were quick as they opened fire on the boy's position, only for him to roll behind some cover and open fire with the blue hue of stun rounds from his Imperial Repeater Blaster.

Kota found himself dodging stun rounds of his own, though none seemed aimed right at him. Soon, all his soldiers were on the ground, unconscious or unable to move. The man rose from his cover and returned his blaster to his holster. Kota tried to get a sense of this boy only to feel nothing from him. The teen drew held up his hands in what appeared to be a placating gesture, "Master Kota?"

As the boy approached, Kota felt the force leave him. Though feeling like he had just gone blind, the General still held himself strong, "A boy? Months of striking at Imperial targets, and Vader sends a boy to fight me?"

Kyle kept his hands up, "General, I have no intention of fighting you. Vader thinks he controls me, but I awoke to the truth a short time ago."

Kota held his lightsaber up in a defensive stance, ready to shift to his offensive style. He noticed the boy had a lightsaber, but hadn't drawn it. The General circled around and away from the force user towards some of his fallen men, "What have you done to the area around us? I feel like I've been cut off from the Force."

The boy pointed to his backpack, "Ysalamari from Myrkyr. It was a devil to get a couple offworld, but well worth it when wanting to ambush a Jedi or Sith-"

Kota scooped up one of his fallen men's blaster rifles and fired several shots. Half were aimed at the boy's backpack and the Ysalamiri inside and the other for the boy himself. However, he was quicker on the draw, as the unknown force user drew his saber, ignited it and swept every shot from the sky. None were redirected back at Kota. Eventually, the blaster ran dry. The boy shouted as Kota reached for another blaster, "Stop! Killing each other will not help the Alliance!"

Kota dropped the blaster and pointed his saber at the boy. "Alliance? What are you talking about, Boy?"

The boy sighed. "Would you stop calling me that. It's Kyle, Kyle Katarn. And the Alliance...actually it hasn't formed yet I imagine."

The general looked confused, causing Kyle to sigh and pull a datapad from behind his back. "Look, I didn't come to kill you, even though that's what Vader ordered. I need you to deliver this to Senator Mon Mothma. Further, I need your lightsaber as proof that I killed you. You take my Ysalamari, and it'll be like you died here. There's a transport several decks below for you to escape."

Kyle acted first, deactivating his lightsaber and placing the backpack and datapad on the ground before he backed away slowly. Kota approached equally slowly, unzipped the backpack and noted the creature within. "Alright. Let's say I believe you. What's on the pad?"

"Plans for an Imperial battle station, capable of destroying an entire planet. I'm sure that'll be a nice target to hit. Plus, the Senate hasn't been informed of the base's construction. Now, I'm sure that's worth one lightsaber, don't you?"

Kota thought for a second, then deactivated his saber and threw it to the double agent, "I don't know what you're playing at Kyle, but either

way, I'll see to it those plans end up doing some good."

By this time, the first few troopers had started recovering from the stun rounds. Kota looked to them and said, "Let's go."

Kyle watched as the transport departed the station. "Well, time to make it look real."

With that, he drew his saber and sliced a hole out of the bridge and leaped through the opening. Jan Ors, who had replaced Juno Eclipse for this loop, was quick on the uptake, flying the Rogue Shadow up to the hole and picking Kyle up a moment later. As soon as Kyle was inside, the Jedi pressed a detonator he had prepared in advance, which activated a nuclear device he planted in his journey through the vents. The entire station went up like the sun, and then the backdrop of space and stars elongated as they jumped into hyperspace.

If his hub memories of the game were correct, he'd be nuking a lot of locations in the near future to fake the Jedi targets' deaths.

13.18

The sight of Anakin hunkered a clumsy Jar Jar away (and yes, someone decided to use that as a measurement one loop) from the Council chambers dressed like he was giving the Americans advice for creating their first Nuclear Bomb was always alarming to Obi-Wan.

It probably should be called that by most anyone: considering Anakin's general tendencies.

"Anakin..."

The hunkered down Jedi Knight popped up: anti-radiation and great, big, flashy mushroom goggles glinting at the sight of his master.

"Um, kind of busy here Obi-Wan" he said as if he had been walked in on while building a model or real Gundam.

"Please tell me you didn't sneak a primitive nuclear weapon into the Jedi Council Chamber..." Obi-Wan nearly said again, but realized that he couldn't recall Anakin having ever done that.

Cakes addressed to Yoda filled with Twi'Lek strippers, yes. Bound and gagged Sith Lords, yes. Girl Scout Cookies, yes (He was bribing Kit Fitso for some reason that loop).

But bombs, including Nuclear ones...not so much.

"I couldn't even if I wanted to, I gave my last one to a Ganon I am pretty sure was awake" Obi-Wan felt an angry letter from one of the other two Tri-Force loopers in his near future when he heard that last one, regardless of the status of said Dark Lord "No, I am simply curious...about how the mind of Luna Lovegood affects the Force around her, and thus I paid a unawake Luna to talk to the council. I'm curious to see how they'll react to her".

So, in other words Anakin got bored while Padme was off doing something senatorial and politically sensitive, so Anakin couldn't be anywhere near it lest he make the Clone War worse.

And yes, that was possible.

"Dare I ask why you are acting like a nuclear explosion is about to go off..."

BOOM!

As the sound of a muffled explosion rang out from within the Council Chambers, followed by a blinding flash of light, Anakin shrugged.

"Apparently in this loop, confusion is explosive, yet oddly un-damaging to the one inducing the confusion. Why do you think Jar

Jar isn't around this loop, he was deported and locked up. So, wonder who blew up?"

"I'd love to see Anakin, but I do believe I have temporarily gone blind from the explosion"

13.19

Sentient species rarely had predators.

With sentience comes intelligence. With intelligence weapons were forged. Plans were developed. Safeguards created.

Nothing liked to be eaten. Just as animals developed poison, camouflage, defensive armor, or great speed to avoid foes, sentient lifeforms developed ways to be safe from their predators.

This normally led to their decimation and quite often extinction. For it was not until the sentient species reached a certain point in their development that they came to appreciate the wild beauty of what had once been a threat to them, or realize that killing off the threat to them led to a whole mess of problems for the planet.

However, this world had predators of sentient species...ones that defied the rules of nature.

These massive creatures were poring into the city, strange and tumbling mockeries of human form that were just, off, in the force. They felt like something between man and monster, a twisted mass of nightmares and wild instinct.

The panic and fear that they brought forth to those who dwelled in this city was toxic and dark. Had a Sith Lord dwelled here, he could have gained much power from it.

However, she was the only Jedi here, the only one who could stop them.

She stood on top a roof overlooking the massive hole, currently dressed in the brown fatigues of this loop's soldiers. Her body shifted slightly, her past obtained Skrull abilities morphing her skin from the white she had looped into here to it's natural green, her black diamond tattoos reforming on her body.

The loop had kindly provided her with a pair of blades in each hand, rather nicely considered her usual blade, Undbitr, would stand out in this loop.

As was her curse, she would stand alone in this fight. Loopers were always separated from her by great distance, as was the her bug. However, that did not mean she was not protect the innocent of this and every loop she came to.

The Jedi had lost their way in her world, but she never would. Not like the baseline Bariss Offee. Not now, not ever.

Meanwhile in the Quinta District of Wall Maria, the anchor trio of this loop was keeping watch of the nearby wall, expecting the Titans to appear soon.

With a concentrated blast of the Force, the Titan was blown away from the trapped civilian.

As the startled woman ran as fast as she could, Bariss burst over its head aided by not only the Force, but the training of Red Foot Zeb. Coming down its back, she slashed with the blades and landed on the ground behind it, just as the monster slumped over and dissolved away.

Having reached the breach in the wall after saving a number of innocents, Bariss glared at the sight of hundreds of Titans approaching.

Reaching into her subspace pocket with The Force, a ring flew out and slid onto her hand as she pointed it right at the advancing titans.

"Wind!" she shouted as the Ring summoned forth a gale that blew them back. While it would not destroy them, it did give her the necessary space.

Smashing her foot against the ground with immense force, a rock column shot up from the earth and formed a patch on the wall. It was not as thick as the original wall, but it would hold them off.

THUMP THUMP

Bariss did not need The Force to tell her a Titan was behind her. Nor did she have to put much thought into it as she used the Force to knock the Titan to the ground, exposing its neck for an easy swipe.

She did not have time to rest however: for there were still Titans to be...

KRA-KOOM!

Lightning struck.

The Wall had been initially breached by a Titan of Colossal Size.

Now, a Titan of large, but not colossal size, covered in thick Armor was charging in to smash through the wall that separated district, from the interior.

The Garrison troops were no match for it, it was the immediate threat to the innocents around her.

And so, apparting in front of it's intended path, sparking electricity formed around Bariss's fist.

"Lightning Dragon Iron Fist!" Bariss shouted as she struck the Titan square in the face with the the blunt force of a Lightning Dragon.

The Titan was sent tumbling backwards, shattering a few homes but now momentum-less. It forced itself back up, somewhat more

intelligently than the other Titans.

In fact, as Bariss floated before it via levitation, she felt a different sort of feeling around it compared to the other Titans. It felt less warped, and intelligent. It lacked the hunger that seemed to pervade the creatures, and most surprisingly of all...

"Guilt" Bariss whispered as the Titan looked at her in confusion, in the way many humans would when they first saw a levitating green skinned humanoid. "You feel guilt..."

Her eyes narrowed "You feel guilt!? You planned to unleash a horde of flesh eating monsters on innocent people, and you feel guilty!? Your actions are that of either a droid, a sociopath, or a soldier in a war without morals, and you feel guilty!?"

The Titan, out of fear of her continued verbal assault, moved to swat her like a fly. Bariss just blocked it with superior strength.

A loop as a Daxamite would let you do that.

"I don't know what you are: a soldier who knows what he is doing is wrong but cannot or will not stop, a victim just as much as the people you hurt, or someone so mentally broken you wake up to see carnage in your wake. However, you will not be hurting anyone this loop, never again"

Steam billowed from the Armored Titan, as if trying to create a scalding shield for itself against her.

However, she would not be striking him with something tangible.

"Armored Titan" she spoke in the Ancient Language of Alegesia, a language of magic "let your empathy and guilt rule over your objective!"

As the beast roared in pain as it felt something alien infect it, Bariss was so intent on the magic at work she didn't notice the guy in the

black top hat aiming a pair of pistols at her.

BANG

13.20

"They say that some loops, are haunted by ghosts"

At that comment Connie and Sasha's heads turned rapidly towards Marco, who had joined the two in the looply venture to the Jaeger Basement.

Or, as it was called this loop, C-3PO's bar and diner, which in of itself greatly resembled that of a Dex's Diner in the droid's loop of origin.

The often dead cadet looked anywhere but the duo as the golden droid approached their table, a quartet of drinks held masterfully on his tray.

Yes, quartet, for there was a visiting looper from outer space sitting at their table: a reddish skinned alien female with white and grey headtails.

"Ah, here you go Mistress Ahsoka, Master Marco, Mistress Sasha, and Master Connie, four intergalactic milkshakes. I learned only from the best 9-year old masters of the art during one of my fused loops. Have any of you ever visited Danville?"

At the negative shakes from the native loop trio, the droid jaunted off once more, leaving the trio to alternate between sipping, and staring down the alien female.

"Ghosts? That is ridiculous. Loops don't have ghosts!" Connie insisted "That defies all logic!"

"So does Pinkie Pie, yet no one says she's a myth" Ahsoka pointed out "To be honest, I've never seen one of them, but I know quite a few who have. Loopers who appear only briefly, then vanish as if they were never there."

While Connie still didn't seem to believe, and Marco felt uneasy about the topic, Sasha seemed more genuinely interested "So, where do we have to loop to see these 'ghosts?'"

Ahsoka took a long sip of her shake before continuing "So far, I have heard of three worlds where they can be found, but don't get you're hopes up. They appear very rarely, or so randomly that you'd have to be very lucky to see them. You'd have more luck in one of the more hubesc earths fishing out that giant serpent they have in Scotland".

Connie looked like he was going to be researching rod and lure varieties in the near future.

"Anyway, the first ghost is in my world. She's a blue haired girl, whose been spotted on trains and near musical locations. Skyguy first saw her while riding a train after a party..."

"Wait, did you just say that Fruit-Hoarding Sith was using Public Transportation!?" Connie sounded aghast at the thought of a looper willingly using that horrible thing.

"Skyguy can't just use Public Transportation, he takes the Automated Rail-lines" Ahsoka said in a comedic take on her master and surrogate brother/parent's fondness for the dramatic. "The second appears in the world of Kirby: a giant clown worm like creatures that tries to bite off people's heads".

"A clown worm?" Marco questioned.

"Giant clown worm" Ahsoka emphasized "The third is from Shepherd's world. She's a blond with..." Ahsoka seemed to be looking for the right word here "Characteristics your loop generally lacks".

The trio didn't get it.

"A blond of immense talent?"

Still nothing.

"Huge tracts of land?"

"Like Wall Maria?" Connie suggested as Ahsoka felt a headache come on that was not due to her drink.

"Oh, you mean the one with the large mammary glands, right Mistress Ahsoka?"

The quartet at the table all blushed as the droid wandered over, a collection plate in hand for their finished beverages, leaving the conversation as unliving as a ghost.

However, there was another to keep the conversation alive.

"Ghosts you say? Well, I happen to know of a fourth ghost!"

The quartet's heads turned rapidly to the entrance, while the golden droid saw who entered the room, and scampered away to hide in the back hoping he'd go away before he blew something up.

The short figure who approached the table radiated arrogance like a king, power like a god, and attitude like no other.

"Allow me to tell you the tale of the fourth ghost, the one who haunts my loop" Vegeta, Prince of Saiyans spoke "And I have the memory immersion powers necessary so I won't have to answer any of your pointless and annoying questions afterwards!"

The quartet did not get a chance to ask what the guy meant before they suddenly began to see the memories of Vegeta.

"HIDEOUS!"

"IT BURNS!"

"I THOUGHT THE COLOSSAL WAS UGLY!"

"I am glad I can't grow body hair" Ahsoka seemed the least disturbed of the four in question. Perhaps she had seen this horror before.

"I appear to have shared the wrong memory. I don't know why no one ever appreciates my mustache. Very well, here is the memory in question"

One Porn-stache of horror aside, found the five loopers in a grand hall. It's feasting table laden with the best food imaginable, it's walls decorated with grand images of battle and slaughter. The roof was glass, revealing the stars above.

It could only be a Saiyan Palace, if all the muscular men and woman with tails and spiky hair the likes of which could not exist in most humans were of any indication.

The biggest and scariest looking of them all noted the great spread before them.

"Saiyan Warriors!" he shouted as they all tensed, ready for combat "Let, the Feast of Violence, Begin!"

What followed was the most competitive and violent eating contest that any of the non-Saiyans had ever seen.

As the food flew, along with punches, headbutts, energy blasts and kicks, a now hungry Sasha turned to Vegeta "So, where is the ghost? Or are you just being a sadist by making me watch all that delicious food be eaten?!"

"Be patient earthling" Vegeta waved her off, just as a Saiyan was blasted through her see through form by in memory Vegeta, who had what appeared to be a Potato-Leg in his mouth.

Memory-Geta looked ready to devour the Potato-Leg, but the odd yet delicious looking delicacy got speared and yanked away before he could get it fully in his mouth.

The furious looking Vegeta let off a burst of energy that halted the feast, as all eyes turned to the retreating spear and the girl who was now chomping down on it defiantly.

The girl had red hair, and was dressed in red clothing the 104th cadets would probably correlate to the Wall Cult more than anything else so far seen in their loop, or the Jedi Order in Ahsoka's, but not quite. She wasn't cute like Krista/Historia, nor rough looking like Ymir, she came off as something in between the two.

The spear in her hands looked like it could disassemble itself, a weapon design the trio did not see any use for in Titan killing. Ahsoka on the other hand thought it resembled Reiji's Shikai.

A red reflective surface, sort of like a gem, glittered on her chest.

"You dare steal food from a Saiyan Prince, you trash!" Vegeta snarled as energy began to form in his hands. Taking his lead, the other Saiyans began to do so as well "You will suffer for robbing a Saiyan! DIE!"

Energy blasts shot right at the girl, but not five seconds later she vanished. Not teleported out, not turned invisible, just disappeared.

One moment there, the next like she was never there at all.

The energy blasts continued on and struck the side of the palace.

As the memory faded, the milkshake drinking quartet looked a little uneasy, while Vegeta seemed a bit bothered by his past looping self's behavior.

"There, my loop too has a ghost. The question is, where is she from? But never mind that now...Bartender! Bring me a Milkshake, one made of the Fourth Flavor!"

13.1 Remember that giant golden statue from a while back? Well, the Cat Burgler did

13.2 Warhammer 40,000, I think.

13.3 My father never let me read Calvin and Hobbes….he is a strange man

13.4 Kris does not have necessarily similar views as I do. Probably due to not having Aspergers.

13.5 To quote Evil here : **On any *good* faith in my original relationship? Oh *crap.***

13.6 Narwhals Narwhals! Something something….

13.7 Pinkie Pie is well liked….apparently

13.8 What? I think a looping Ultron would be interesting.

13.9 I suppose that now Leman's poor mother is going to have something to cry about, a big scary lighsaber chainsaw

13.10 I'll let you think about that question for a bit

13.11 Ouch, to the dragon slave, and our own world.

13.12 Bolin is in serious danger now, and 3PO learns to get fire proof music players

13.13 Behold, a Senator Skywalker Loop! And with it, logic bomb!

13.14 The Death Note War, coming soon to the Attack on Titan loops, and by extension here! In 20 odd loops. Thankfully the AoT loops move fast…..

13.15 May the Pie be with you

13.16 More Senator Skywalker looping actions.

13.17 Funny thing here….Kyle Katarn was not planned. I sort of implied he was looping, and my favorite Pidgey remembered it. A good pidgey, DER is.

13.18 Wonder which one exploded? Probably not Yoda…

13.19 What Could Have Been: This was originally going to get the Armored Titan looping for the AOT loops with his human personality and Titanshifter personality mode locked to his human and titan forms. The guy in charge requested it not be. Anyway, Bariss needed a loop and I had wanted her to fight the Armored Titan for a while now.

13.20 And with that, Kyoko Sakura is now a part of the ongoing storyline on the way to the World Tour.

Chapter 15

14.1 (Gym Quirk)

Luke and Leia gazed with a combination of awe and bemusement at Lando's latest entrepreneurial effort.

"Okay," started Leia. "There's clearly demand for the product, but aren't you going to have major supply problems?"

"I've got Han and Chewie handling that end of things," explained the part-time gambler. "Besides, what did you expect? We're all six years old this loop."

"I gotta admit...A lemonade stand in Mos Eisley should do very well, so long as you don't run afoul of Jabba," observed Luke.

14.2

"Statement: I am very grateful that the Galactic Senate recognized my superiority and elected me the Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic. My first order of business, just as I had stated in my campaign, is to restore the finesse and elegance of proper murder via regulations and government funded self-help class for would be murders to perfect their techniques prior to engaging the populace".

Revan's gaze turned sharply towards the local Anchor, her expression astonished "I thought you were kidding when you said it was this bad?"

The Skywalker shook his head "I told you I wasn't. Worst of all, he isn't even the most murderous one they've elected..."

14.3

"I am quite glad that you all saw my superiority and elected I, Lord Voldemort, as the ruler of the Galaxy..."

As the pale, snake-like and clearly egotistical at best Dark Lord began his acceptance speech Anakin turned to the still non-looping Padme in horror "Please tell me you didn't vote for him?"

Padme had to have more sense than Pureblood Wizards, she just had to.

He was greatly relieved with her response "I didn't." the relief was shortly lived though "I voted for Galbatorix".

Looking across the Senate Hall to note the furious looking runner up, then at a selection of senators he recognized from a rather large list of the most dangerous fiends in the loops (and a few American politicians who were against Padme in her presidential loops who should not really be here), Anakin realized with some level of dread that Galbatorix would have been the better victor.

14.4

"Protocol Droid: PUNCH!"

The most dramatic punch that C-3PO had ever delivered someone struck the Grand Moff in the face, knocking him to the ground in pain as the golden droid shuffled himself over to the controls of the most fearsome weapon in the galaxy, the Death Star.

Well, not really anyway. As it turned out, there were a lot of even more horrifying weapons out there. It was as if everyone in the past and the future knew of the Death Star and wanted to attempt to trump it, or do their own version of Luke, Wedge and Han's daring fighter strikes on it.

Yet, the Death Star was easily the most iconic of all of them, and by far the easiest to obtain on a regular basis for loopers.

Working the navigation controls, 3PO set the coordinates to somewhere where he could get help in removing all of the incapacitated Storm Troopers and Imperials. After all, you could not pocket organic life forms.

Plus, who would want to keep Tarkin around in your pocket as a pet?

Equestria was known for panicking.

If the sky was red, they panicked.

If Discord was elected mayor, they panicked even if they voted for him.

If Pinkie Pie calmed down, they went beyond panicked.

So, as one might suspect the moment the giant grey sphere of death appeared in the sky over Ponyville the locals began to panic.

For the loopers however...it was probably just a matter of some concern.

"Didn't he already do this already?" Spike the dragon noted as he, Twilight, Rarity and Applejack gathered immediately below the Death Star, ready to knock back a death ray if necessary.

"I don't think this is Anakin guys...the guy's a little less subtle" Applejack noted the lack of orchestrations or flier formations.

Turning her head to Rarity, she narrowed her eyes "You don't have anything else on order for him, do you?"

Rarity shook her head "Goodness no. I am actually ahead of all my special orders at the moment, I can finally work on some projects for curiosities sake again. Like..."

"Master Anakin isn't available this loop, I'm actually here for my own reasons"

The gathered Equestrians, and Spike, turned sharply around to see the golden Protocol Droid. At the moment he was dressed as if he was a Lawyer, with a fancy suit, a tie decorated in R2 units, and a briefcase.

Apparently he was here for business of some sorts.

"Um, why are you dressed like a Lawyer? Discord doesn't owe you money, does he?" Twilight wasn't sure if 3PO had learned Equestria's court system yet. A court drama loop was not what she wanted at the moment.

"Do I really look like a Lawyer? Odd, I was going for entrepreneur" C-3PO said with some disappointment "And to think I got this suit fitted and everything..." the droid managed to get back on track though "Oh, now where was I? Oh yes, I was hoping to enlist the help of Mistress Rarity, and perhaps Mistress Applebloom and a few others who have time to spare while I am here, to help me begin work on my dream".

"Your dream?" Rarity questioned, her curiosity rising. Perhaps this loop would not simply be one where she tinkered with Geass Boots.

"Oh yes, my dream" 3PO rose his non-briefcase arm up and pressed a button on it. The arm began projecting a holographic image between the Equestrians and the Droid, that of a center court area of what looked like a mall, with what looked like a fountain with a center statue of George Lucas spewing forth water inside it.

Thousands of numbers and letter were spinning off in the side: The Bar Floor, the Shopping Floor, the Arcade Floor, the Basketball Floor, the Quidditch Floor, the Turbo Duel Floor, the Pokemon Arena Floor and countless others.

"This is my project aimed at making something of my time in the loops: I call it C-3PO's Entertainment Galactoplex, name subject to change. 21336 floors of Entertainment, the best in the Multiverse and all staffed and maintained by re-purposed B1 battle droids.

Everything that a looper could want I plan to provide, and accepting all forms of currency. Credits, Berries, Wulongs, Poke..."

Twilight blinked at what was probably going to be the loop's biggest example of Capitalism in shock "Well...I guess if you want to go in, you should go all in".

14.5 (Taaism, Seeker213 and Drakohan)

Grand Moff Zala looked with satisfaction at the screens as they reported the progress of his unfolding plan.

"As soon as Death GENESIS clears the moon's horizon, destroy the planet."

Beside him on the bridge the captive Princess Cagalli couldn't believe what she was seeing. "You can't! You're mad! You can't just destroy the planet!"

Zala was unmoved; "My dear, you underestimate the power of this PLANT. A message must be sent to your pathetic Natural rebellion. Your extinction is long overdue."

(Meanwhile on a small civilian ship)

Kira looked at the other people in the room and sighed.

What the hell did I do in the last Loop to deserve this?

Trapped in a fused Lucasian Loop, bound on a trip to destiny. knowing DAMNED well things were going to get weirder before they got better.

Princess Cagalli, maiden in distress? Okay, sorta could see that coming.

And he had to admit, Athrun made for a decent Corellian rogue.

Mu La Flaga as Kira's elder spiritual mentor? Okay, he looked a little strange with the beard, but it somehow managed to work.

A particularly hirsute Yzak Joule as Athrun's white-furred sidekick? Okay, that was starting to push it.

But he just KNEW things would get worse.

I swear, if Rau Le Creuset shows up in black, breathing heavily, claiming to be my father, I am kamikazing this Loop!

…

"So Kira what do you need us for?", Mu asked with Flay sitting nearby

"Well I finally got the special units I asked Anakin to make for me during my last loop, and I want to try them out on ZAFT", Kira answered standing in front of three large tarps that covered whatever maybe under them completely

"Special units?", Flay questioned "What did you get Anakin to make for you exactly?" Flay inquired

"I think it would be better for me to show you instead" Kira replied as he handed Mu an IPad with a large grin on his face

"This is absolutely insane... Let's do it!", Mu finally said after a minute from watching the video, while Flay was trying her hardest not to laugh as she understood what Kira wanted to do with his special units

"Strongest machine Gundam!", three voices shouted out simultaneously, which against all logic could be heard echoing in space, as their mobile suit, comprised of a manta ray, falcon, and a liger, finished combining "TR" "Y" "ON" "3!" The pilots finished as the now named Tryon 3 took a pose

The entirety of the ZAFT forces and almost the entire crew of the Archangel could only stare in shock at the ridiculousness of the three units combining, expect for the two Awake loopers as they struggled not to begin laughing.

So, we're having another fused loop with the Cosmic Era. I wonder if Kira's here. I haven't seen him Awake since we made those Tryon 3 Gundams. Were the thoughts of one Anakin Skywalker, currently Darth Vader. He was currently on his way to have a talk with the Princess/his daughter, Cagalli Organa, and judging by the speed of the return Ping, she was Awake. When he had pinged earlier, he had received a few but only one was close enough to be within the Death St...er, Death GENESIS.

He dismissed the guards when he reached the cell holding said princess. This was going to be their first meeting in person and he wanted to keep it private. Opening the door, he stepped inside and closed it again. The first thing he noticed was her blonde hair, somehow a combination of her normal short hair and Leia's buns. He immediately chalked it up to Yggdrasil's humor.

"Are you properly Awake, Princess?" The black clad Sith Lord asked of his captive.

"Yes, though I've been feeling quite Loopy." She replied in an incredibly bored tone as she stood up from the bed. "This is my first time in this place and already I hate it. I had just been contemplating how best to break out when I felt the pings."

"No worries there. We'll be hijacking this place soon enough. Allow me to officially introduce myself. I am Anakin Skywalker, and sometimes Darth Vader. Pleasure to make your acquaintance." Vader stated with a bow.

"I know. Kira showed me the Hub movies awhile back." She replied with a bow of her own. "My name is Cagalli Yula Athha. The pleasure's all mine."

"Well Kid, nice to see you again." The Awake Han Solo said to a young man with short brown hair and violet eyes as they were sitting in the leisure area of the Millennium Falcon.

"You too, Han. Did you have anything planned for the Hutt empire this loop?" Said young man, Kira Skywalker, in return.

"Nope. Go nuts. Anything you got for trade?" The Corellian asked conversationally.

"Hmm. I just might..." Kira pulled out a box of cigars. "I know you don't smoke, but I also know you could name your price for some of these."

Han took a cigar out of box and examined it. After a moment, he put it back and said, "High quality stuff you got there."

"Yup, Rapture originals I got from a fused loop way before we met." Kira closed the box.

"You had these the first time we made a deal and you held them back? Nice. I suppose this is the part where we talk shop."

14.6

"So, being a large ham actually causes ham to form around you this loop?" Leia just wanted to be sure she heard that right.

Her father, the Jedi Anakin Skywalker who occasionally went by Darth Vader, shrugged as he took a bite of the sizeable slab of ham in his hands as if was a corn cob.

Leia cringed, briefly wondering how she managed to be conceived this loop.

"well, at least I found out after the first gesture, just look at poor Lelouch over there" He turned his gaze, which Leia followed, over to a very large pile of cured Ham, which was currently crushing the visiting Prince.

"I can't get out" the nearly cloaked in meat revolutionary mumbled weakly.

"Don't worry Lelouch, I'll get you out" having finished the ham in his hands when Leia wasn't looking, Anakin reached into his subspace pocket, before dramatically yanking out a very large lightsaber staff.

He slammed it into the ground, causing a blue laser to shoot out of it, but not as a blade. Instead, it was a fork.

The Lightfork staff was ready to be used...as a second ham fell from the sky and struck Anakin on the back of the head, knocking him to the ground out cold.

As the ham rolled by her feet, Leia shook her head in exasperation.

Why not just Force Shove the ham off the physically weak boy?

A wave her hand revealed that the Ham was in fact Force-Resistant Ham. Not exactly her favorite kind of deli meat, all things considered.

14.7 (myself and Evilhumour)

"Through the Force, a vision I have had. To Skywalker, born a son and daughter will be."

Obi-Wan noted the uneasy words of Yoda with his own unease, while the rest of the Council just looked shocked, and terrified to some degree.

Yoda had been long suspected as a potential looper, and it had been tasked to him to keep an eye on him during this era for any sign of such an awakening in case it was more subtle than trying to behead Anakin or Sheev.

Was this that loop?

"Whose the mother!?" Mace Windu asked in alarm.

"Clouded, that is, but more I see. The son, a warrior of great skill, a pilot equal to his father. Yet, a more even temperament, his mother I sense. Lead the Jedi, he will."

Well, that seemed to rule out Yoda as a looper this loop. Dreamer was still possible, but could one dream as a force ghost?

"The daughter, a speaker of elegance, a crusader of justice. But within her, a tenacity and drive matching her father I saw. The Galactic Republic, lead it she will"

"So, you're saying the daughter is going to be Anakin in female form...and quite possibly a politician" Mace inquired, before shivering at the resulting imagery.

"More specifically, as the Supreme Chancellor" Mundi noted, before himself feeling horrified "Never have I been so glad that I am old and on the frontlines of a war."

"Marry, each child will. The daughter, a Smuggler turned War Hero. The son, a Sith Assassin turned Jedi...and from that will come more..."

"More Skywalkers...for at least three generations...everywhere?" Mace was starting to sound greatly unnerved.

"And for many generations after, I sensed".

Mace Windu's face looked like he was about to begin planning a battle.

Obi-Wan was getting annoyed at this. For sometime Anakin, Luke and the rest of them had been debating if Master Yoda *was* looping or not, or if he was simply that powerful in the force. They had been coming up with many plans, debates to trick him and- to hell this with, he was going to take a page out of Anakin's book and be direct.

"Master Yoda, if I might have a moment in private?" He asked, causing the Council to stare at him.

"A moment to talk, give I can." Yoda nodded his head as he gestured the rest of the Jedi to leave the room. As soon as the Council member were gone, he walked over to Jedi master and sat down in front of him. "A question of time yet to happen, troubles you not old friend?" He asked, raising an eyebrow as he cut into the matter, showing the possibility of being a looper.

"In a fashion, yes and no, old friend." He said calmly, sitting across of him. "I must ask, has time been repeating itself for you?"

"Circular time is, when we do not learn the lesson of the past," the Jedi master said, eyes closed. Frowning at the avoidance of the question, Obi-Wan opened his mouth when Yoda looked at him. "But the question of the loops, is what you meant yes?"

"Ye-" He was startled by this brazen admittance of this, blinking in shock. "You *know* of the time loops?!" He was shouting, not caring if anyone heard him.

"Of Yggdrasil, some knowledge I do have, since time you let All-Spark touch the death star," Yoda spoke in a disapproving tone as he started to stand, with Obi-Wan following him numbly. "Surprise you look, me knowing all this?"

"I- *yes!* " while Yoda looping was always a possibility, the fact he already knew everything was something no one had thought of nor him looping from *that* long ago. "Why didn't you say anything?!"

Yoda stood to face him, his face twitching in mirth. "Ask you did not, looping if I was." Laughing to himself, the Jedi Master walked towards the elevators. "So hard to ask, a simple question it was?"

Obi-Wan could bury his hand in face as Yoda laughed all the way down.

'At least that's *one* mystery solved,' he thought to himself. 'Now how do I go about saving Anakin this loop?'

14.8

"Ha! Lando the Pirate Entrepreneur, my bounty was 320 Million! That's a new record for me!"

The dining hall of Bespin was currently home to some loopers currently comparing their high scores in pissing off the World Government last loop.

It was going to be fun...

"Damn it, I was just about to get a bounty raise before the loop ended" Wedge, his flier for Sea King Rider Wedge displaying only a 287 million total.

"I would comment, but I am currently magnetically bound to this chair" Vader grumbled "I would like to remind you all that I am not a Marine at this present time, and thus will not attempt to arrest you again".

His complaints were ignored.

"Ace Shot Han, 340 Million!" Han slammed his poster down on the table with emphasis "That means I win!" In the background Leia, who was not in that loop, to shake her head at the men who were showing off.

No wonder Luke had decided to opt out and instead join Mara in murdering the Emperor.

C-3PO hid his 'Complaining Gold-Man' bounty of 3 million at Han's declaration.

"I'm afraid that you are mistaken..."

Han glared, before paling as a final bounty was displayed.

"Rogue Knight Katarn, 360 Million" Kyle smirked "That means, I win"

The men, and 3PO, proceeded to grumble reluctantly as they handed over large sums of credits, wulongs, and a gift card to their bar to a grinning Jedi Knight.

"Can someone please let me go, I just realized I forgot to call off Fett before I got here."

14.9 (Tincanman)

Evolve/various

Everyone Awoke the in dropship at roughly the same time, suddenly a voice addressed them over an intercom, "Hello ladies and gentlemen, this your pilot is Jim Raynor speaking, I've been told to inform you that I'm supposed to be dropping you off at various locations on the planet below us," he said as part of the floor opened up to show them a view of the planet, as Jim continued, "beautiful ain't it? But don't let the looks fool you, it's so dangerous down there that it makes Australia look like the safest place in the multiverse, in fact the I'm supposed to stay on the dropship so the loop doesn't crash if all of you get killed," he took a moment to let the implications of that sink in.

"Anyway, that brings me to why you all are here, among you are some of the biggest badasses that the multiverse has to offer, each of you represent the best in your respective fields, and you've all been brought here for one purpose: to buy time for the people of this planet to evacuate, and to that end each of you will be split into four teams of four to hunt giant, hyper intelligent, and incredibly dangerous monsters, if you check your overhead compartment you'll find all the gear you need, the names of your teammates, and details about your target," Jim paused for a moment to allow everyone time to check their gear, "we'll be coming up on the first drop zone soon, take a minute to get to know your teammates if you haven't already, oh and before I forget, welcome to Shear boys and girls, and may Yggdrasil have mercy on your souls."

Team one consisted of John-117 as the assault specialist, meaning that he would carrying the most firepower, with Kantiss responsible for tracking the monster and trapping it in the mobile arena, Ratchet would provided fire support, and Jumba would be responsible for keeping them all alive, currently they were waiting for the dropship's doors to open and decided to pass the time with a little pre-mission banter.

"You know," remarked Katniss, "this whole thing feels a little surreal."

"Tell me about it," said Jumba, "I didn't even know that one could even make healing grenades, let alone that I'd ever be using a gun that fires them."

"I don't think that was quite what she meant big guy," commented Ratchet.

"Right, " she said, "I mean this team has a super solider and two aliens, and then there's me, just an average human, no different from the colonists we're trying to save."

"Don't be nervous," said the Master Chief, "if anything you deserve to be here more than any of us, Jumba and Ratchet were born different, and I had to undergo years of training and several major surgeries to become a Spartan, but you didn't receive any augmentations or have special abilities, and yet here you are, among the great, if nothing else, that's a testament to how great you've become on your own."

At that point the doors opened, "Now then," John said, "let's get off this ship before it explodes like all the others I've ever been on." The others let out a laugh at that and jumped out the ship, with Katniss, Jumba, and Ratchet deploying their parachutes, John meanwhile just locked his armor and let himself hit the ground, letting the impact dissipate through his armor's gel layer*.

"You sure know how to leave a lasting impression." joked Ratchet as the Chief climbed out of his impact crater, earning him a light slap on

the back of the head from Jumba, "That joke was bad," he said as the Lombax rubbed the back of his skull, "and you should feel bad for having made it." John spoke up at this point, "Cut the chatter, we have eggs to destroy and a monster to kill, " he turned to Katniss, "any idea which way it went?"

"Well, from the broken tree trunks and half eaten wildlife something big went west-northwest recently, probably our monster, but I can't be completely sure." Katniss said.

"Okay, you follow the trail an radio in if you find anything, take Jumba with you, if you see the monster call it in and follow it, but do not engage it unless you have no other options, Ratchet and I will head south to the first egg, let's do this quick and clean people." The Spartan said, and with that the hunt was on.

* in Halo canon, all suits of MJOLNIR armor have a layer of gel meant to protect the wearer from high energy kinetic impacts, like falling.

"So Chief, why bring me instead of Jumba?" Ratchet asked.

"Intel said the eggs are armored, I need you to cut a hole through the armor with your tools, then I'll use the Spartan Laser," John said as he tapped the side of the weapon in question, "and cook the egg from the inside out."

"Wow, that's a pretty go-" Ratchet didn't get to finish his thought as he was interrupted by a transmission from Kantiss.

"Chief, you need to get here fast!" Katniss said, sounding panicked.

"Calm down, and tell me what happened." John said.

=== 15 minutes ago===

"I take it that's our monster?" asked Jumba in a whisper as he pointed to the creature in the clearing, it having not noticed them.

"It fits the profile, but it's too small to have made the tracks we followed." Kantiss answered.

"Perhaps the tracks came from an unrelated but similar creature and we got lucky." Jumba replied.

"No, the odds of that happening are way too low," she said, "and why are you breathing so heavily?"

"That's not me."Jumba said.

Both of their eyes when wide as they turned around and what was behind them: a much larger version of the Goliath in the clearing, and the monster they had been sent to find.

"Hand me a mobile arena and run" Jumba said.

"And leave you to face that thing alone?" Katniss asked.

"I'm too slow to escape, but you might make it if I stay and buy you time." He snapped at her.

As much as she hated to admit it, Jumba was right, so she handed him one of her mobile arena devices and ran.

Jumba activated the arena when the monster started to chase Katniss, trapping himself in with the stage three Goliath and it's smaller counterpart, "You want girl? You go through me!" He yelled at the monsters as he pulled out his grenade launcher and started firing napalm grenades, and though he managed to take down the weaker juvenile monster, he never stood a chance against a fully grown Goliath, the last thing he saw was a torrent of fire rushing towards him from the monster's mouth.

Katniss had stopped to catch her breath when she heard Jumba scream, she cringed as she looked back at the hard-light dome of the arena as it began to flicker and dematerialize, she had no time to feel sorry for herself.

She had to warn the others.

===Present===

"And that's what happened" Katniss said, her voice breaking for a only a moment.

"Don't blame yourself," the Spartan said, "it was my call to send the both of you after the monster, I should have decided to hunt down the creature together before going after the eggs."

"You couldn't have known this would happen." said Ratchet.

"That doesn't change the fact that I made a bad call and our medic got killed for it," John said, "but now we're going to set this right, Katniss head towards us, we'll meet you halfway, then we're going to destroy that creature."

Goliath was furious, not only had the puny human female escaped him, likely warning any of her fellow hunters of his presence, but the strange purple creature had killed one of his spawn, and it had damaged his armor, leaving him vulnerable,he had two options: he could go hunting and risk an encounter with any hunters in the area, or he could hide somewhere and allow his armor to grow back, though it would take longer and thus would leave him vulnerable for longer.

In the end Goliath had decided that hunting was worth the risk, he would just have to be careful and not stay in one place for too long, and so he set out to find food.

"This is where Jumba and I found the Goliaths." said Katniss to the Chief.

"Guys," Ratchet called out to the others, "I found Jumba."

John and Katniss walked over to Ratchet and found the spot where Jumba Jookiba had made his last stand, the area was still burning

thanks to the napalm grenades, as was the corpse of the smaller Golaith, Jumba himself was slightly burn and had been gnawed on, but was surprisingly intact, as was his gear.

"Looks like the creature didn't like the way he tasted," John observed, "grab his gear," he ordered, "we'll come back for him after the mission."

After a short rest Katniss had picked up the Goliath's trail, and the group had followed the monster's footprints to a nearby lake. There the Goliath had spotted them, ripped a large chunk out of the ground, and tossed it at them.

The Chief was the first to react, catching the large rock with his augmented strength, and with great effort, threw it back, much to the surprise of everyone else. Unfortunately, Goliath punched the boulder mid-flight, causing it to shatter, but it had been enough of a distraction for Ratchet to open fire with his Blaster allowing him to score several good hits on him, and Katniss had set up a mobile arena in the confusion, trapping him in with them.

With no cover to speak of, Goliath decide to rush the hunters, who responded by opening fire on him, John using his Spartan, Katniss using a compound bow with arrows modified to explode on impact, and Ratchet using his blaster, this proved to be too much for Goliath as he collapsed, still alive, but immobile.

"So, who'd like to do the honors?" Ratchet asked.

"I'll do it." replied Katniss as Chief handed her his shotgun.

She stood over Goliath, shotgun pointed at his head, Goliath could only stare at her weakly as spoke, "This one's for Jumba." she said as she pulled the trigger, turning the beast's head into something that vaguely resembled chunky salsa.

The rest of the mission was completed without incident, occasionally some of the curious local fauna wandered a bit too close, but a face

full of buckshot from the Chief's shotgun typically sent them running in the opposite direction, and after destroying the last egg they were picked up along with Jumba (now in a body bag) by a dropship and reassigned to guard the last civilian evacuation center on the planet.

Win bonus: The local militia is grateful for your help, and will send soldiers to aid you.

===Day 2===

"You know I may not be the original Theodore Roosevelt, but going hunting like this sure does make me feel like him!" The wax president said, "So what's our mission again?"

"A 'Kraken' has made it's home in an orbital satellite uplink, if we kill it and secure the uplink we will be able to call down orbital strikes whenever we need more firepower." Rook answered.

"I alway's did want to slay a Kraken, but I guess this is as close as I'll get considering I'm not exactly built for swimming," Chiron said, "speaking of building things, I don't think the designers of this ship had centaurs in mind when they built it."

"I told everyone centaurs existed, but they called me crazy, WELL WHO'S CRAZY NOW?" said Freeman.

"Tell you what Dr. Freeman, if we survive this, I'll let you take a picture." Chiron said chuckling.

"Wait, how come the good doctor here isn't our medic?" Asked Roosevelt.

"Because I'm a doctor, but not that kind of doctor." Replied Gordon

At that point the ship's doors opened, but since Chiron couldn't use a parachute because of his horse half, the ship had to land to let them out.

"Well I'm ready," said Gordon, "let's go kill Cthulhu Two: Electric Boogaloo."

The hunters had just met up with some members of the local militia who, being grateful for the hunters clearing out the Goliath nest, decided to remain on-planet for as long as they could to repay them.

"Thank God you're here sir," said the leader of the militia group, "we just got out of an engagement with the creature, I had twenty men going into this hellhole, now I'm down to four, still we gave as good as we got, it's wounded now and missing an arm, the blood trail should make it easy to follow."

"You've done enough soldier," said Roosevelt, "board the dropship, you've earned a rest, we'll make sure your men didn't die in vain."

With that the remnants of the militia boarded the ship, which then proceeded to take off.

"Those poor bastards never stood a chance." Freeman said as the group watched the dropship depart.

"Injured or not, the fact that the creature took out such a large group does not bode well for us." Rook observed.

"In that case it's probably a bad idea for us to keep standing out in the open like this isn't it?" Asked Chiron.

"Well then," said Roosevelt, "let's get this hunt started shall we?"

The blood trail had lead them straight to the Kraken, unfortunately they had arrived just as it evolved to stage three, meaning it had a brand new arm, realizing that it would be next to impossible to track down again if it escaped, Roosevelt tagged it with a tracking dart.

The dart piercing its skin enraged the creature, causing it to lunge at the hunters, though they tried to run Freeman wasn't fast enough to get out of the way in time, and the Kraken landed on him.

Unable to move, Gordon was helpless to stop the wing-like appendages of the Kraken from making contact with both sides of his head, creating a closed circuit for the monster to send thousands of volts of electricity surging through his body, frying all of his organs instantly, the other had tried in vain to save him, but the creature had been perfectly willing to take a few hits in exchange for Freeman's life.

Roosevelt let out a curse as he trapped the beast in a mobile arena, they had already lost Gordon, and with him, most of their heavy firepower.

The Kraken, now realizing it was trapped, shot up into the air like a rocket, throwing out several energy mines around the area as it did so, the hunters tried to focus fire on it, but they could only manage to get a few hits in due to the creature's speed.

Then the Kraken did something completely unexpected, it surrounded itself in a aura of lightning and dived straight to the ground, the aura exploding on impact and throwing all of the hunters backwards violently, Chrion was the first to get up, Roosevelt, the second.

Rook Blanko never got up at all.

The young Revonnahgander had landed on one of the Kraken's energy mines, and was killed in the explosion.

The arena fell shortly afterwards, and the monster flew away with a triumphant roar, leaving the two remaining hunters to lick their wounds.

"I don't think I've been more humiliated in my entire life," said Chiron, "beaten by a flying squid, this is definitely a new low for me."

"I'll admit," said Roosevelt, "I didn't think we'd kill the blasted thing on our first attempt, but I never expected to be thrashed so thoroughly," he thought for a moment, "maybe if we could get close enough

without him spotting us I could use the harpoon gun I brought along to tether him down."

"I guess that's really our only option, if we can force him down, I could probably stab him to death my sword," Chiron stated, "of course you'd need to make the shot first."

"Let me worry about that," Roosevelt reassured him, "all I'd need is a clear line of sight on the creature."

Thanks to the tracking dart's signal they found the Kraken with ease, the pair followed it for several hours, staying out of sight the whole time, finally the creature stopped to feed, giving Roosevelt the perfect shot.

The harpoon sailed the air burying itself deep in the Kraken's back, causing it to turn around and face Roosevelt, and then it sent a lighting bolt straight at him.

Much to the beast's surprise, the shock did not kill the hunter, instead Roosevelt's wax legs merely melted and fused to the ground, only serving to anchor him further, now the monster was grounded, allowing Chiron to rush at it in full gallop, sword pointed straight in front of him to insure that it would pierce the creature's hide.

The blade destroyed several of the Kraken's vital organs, and Chiron made sure to work the blade as much as possible to insure maximum damage as

he pulled it out, soon the beast laid dead in a pool of its own blood, leaving Chiron to check on his injured comrade.

"That was quite a show my friend."said Roosevelt, who had been reduced to just a torso in a puddle of wax.

"Doesn't that hurt?" Chiron asked, a look of confusion visible on the centaur's face.

"Not really, I AM made of wax you know," he responded, "but when you call for the dropship, would you be so kind as to ask them to bring something to scrape me up with? I'm afraid that I may as well be dead considering that I won't really be able to do anything else this loop, a pity really, I was looking forward to the next hunt."

Chiron couldn't help himself as he let out a laugh, then he called in for a ship to pick them up.

===Day 3===

"Why do I have to track down the one that looks like a snake?" Dr. Jones sighed.

"Look on the bright side," Carmine said, "we could have been hunting down the one that could turn into a giant boulder instead."

"Let's not forget why we're here," said Samus, "our objective is to rescue the survivors of a crashed evac shuttle, hopefully the monster won't even know we're there," she then facepalmed as she realized what she said, "I've just screwed us over haven't I?"

"Most likely," said Dr. Holiday, "I hope you've all updated your wills this loop."

"I'm going to die first again aren't I?" Carmine asked.

===Planetside===

The good news was that the hunters found the militia group they were supposed to meet up with.

The bad news was that they had all been disemboweled and impaled on tree branches.

"Permission to freak the hell out now Ma'am?" Carmine asked Samus.

"Denied solider, the monster might still be here somewhere."

At that point, the Wraith rushed into the middle of the group, smashed something over Carmine's head, a warped away before anyone even had and to point their weapon in its direction, only leaving behind a trail of glowing white dust trail where it had been.

"Eww, what is this stuff?" Carmine asked, now covered in yellow goo.

"It appears to be some sort of egg yoke," Dr. Holiday answered him, "but why would it-"

Her question was interrupted by a large roar originating in the direction the Wraith had come from as a large beast burst through the trees and attacked Carmine, quickly tearing him to shreds before the others were able to kill it.

"That thing is smart," Dr. Jones said, "it knows it can't take us head-on, so it steals an egg from another creature's nest and frames us, I'll bet you anything that now that we've killed that creature the monster's on its way back to the nest for a free meal."

"The file said the Wraith displayed higher than average intelligence than the other monsters, but I hardly expected this," Dr. Holiday added, "it's highly unlikely anyone we came to rescue is still alive."

Samus swore, not even five minutes off the ship and she had already lost a member of her squad, what was worse was that the creature that attacked them trashed the long-range communication's gear Carmine had been carrying, now they couldn't call for back-up or an orbital bombardment if they needed it, in short, this mission had just gotten a lot more complicated.

"Ok, so we all agree the 'survivors' probably died long before we got on the ground right?" Asked Samus.

"I believe that's a safe assumption." Dr. Holiday answered.

"Well since our radio died with Carmine, we aren't getting out of here until the dropship comes back tomorrow," Samus said, " now I don't know about you two, but I for one am pissed at that thing for killing the colonists, our backup, and a man whose safety I was responsible for, so I'm going to kill it, who's with me?"

Dr. Holiday thought for a bit before answering, "Well, I suppose it's my duty as a scientist to study the creature, and since I doubt we could take it alive, I suppose I'll just have to go with you and take samples from it's corpse."

Indy just sighed, "I don't really have much of a choice do I? Not like I'll last the night alone on this planet, besides we'll have better odds of taking it down if we stick together."

Tracking the creature proved easy enough, it left a glowing dust trail behind it, likely a byproduct of whatever was keeping it afloat, eventually the trail stopped at the face of a cliff leaving the hunters baffled.

"Do you think it climbed up?" Samus asked.

"No, that would have left some kind of marking on the cliff face, and if it floated up we'd see a trail." Indy responded.

At that point they heard Dr. Holiday scream, and turned around to see that the Wraith had grabbed her, and was holding the poor woman close to its chest as if embracing her, Samus could have sworn that the creature was grinning at her and Dr. Jones, almost as if daring them to chase it as it warped away, once again leaving a white trail for them to follow.

The pair had chased the Wraith to nearby tree and found Rebecca Holiday impaled on one of its branches, and still very much alive.

"If we remove her the shock alone would kill her in seconds, but if we leave her up there she suffers," Dr. Jones said, "it's trying to get into our heads, it wants to break us."

Samus did the only thing she could for Dr. Holiday, and put her out of her misery, she didn't say anything, but she slowly came to realize something.

This planet was hell, and the monsters were it's demons.

The pair had been walking in silence for a some time before they reached a river, they had just been about to cross it when the Wraith jumped out of a nearby bush... only to have it seemingly disintegrate just before reaching them.

"A decoy," Samus hissed "and a rather good one at that, how much do you want to bet that it's buying time to set up another ambush?"

"I think that's pretty much a given at this point, " said Indy, "should we make our stand here, or do we keep following its trail?"

Before Samus could answer, the Wraith burst out of the water and landed between them, then it let out a powerful shockwave which sent both hunters flying, naturally it then proceeded to warp off once again.

Thanks to her suit Samus sustained only minor injuries, Dr. Jones however, lacked any form of protection, and died as his organs ruptured from the blast.

That had been the final straw, Samus Aran, one of the most feared bounty hunters in the multiverse had decided that she was not leaving this forest until the Wraith was dead, by now she had come to realize the truth about the glowing"trail" the creature had been leaving behind.

It had been a lure all along.

It made perfect sense: no creature would evolve a means of moving about that was both so highly visible and easily traceable unless it WANTED to found, it had been dictating the time and place that it would engage her group since their first encounter, but she couldn't

find the damn thing through any other method reliably, so she needed a way to level the playing field.

She needed Phazon.

It had been a long trek, and she had been looking over her shoulder every few minutes the whole way, but Samus had finally reached the distress beacon that had originally led her team here, but more importantly, she had found the crashed evac she had came here for.

Creating a Phazon Enhancement Device was laughably easy, it had to be incase the specialists who use them had to preform field repairs, or worse, had to replace a damaged unit entirely, soon using only the parts from the wreckage, Samus had a PED that was better than anything the Federation could make in baseline.

Next came the Phazon itself, a substance that rumor had it even Sakura wouldn't mess with, stating it as, "too unstable to be useful, and not able to produce consistent results often enough to be worth wasting time with," and honestly, no one could blame her.

For such a complex substance Phazon was relatively easy to synthesize, and Samus had to create it more often than she would ever admit, it took only a few minutes to create enough liquid Phazon to fill a small syringe, more than enough for her purposes, she injected it directly into her bloodstream after her suit had upgraded itself with the PED she had made.

Now she was ready, she step out of the ship and cycled through her visor modes, scanning the entire the entire light spectrum trying to find any trace of the creature.

Upon hitting UV spectrum she found the Wraith hiding in some bushes, "I see you~" she said in a singsong tone as she entered hyper mode.

The Wraith was already dead, it just didn't know that yet.

Samus had used the enhanced energy grapple to drag the Wraith out of hiding, then she unloaded everything in her vast arsenal at it, leaving the creature laying broken before her, though it had been surprisingly resilient.

She aimed her arm-cannon at the prone monster, switching to the Zero Beam, and spoke to it, "You may be smart, fast, and strong, but you made one mistake: You pissed me off, and I've destroyed entire planets, compared to that you're nothing." She fired a Phazon over-charged Zero Beam at the Wraith at point blank range, fully depleting her Phazon tanks in the process, by the time she exited hyper mode there was a hole so deep she couldn't see the bottom of it where the monster had been, satisfied with a job well done, she left the area to await extraction.

Win bonus: militia equipped with flamethrowers. (next mission only)

Phazon usage penalty: ?

===Day 4===

"Ok," said Wolverine, "the militia has decided not to take any chances this time, they sent in squads with flamethrowers ahead of us and torched everything in the valley, plants, animals, it doesn't matter, the point is our target has nowhere left to hide, and no biomass for it to use to grow bigger."

"This is good plan," said Heavy, "no, this is BEST plan."

"Ja, I must admit, this vill make things much easier on us." Medic agreed

[I am greatful for their help, but was purging the entire valley really necessary?] Chewbacca asked, not exactly thrilled about the destruction of an entire ecosystem, especially one that looked so much like his homeworld.

"Look, I don't like it either, but after what happened to Chiron and Samus' teams we can't afford to take any chances." Logan said.

The Wookie seemed to be satisfied with that answer, and contented himself with preparing for the drop.

===Planetside==

The hunter immediately picked up Behemoth's trail when they landed, after all it was hard to miss the tracks made by a twenty ton rock monster, eventually they caught up to the monster in a nearby cave, but it curled up into a large boulder and rolled away, leaving a highly visible lava trail behind it.

"Look at it flee like little baby," Heavy laughed, "the beast knows death comes for it!"

"I don't get it, the briefing said the creature was 'hyper-aggressive' did we just get bad intel?" Wolverine asked.

[It's probably leading us to a more advantageous location, at least, that's what I would do.] Chewbacca guessed.

"Makes sense," the Medic agreed, "the cave is too cramped, and it vants more room to move around."

"I guess we better follow it then." Wolverine said.

The group exited the cave and found themselves in what looked to be a primitive arena carved out of the cliffs, in the center was Behemoth who appeared to be smashing rocks, the beast turned its head to look at the hunters, acknowledging them with a low grunt before returning to its task.

Curious as to why the monster hadn't attacked them yet, the hunters let the beast go about its business, watching in silence as it crushed the last rock into dust, then Behemoth turned to face the hunters,

and much to their surprise, almost seemed to bow to them as if they were its equal.

Heavy was the first to guess the creature's intent, "I was wrong," he said, "the beast is no coward, it just wanted a fair fight."

"Well I'll be damned." Was all Logan could say in light of this new information.

Behemoth slammed its fists against the ground, sending fissures towards the hunters, causing them to scatter to avoid falling in, now that they were separated, a rocky, tendril-like tongue shot out of its mouth grabbing Logan and pulling him in towards the monster, then Behemoth turned into a boulder again and tried to crush Logan by rolling him over, much to its displeasure, the man's healing factor and unbreakable bones allowed him to survive, Logan retaliated by digging his claws into Behemoth's rocky skin.

With one hunter stuck on him and the others focusing their fire at any gaps they could find in his armor Behemoth decided to change tactics, he stomped the ground raising a rock wall between himself and the three hunters who were attacking him from a distance, trapping Logan in with him.

The other hunters had been trying to find a way past the wall when they heard Logan cry out in pain, soon the wall lowered revealing Behemoth, along with a skeleton made of adamantium sitting in a pool of molten rock.

The three remaining hunters let out various curses in their native tongues, Heavy's language was particularly colorful, describing various activities the monster's hypothetical mother enjoyed partaking in with farm animals, a bicycle, and a clown car.*

"Doctor," shouted Heavy, "use the Übercharge!"

"Activating Übercharge now." the Medic said as a beam from his medgun hit Heavy, causing him to glow, and both of them to laugh

maniacally.

The glow attracted Behemoth's attention, causing him to focus on Heavy at the expense of all else, not even Chewbacca attaching detpacks to the monster could get his attention, and once Heavy's chain gun had chewed through Behemoth's armor Chewbacca set off the detpacks, blowing Behemoth to bits.

The group was picked up by a dropship a few hours later and arrived at the same evacuation center that all of the other hunters had been reassigned to, little did they know that they were about to face a creature that was worse than anything the could have ever imagined.

Win bonus: For Auld Lang Sine- Some friends of yours may drop by at some point in the near future.

===Day 5: the evacuation==

"The ship'll be fueled up in half an hour, anyone who's not on board then is getting left behind, no exceptions." Someone announced over the intercom at the evacuation center, there had been sightings of a large horde of monsters headed to the spaceport that morning so the remaining eight hunters and all remaining military forces, professional and civilian militia alike, had been stationed to guard the fuel pod linked to the last ship off planet from any creatures that made it to the evacuation area ahead of the horde.

The defenders had a force of two thousand strong, they had to protect the fuel pod, if the pod were destroyed, it would take all 2.8 million souls aboard the craft it was attached to with it.

Troopers were panicking over the comms, an unknown creature dubbed a "stage-four" monster fitting the description of a Wraith was making its way towards the spaceport, not only was it larger than any lifeform previously discovered on Shear, but it had the ability to fire a concentrated beam of an unidentified form of radiation, and it was smashing through the defenses that had already been established.

As the hunters went out to kill the creature Samus couldn't shake the feeling that she had been responsible for creating this monster.

Phazon usage penalty applied: The Wraith has mutated instead of dying due to massive exposure to Phazon radiation, it has become larger and gained new abilities.

"Ok, we need a plan and fast," Samus said, "does anyone have any ideas?"

"Da," said Heavy, "we passed a damaged generator on the way here, if we pool all of our explosives it should make a big enough boom to destroy just about anything," everyone was staring at him, "what? I work with Demoman all the time back home, I learned a few things, I'm big, not stupid."

"Well it's in the beast's path, so it should work," said Chiron, "now we just need someone to hook up a detonator so we can be out of the blast zone when it goes off."

"I'll do it, the SPARTAN-II program included extensive demolitions training, honestly I'm surprised I haven't needed to use it more often." said Chief.

With the plan in place and the explosives primed all they had to do was wait, though it didn't sit well with anyone that they had to stay put while the Wraith cut down good men and women, but the Wraith likely wouldn't fall for the trap if there wasn't resistance in its way.

The wraith finally arrived at the generator, the hunters made a big show of falling back so it would follow.

The plan went perfectly, the explosion had blown the monster to pieces, but the victory had come at a cost, there was no way any of them could make it aboard the ship before it took off, and the horde was on the horizon.

The last evacuation ship had taken off without them, and with the horde of ravenous monsters bearing down on them, it looked like this was going to be a last stand.

"It looks like this is it everybody!" Samus yelled over the radio.

"Whatever happens, it's been a honor serving with all of you." The Chief said.

"Ja, It's been fun." said the Medic.

"Well," said Ratchet, "at least we can say we went down fighting."

"This will be glorious!" shouted Heavy.

The horde finally came within firing range at that point.

"There they are," called out Chiron, "open fire!"

All the loopers started firing at once, cutting down countless beasts, but they still hadn't made a dent in the enemy's numbers.

"I've got an incoming transmission, patching it through now." Katniss said.

"Raynor here," said Jim over the radio, "I figured you folks could use some help, luckily I found a few friends of yours."

Chewbacca pointed at the incoming dropship and roared something in Shyriiwook, though no one could understand him in the heat of battle, as a large number of new loopers joined the fight, at the same time everyone's HUDs were updated with new information:

Medic:

-Zecora (MLP)

-Dr. Leonard McCoy (Star Trek)

-Beverley Crusher (Star Trek)

-Ratchet (Transformers)

-Sakura Haruno (Naruto)

-Erin Yeager (AoT)

Assault:

-Hellboy

-Jennifer Marie "Jenny" Wakeman (XJ-9) (Teenage Robot)

-Omega (Sonic)

-Roadblock (G.I. JOE)

-Ironhide (Transformers)

Tracker:

-Pocahontas

-Sacajawea (Night at the Museum)

-Rock Light & Rush (Mega Man)

- Freki & Geri (Dark Millennium)

Support:

-Numbah Two (KND)

-Inspector Gadget

-Gadget Girl (The Awesomes)

-Roll Light (Mega Man)

-Doyle Blackwell (Secret Saturday's)

The beleaguered defenders let out a collective cheer, this fight had just gone from a last stand to a battle, and battles could be won, and so with renewed strength, the loopers charged the oncoming horde, and when the two forces met, it signaled the start of a battle which, if nothing else, deserved a story of its own.

The loop had ended with the defenders victorious, the bodies of the monsters laying broken and bloody before them, and there had been much rejoicing, the hunters had proven themselves the deadliest beings on Shear, and soon the tale of their triumph would spread throughout all of Yggdrasil, many of them left with a few trophies as proof of their skill, a few felt that the hunt itself had been reward enough, but all of them were looking forward to returning to their homes.

14.10

Well, as he had once heard some loopers say, the cat was out of the bag.

He could no longer continue to be a non-looper, meaning he did not merely have to watch anymore.

Now, he could act, and he had a brilliant idea.

"Oh, Master Yoda? I must admit, I was not expecting you to come visit me so soon" the Sith Lord who Yoda was still ashamed he was not able to spot the first time around spoke kindly.

He was a good actor at the very least. A evil and corrupt actor, but a good actor none the less.

"Unexpected, recent events have been. There is something of grave importance I must share with you, as soon as possible. The fate of the galaxy may ride in it"

The Chancellor rose an eyebrow, but did not speak. Yoda got the message that he was to continue though, 800+ years did give you an ability to pick up on subtle politics.

"Know now I do, that you are the Sith Lord responsible for this war" Yoda told him matter of factly.

The Sith didn't react in any way for a rather lengthy five seconds, before speaking in a dark tone "So, you finally figured it out. What is it you plan to do about it? If you really think you alone can take me in, you truly overestimate yourself Master Jedi".

The last part was rather sarcastic

"Oh, I am not going to fight you one on one. You will fight two".

The Sith Lord elected to public office laughed at that declaration "Bluffing doesn't suit you Master Jedi. I sense no other Jedi here but young Skywalker, and I have the oddest feeling he might not take kindly to you assaulting me".

"Canoodling with his wife, young Skywalker will not be joining us today. Instead..."

Emerging from the diminutive master Jedi was what looked like a giant, hulking blue monster version of Yoda, like a shadow come to life. It promptly grabbed the Chancellor around the waist with one large hand.

"What...what sorcery is this!?" Palpatine snarled as Yoda smirked.

"My second" Yoda informed Palpatine before the manifestation began smashing the Sith Lord into the floor like it was aiming to flatten him.

14.11 (Levitus Wikes)

It was late in the long evening when the bar, so full of loopers, began to empty. As the night set in, the tavern was soon almost fully empty,

with only a handful remaining. One of these stragglers, a tall blond man in a white tunic and pants and a lightsaber at his side, sat himself next to shorter man with a black coat, a scraggly beard, and orange sun glasses. "Now that was a bar debate, eh Gendo?"

"Whatever you say Luke," Gendo Ikari mumbled around his cup of water. The Rokubungi patriarch smirked lightly. "Of course, I didn't know you were the proud owner of a Doctorate in Mecha-Physics."

"Giant robots. Who could do without them?" Luke asked rhetorically.

"Just be sure you don't ask the question around Shinji," Gendo said.

The Anchor for the latter half of the Galaxy Far Far Away shrugged. "I have my tastes. He has his. Can't blame him for what goes on with the Evangelions."

Gendo tensed up, but Luke just waved his hand. "Don't worry man, you weren't Awake, you're not responsible. Besides, I already got my revenge for you sticking Padme in an Eva."

"Oh that's a- WHAT DO YOU MEAN REVENGE!?" Gendo nearly screamed.

Luke snapped his fingers. "You remember that loop where all those Ree were trying to get in your pants?"

Gendo stared at Luke. Luke chuckled. "Sorry man. I... wasn't exactly in my right mind." Luke winced internally. "Real sorry about that."

Gendo groaned. "I guess it really was too good to be true."

Luke reached over and gently patted Gendo on his back. "Hey, look, there isn't anything I needed to forgive you for, I was out of-"

"And to think I was really just that much of a lady killer," Gendo lamented, obviously referring to the mass of Ree that had wanted to screw him. Gendo winked at Luke. "Got ya."

Luke gaped at Gendo, before stamping down his surprise. "I guess I had that coming, didn't I... But there was actually something I wanted to speak with you about."

Gendo sipped his water. "Hit me. Not literally though, please."

Luke pulled out an audio recorder. "So, you seemed to be on the up and up for stealth loopers earlier this evening. Who exactly do you know to be looping?"

Gendo blinked in surprise. "That's all you want to know? Really?"

Luke nodded. "Knowledge is a powerful thing in the loops, and knowing Stealth Loopers is the greatest knowledge of all. So, what say you?"

"Deanna Troi," Gendo answered. "She's an obvious pick. "Geordi, Worf, both Beverly and Wesley Crusher, and Riker. Obviously though, those are the most easily determined loopers. Less well known are T'Pol, who serves as Archer's science officer, and his beagle, Porthos."

Gendo started scratching his chin. "Other loopers would include... Roman Torchwick and his partner Neopolitan. Vitruvius from the Lego World. Lion from Beach City, you ever been to Beach City? They got these alien girls who are actually sentient crystals. Moving on, we've got Keith Shadis, Jim Morales, Skarloey and Rheneas, Kuklo, Master Cyclonis, not that I would blame her though, seeing as she's a fascistic tyrant in her baseline. And that's not even getting into Toretto family." Gendo looked at Luke, who was scribbling rapidly. "I should go on, shouldn't I?"

"Please do," the son of Anakin said.

Gendo smiled. "The Primarchs of the Twentieth Legion in the Dark Millennium."

"Bull."

"No, really. I'll explain how I figured it out. Now, I-"

"Actually," Luke cut across Gendo. "Why don't you explain how you figured out Aura? She is a looping Anchor after all."

Gendo thought it over and shrugged. "Alright. So, I'd woken up basically all alone in the loop. Everything seemed baseline except for Rei. She was acting oddly."

Luke looked up from his notes. "Rei? Acting oddly?"

"More socially adjusted, more stable, less willing to die for the cause," Gendo explained. "So, I figured that I was dealing with a stealth Anchor who had replaced Rei, but I didn't know who it could be. I decided to do some deductive reasoning and arrange a confrontation. I simply cross referenced the number of confirmed looping beings who had a similar personality to Rei, were capable of Anchoring, and held no grudge against me. I could safely assume that, since I was still alive, whomever had replaced Rei didn't hate me with a burning passion.

"Naturally, the list came up blank, so I then decided to search from a different angle: worlds that had an Anchor that was assumed to be Stealth. From that list I cross-referenced that with major players who were a good personality match for Rei, and eliminated whomever was confirmed to not be the Anchor. I still had a long list, but importantly, I was able to add a single additional variable to the equation: little miss Stealth wanted long hair."

"I cross referenced for girls with long hair and got back three possibilities, Aura being amongst them." Gendo smiled and held up his fingers in a V for victory. "I confronted Aura in the Eva cages, and she confirmed her identity."

Luke blinked. Then blinked again. "Wow... that's pretty cool."

"Thank you," Gendo said.

Luke glanced at Gendo. "So, how did you figure out Yoda, and when was it?"

"Remember that loop where I replaced Palpatine?" Gendo asked cheerfully.

"And you kept trying to get me and Mara to switch sides for cookies?" Luke replied laconically.

"I asked if Yoda wanted one. He was so surprised he asked me if he was in a variant," Gendo chuckled. " **Come to the dark side Yoda. We have free cookies.** *A variant, methinks.* **A what now Yoda?** *A variation.* **Yoda, are you looping?** *Many time repeats, I have known.* etc. etc." Gendo said. "Real nice guy, Yoda. Still tried to duel me to death though."

Like chuckled. "That he will do."

Gendo took his empty glass. "To Yoda."

Luke held up his empty hand. "To Stealth Loopers, and the worlds they live in."

14.12

Eiken.

A punishment loop in which on was swarmed by females with breast size ratios that should not exist in a non-engineered human population. Where one got to experience what it was like to walk in Tenchi's shoes for a loop.

Luke's loops, however, had their own built in Eiken...

And a race of Eikenites.

The Zeltron, native to the planet Zeltros, were a race of pink skinned near-humans with limited empathatic and pheromone based abilties whose culture was very, very...open.

It was their official policy that monogamy was quaint but impractical. They also, due to their abilities tended to be greatly attracted to noble hearted Force Users.

They also tended to lean towards Bi/Pan (Luke had never gotten the exact terminology straight) sexuality...

Needless to say, Luke and Leia were rather popular among the Zeltron, and his descendant Cade would have a very, very, very close relationship with one Deliah Blue in a hundred or so years.

One could argue his father's dark edges were a blessing in disguise: as it helped prevent him from being too popular with the Zeltron.

Luke however...

"It's Luke Skywalker, the Hero of the Rebellion!"

"He's so hot!"

"Come dance with me Luke!"

"No me Luke!"

The last voice was from a male Zeltron.

Well, at least one could teleport away, unlike in Eiken.

"Is that Leia Organa!"

"Damn, she's hot!"

"Hey Princess, there is this excellent bar a few parties down from here, want to get something on me?"

"No, I know an even better place, what's a visit to Zeltros without going to a real party!"

The last voice was from a female Zeltron as said looping princess just looked mortified.

There were very few planets in this galaxy that Leia despised being on, and this was one of them.

If Leia was honest with herself, she would rather be in Eiken.

Anything was better than...Zeltros.

Shiver

14.13 (Levitius and Evil)

Fifty years ago...

Obi Wan coughed into his fist, awkwardly trying and failing to break his internal tension. ' *Well... this is the last time I use psychic powers to fight off a Sith invasion.* ' Aloud, he addressed the planet's governor. "You're gratitude is appreciated. But I have little need for... a castle."

The governor waved off his polite refusal. "Oh think nothing of it. It is our honor to host a noble, and benevolent Jedi. With your protection, our lands have flourished, our people have been safe, and now, your defeat of the Sith fleet that had come to take our planet has merely illuminated us. Truly, you are a leader we need."

The newly appointed Lord Kenobi wondered if this was a prank by Anakin. After a moment though, he reconsidered. He may as well see what all the fuss was about with running a planet. What's the worse that could happen?

Modern day...

"As newly elected high chancellor of the Galactic Empire, I decree that there must be freedom within these territories. The separatists pose no true threat to our unity, and through not only our superior economic position, but also out understanding and peace, I believe we can non-violently away the breakaway worlds back into our alligiences. If not, then we shall be protected from them. Council of worlds... you have my word."

Sitting next to Padme, Anakin stared at his elderly teacher. "When did Obi Wan... become a good politician?"

"Time to learn, he has." Yoda smiled before tapping Anakin's side with his cane. "Learn, you should. Give wife a break, you should be doing."

14.14

Energy in the universe shared similar properties deep down.

The Force. Chakra. Spiral Energy. Magic. Ki. At their core, they all originate from, or were greatly tied to life itself.

These connections linked the worlds, perhaps by Yggdrasil wanting to save space. And thus, the energies could be combined...

Looking up at the Death Star he had stolen from Tarkin for this test above the uninhabited planet he had stopped by (His private fishing one to be exact), Darth Vader held his hands in the air as he began to channel life force.

It had taken a lot of work, but he had managed to figure out to create a Spirit Bomb despite his morals. The giant blue sphere now had appeared above him.

Now...to take it further: and enhance it with the Light Side of the Force!

Looking up through his helmet's eyeholes, Vader tapped into the Living and Cosmic Force itself. As he did so, the Spirit Bomb began to react. As the Force of all life channeled through him, the spirit bomb was not just the power of a single planet anymore.

But of every planet.

The blue sphere grew larger and larger in size, it's blue color replaced with a solid white. The energy the power contained was aggressively humming, as if it was ready to destroy a black hole.

But he had one more idea to try, and one from that new world he had recently visited, the one that recently began to loop/

The power of life's evolution!

Tapping into the evolutionary potential of all life forms, the sphere began to glow a life-giving green as it got even larger. The energy seemed to radiate off it with the intensity of 10,000 suns, all ready to go supernova.

It was...hard to contain, even for a looper of his age and power.

He would have to release it, and now!

"Force! Spiral! Bomb!" Darth Vader shouted, as the sphere burst, releasing a massive torrent of energy right at the Death Star.

The blast struck the Empire's greatest weapon, and vaporized it without resistance.

The energy continued outwards, towards a distant gas giant, asteroid field, and lifeless rocky planet...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

And so each thing it struck also vaporized, space itself lighted up by the power of life itself, magnified three separate ways.

The Force Spiral Bomb...his ultimate technique. His trump card.

His (Yawn...he could actually yawn in the Vader suit?), last resort.

Darth Vader collapsed on the ground behind him, fast asleep and soon to be in need of a dry cleaner for his cape.

14.15 (KrisOverstreet)

Anakin Awoke to the sensation of the long, unbraided locks of his hair slipping under the collar of his tunic and making his neck itch.

For some reason had awakened roughly a year before the attempt on Padme's life which had brought the two of them back together after a decade. He had not quite yet achieved the status of padawan, and he still wore youngling's garb, even if the clothes were cut much larger than any other youngling's.

Obi-wan, his ever-present, often annoyingly so, teacher... was nowhere in sight. At all. He was all by himself in a corridor of the Jedi Temple, standing in front of the door to his teacher Yoda's private quar-

Wait a minute. Rewind the data playback in my brain and run it again. My teacher *Yoda?*

Yoda taught all the younglings at one point or another, but his Loop memories said the little green gnome had gone above and beyond the call of the Jedi, taking Anakin on as his personal student. Obi-wan had barely gotten so much as a look-in. It had begun... when had it begun?

Nine years ago, in the council chamber, with Mace Windu and Kit Fisto and the other dour, holier-than-thou Masters staring down their

noses at the junkyard boy that Qui-Gon Jinn had dragged into their presence. And then Yoda had spoken, and the others deferred to over eight centuries of experience and wisdom.

Anakin could hear the words in his mind, much more clearly than normal for a simple Loop memory, even with Jedi mental techniques.

"Much fear I sense in you, young Skywalker. Fear for your mother, fear of new things. Fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, and hate leads to suffering. For that reason, train you we must. Learn you will to face your fear, understand it, and defeat it. Teach you myself, I will, unless Qui-Gon you prefer."

And again, from a week or two later, after the events on Naboo:

"Kenobi a great Jedi Knight will be, but teaching his gift is not. I shall teach you as wished Qui-Gon, until Awaken you do to your true power."

Anakin boggled. That senile old busybody grinning little-

Any other Jedi Master in the temple would have been serenely annoyed by a mere apprentice barging into their private sanctum without being bid to enter. Yoda, on the other hand, merely sat leaning on his walking stick and smiled. The little chamber was austere even by the standards of the Jedi, with only the minimum comforts- a thin sleeping pad, a rather ratty-looking blanket, a few rude clay bowls and pots in a cupboard to one side of the chamber. Anakin, in his gangling teenage body, half-filled the little room by himself.

"So, Awaken you have at last," Yoda nodded. "Expected this I did, but not quite yet."

"You old-" Anakin choked off the unproductive rant and began again. "How long have you been Awake? How long have you been Looping?"

"Long enough," Yoda shrugged. "Long enough my counsel to keep, my thoughts to take, my eyes to observe." That smile, that smile that had annoyed Anakin since forever, grew a little less annoying and more genuinely warm. "Expected this I did, yes. Hoped for it even more, I did. Please sit."

The old codger is serious for once , Anakin thought, and he lowered himself to the floor, sitting cross-legged in front of the tiny Jedi master. Not even thousands of Loops' worth of resentment prevented Anakin from listening, and listening carefully, when Yoda put away his playful, talking-to-children-and-all-of-you-are-children-compared-to-me act.

"When first notice I did that repeating time was," Yoda said, "long did I meditate. Long and repeatedly, and too often the wrong answers I reached. Many times I changed nothing. Wrong this was." Yoda adjusted his seating slightly. "A few times I tried to control things. Foolish this was. Once hunt down Palpatine, I did. Pointless, that was. And then realize I did, that alone I was not." His three-fingered hand raised the walking stick to jab it at Anakin. "That changes you were making all the time, that repeat the things that should, did not."

"You knew?" Anakin asked. "Then why didn't you come to me?"

"Pride." Yoda's smile had completely vanished now, and his eyes turned away from Anakin's. "Ever the weakness of the Jedi was pride. Even knowing I the price of pride in baseline, still too proud I was to trust the man who the name Vader would take." After a sad shake of his head he returned his gaze to Anakin's and said, "So decide I did to play dumb. Aware of my status you were not, so work I did to keep it that way, the better to watch, the better to think and judge."

"Judge, huh?" Anakin asked. "So what's the verdict?"

Yoda stared deeply into Anakin's eyes for what seemed like an hour. "How to say?" Yoda finally whispered. "How to say? For there is so much, yet also not enough there is." He raised a hand to ward off

Anakin's glare, adding, "Make no riddles, I. A hard thing it is, the thoughts of uncounted thousands of years to sum up. Yourself try it, and see how you do."

Anakin relaxed and shrugged. "Fair point."

Yoda took a deep breath. "First and ever, disagree with your methods I do. Freedom, to be gained through tyranny it cannot. Jedi guardians are, examples are, advisors are... rulers, never should be." Yoda frowned deeply as he added, "Help it does not how irresponsible you are when power you get."

"Hey, I'm very responsible!" Anakin protested.

Yoda reached into his tunic and pulled out a holocron. At a touch of his claw a hologram popped up of the Death Star. The image flickered, and the gray battle station became a pink sphere with blue balloons painted on its side. Another flicker, and the battle station broke out in black spots like a European football. Another flicker, and the metal sphere sprouted Mickey Mouse ears. "Show more examples, I can," Yoda said.

"I didn't think you were even around for the Party Star!" Anakin protested.

Yoda shrugged. "Unimportant it is how the images I got," he said. "True it is that too often, other people like playthings you treat." Yoda's eyes rolled up slightly to avoid Anakin's as he added, "Though some people deserve it they did."

Anakin raised an eyebrow.

"And funny it was, once or twice," Yoda continued, still not meeting Anakin's eyes. "Though deny saying that I will if anyone you tell."

The corner of Anakin's mouth came up despite himself. "Once or twice?"

"Mmmmmm, more often perhaps. Counting I was not."

And if you believe that, ladies and gentleWookies, I have oceanfront property on Tatooine to sell you, very reasonable, Anakin thought.

"But still," Yoda said firmly, returning his eyes to his apprentice, "sometimes always is not, and funny an excuse is not. Other beings are real. Playthings they are not. Inferiors they are not. Looping or not, dignity and respect they deserve." The gnome's eyes wandered again as she murmured in a lighter tone, "Though exceptions there are, admit this I do."

"Tarkin," Anakin said.

"Dooku," Yoda continued.

"Jar-jar," Anakin added.

"Windu," Yoda chimed in.

"Kenobi!" both Jedi said at once, grinning and chuckling.

After regaining his composure, Yoda continued, "But this more important than your methods. Disagree with them I do. Disagree with your goals, your intentions, I do not." He rested both hands on the top of his walking stick and leaned forward over it. "Justice you seek. The defenseless you defend. Your own crimes, you seek to atone." Leaning forward as far as he could, in a whisper so soft and sharp it cut through the otherwise silent little room he finished, "Your children, you love."

When Anakin said nothing, the Jedi master added, "In all these things you are right. And in this last thing... wrong... I was."

"Pride?" Anakin asked.

"Pride. And isolation. Thousands of years, question we did not. Other ways of thinking, we disregarded. Nature, we ignored." A rueful chuckle shook the wizened little body. "We Jedi, who nature we

revere, who listen to nature we claim to do, ignore it we did. Deny it we did. And look where lead us it did." He waved his cane around the room, indicating the temple complex as a whole. "Sterile this place is, lifeless, all but empty to the Force, and realize it we never did, until too late it was. Realize it we did not..." He held the cane in one claw while the other one pointed to his own chest. "... because also sterile were we. Luminous beings are we, but forgot we did what the light looks like." Yoda snorted. "Anger, fear, aggression- these are the dark side- but means it not that lack of feeling, the light is! Right all along, Qui-Gon was."

Looking up at the seated Anakin, Yoda finished, "A worthy successor to him, you are."

"Um... thanks?" Anakin said weakly. "I... er... I never really got to know him, actually. He found me at Watto's, he got me off that sandball planet, dragged me around for a week or so, and got killed. Repeat about a million times, and that's all I have of him." Aside from an occasional variant Loop where Qui-Gon's Force ghost haunted him the same way Kenobi haunted his son, but Anakin had long ago resolved to tell absolutely no one about those Loops. Besides, Qui-Gon's non-Looping ghost hadn't been all that chatty about himself.

"This also you have: the outsider's perspective, the viewpoint the Jedi lacked, the viewpoint we ignored." Yoda nodded as he added, "Use it well you have. Proud of you I am. A better Jedi than I, you are... when you want to be."

"Er... um... thanks." Anakin was shocked down to the bottom of his soul to discover that Yoda's approval actually counted for something to him. In fact, it counted for a lot more than any variant-Loop memories could explain. *Is this the father-issues thing again?* he wondered. *I'll have to think about that...*

"Now, apprentice," Yoda said considerably louder, "before Awake you did, called you I did for a reason. Corsucant Security, call they did. Stolen landspeeder they reported. Joyriding again, have you been!"

"I never!" The words snapped out of Anakin's mouth by sheer reflex. *That* was Loop memories at work, pure and simple.

"Caught you, security cameras did," Yoda insisted. "Busted you are, apprentice!"

"Since when do you use the word 'busted', Master?" Anakin asked.

"Since embarrass the Jedi you did by *getting caught!* " Yoda snapped, jabbing his cane at Anakin again. "Tricks there are to deceive machines, apprentice! Learn them you should!"

"I wasn't Awake at the time!" Anakin pleaded.

"Excuses, excuses!" Yoda sighed, shaking his head in mock dismay. "Special lessons will you need. Meet me you will after curfew. The west service entrance we shall use."

"Er... what?" All of a sudden this conversation had wandered into the spot on the star charts marked *Here Be Dragons.*

"Know I where a red convertible is parked," Yoda continued. "Bet you I do that hotwire it in under twenty seconds I can."

This time, when that silly smug smile appeared on the wrinkled elf's face, Anakin returned it.

14.1 Do they have lemons in outer space?

14.2 HK-47 was apparently still around at the time…

14.3 And there is one of the more murderous ones

14.4 C-3PO's bartending (and the Elevator Saga indirectly) have led to this. The future of Bartending, and looping Capitalism!

14.5 Gundam, in case anyone was curious. Probably SEED.

14.6 HAM!

14.7 Yes, Yoda's been around since Chapter 1. Note, I had not planned this. Evil happened.

14.8 One-Piece. I love One Piece.

14.9: Anyone have a synopsis on that? If so, please PM me.

14,10 Yoda's Stand is Asteroid Blues, by the way.

14.11 It's GENDO!

14:12 The Zeltron. Oh what fun I could have with them in the loops were more Innortally.

14.13 Jedi Lord Obi-Wan Kenobi. Yes.

14.14 Note the Original 7 and a few of their loopers could still defeat that technique. Think about that a bit.

14.15 I think this is a good way to end this chapter, what about you guys.

Chapter 16

15.1 (Evil lord of Humor)

"I thank you for the votes, but I must reluctantly decline your offer at being Supreme Chancellor due to conflicting issues." the purple flying alien held a claw up to the booing crowd.

"Okay... *that* was odd." Anakin muttered.

"You're telling *me* ." Samus blinked in confusion.

15.2

"As the man who will one day surpass the looping gods among us, an all around badass, and a proud supporter of a little policy I like to call 'beat sanity into your opponents', I, BlackStar, hereby take my place as Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic, Yahoo!"

R-2's processors fizzled out the moment he realized who was now in charge of the galaxy.

15.3 (Detective Ethan)

Kyle whistled the Imperial March as he ascended the lift of the Arc Hammer. He had already dispatched the other Type two Dark Troopers and was waiting for Rohm Mohc to make an appearance in the type three armor. Mohc's voice appeared on the internal intercom, showing Kyle would not be disappointed, "It's been a long time since I challenged a man to battle."

The lights in the bay dimmed, causing Kyle to roll his eyes. The imperial commander continued, "I'm glad my opponent is so *worthy* ! Ha ha ha ha!"

As soon as the door opened, the officer wielding the armor descended from the lift, guns blazing. Kyle slid behind the durosteel

walls and pressed the detonator. Surrounding the lift were several cases of EMP grenades, left over from the clone wars. While admittedly not lethal to most organics, they did wreck havoc among cybernetics and electronics. The suit could only resist so much before circuits started frying and the suit itself simply shut down. Kyle stepped out from behind the wall and pulled his bryar pistol, placing it in a gap between between armor plates. Katarn smirked, "Time for you to take a long nap."

With that, he fired a single stun round into the man, sending the imperial researcher into peaceful unconsciousness. After unloading two more stun rounds into the unconscious man to make sure he would not wake up anytime soon, Kyle briefly considered shooting the man again, this time with the normal setting, but decided against it. Luke would be disappointed if he killed a man in cold blood. With but a thought, he sent the commander into his subspace pocket.

After escaping the Arc Hammer, Kyle spent the next couple days disassembling the type three armor while keeping Mohc sedated. After successfully removing Mohc from the armor, Kyle delivered the commander to Mon Mothma, who would have the officer tried from crimes against the people of Talay, whom he butchered with his Dark Troopers.

15.4 (Dave ID)

Anakin Skywalker was Ecstatic. When the crew made it to the ground, they had managed to defeat the Tyranids with little casualties. The mission's surprising success owed to Ciaphas Cain, **HERO OF THE IMPERIUM!** , heroically destroying the munitions department when the bulk of the force were inside the building, crippling the attacking force, and letting his crew finish off the rest. Nothing could ruin this moment.

"Anakin." Leman said.

"Leman, what's going on?"

"It's time to pay off that bet."

Anakin dreaded this day.

"Oh, what do you want me to..."

"I'll need you as Darth Vader for the Orks vs. Orcs loop, bring a unicycle and bagpipes."

"...What."

"Do it." Leman smiled viciously, and then left.

Anakin was just standing there.

Khorne could've sworn that a visiting looper just gave out the most vulgar expression of rage in all of this loop's history. He quickly got sidetracked at the sight of Ork infighting.

15.5

"Annoying you is a skill that has been passed down the Skywalker Family for Generations" Luke grinned as Obi-Wan gave out a very audible gulp.

"Please don't start with that".

15.6

The Emperor was on a Pogostick.

In fact, he had been on that Pogostick for hours, all the time with a demented grin on his face and red circled eyes.

"Pogostick until you die..." Luke stated with some unease as he turned to the visiting looper "I really have to question why you order someone to do that. Why does my father get along with you so well?"

The masked man shrugged "We share certain opinions on certain things. As to the Pogostick thing...I personally find it amusing. If one is a hero of justice against corrupt empires and emperors and possessing a Geass, why not make people pogostick until they die?".

"You have a questionable idea of what is 'amusing'." Luke muttered.

15.7 (Kris Overstreet)

The figure that walked into Obi-Wan Kenobi's cell wasn't Dooku.

Kenobi had Awakened later than usual, on landing approach to the cloning facilities of Kamino, and he'd let events play out more or less to baseline for lack of any better ideas. He hadn't really taken the time to go through his Loop memories to see what had changed until the thirtysomething-year-old, clean-shaven man in dark purple Jedi-like robes walked through the cell door instead of the aged, bearded Dooku.

Kenobi's annoyance shifted to shock when those mostly-ignored Loop memories coughed up the name. "Count Banner? Count *Banner ?*"

"Ah, I see you're Awake." Doctor Robert Bruce Banner flipped the hood down from his head and walked over to where Kenobi stood spread-eagled in his force-shackles. "We were hoping to see Anakin first, but it's always good to see any Looper when in a strange world."

"What are you *doing* here?!"

"So direct. So undiplomatic. A most un-Jedi-like trait." For a moment Banner's eyes rose up to stare at the ceiling, or perhaps at nothing, while his lips moved. "Six out of eight voices in my head approve."

Obi-Wan knew full well most of the other voices fell under the categories, "destructive forces of nature," and also, "things which

there is no sufficiently safe distance to observe from." Despite his own barely-suppressed horror, curiosity compelled him to ask, "Six out of eight?"

"Myself, Green, Gladiator, Fixit, Professor and Maestro," Banner said, counting the names off on his fingers. "The Monster doesn't have words, and none of us pay any attention to the Demon except to keep him sealed up, so you've got as close to a unanimous verdict as you're going to get." He grinned a very sardonic grin as he added, "So try not to blow it."

"Doctor Banner, please," Kenobi sighed. "Please tell me you're plotting to undercut the Separatists, or something of the sort."

"Hmmmmm... no, not exactly," Banner replied. "More sort of the opposite, I'm afraid. I'm taking advantage of this Loop to add to my skill set." He removed a lightsaber from his belt and held it up; his hand didn't extend even halfway around the oversized, heavily reinforced grip. "You may address me as Darth Gamma. Consider how powerful a Sith I am, fueled by our anger."

Kenobi was finding that there are some levels of horror not even Jedi mental training can suppress.

"The last time Anakin visited our world, he and Green had a couple of... incidents," Banner continued. "We're all quite keen for a rematch. But first I'm thinking I'll discredit and destroy the corrupt old Republic, then the even more corrupt Separatists, then get rid of Palpatine once I've learned all he can teach me, and then rebuild from the ground up."

"Are you actually looking forward to a galactic civil war?" Kenobi managed to ask.

"Oh, yes. All of us are quite enthusiastic about it." The oversized lightsaber ignited, and brilliant green light shone in Banner's normally brown eyes. "Hulk's never smashed an entire galaxy before."

15.8 (D.E.R the Pidgey, aka Detective Ethan Redfield)

Luke sat in the cockpit of his own privately owned modified Corellian YT-1300 light freighter. He stared out at the Carnage of the Geonosian System. It looked like someone had taken a cheese grater to the whole sector. Obi-Wan shook his head as Luke asked, "Did the Emperor commission the World Devistators earlier this loop or something?"

"No, this was entirely your looping father's fault. He suffered an unfortunate meltdown when your mother, Padme, informed Young Anakin that she was already married when he proposed."

Luke looked to his mentor and asked, "Who is my father this loop?"

"A young Gungan by the name of Jar-Jar fell in love with Padme. I believe the words that triggered his meltdown is...Mrs. Padme Binks."

Luke looked ill for a second, then pushed it down with his Jedi Training, "What is Anakin up to now?"

"He's still rampaging across the system. Soon, he'll reach Byss and tear the world to pieces."

15.9

The first rule when several looping couples visit a restaurant is, don't talk about the several looping couples visiting the restaurant.

There was no need to go all gossipy about who was dating who, or married to who, or who was in an open or closed relationship, or anything of the sorts.

Plus, it was quite possible that some of the people here were not couples, but just friends eating together. After all, Ahsoka had the oddest feeling that Luffy had tagged along with Nami merely for her deep pockets of money, and not her deep pocket of...talent.

Looking around, the undisguised Togruta (as the restaurant was a intergalactic location, so there were not crazy evangelicals around to try and slam crosses into her face), she noticed, at various tables, not only Nami and Luffy, but also Naruto and Hinata, Shinj with Kaoru, Rei and Asuka, Spike and Rarity, Percy and Annabeth, Nanoha and Fate, Clark and Diana, Korra and Asami, Han and Leia, Lelouch with C.C and Kallen, Ymir and Krista, the Captains Jack, Tsukune with the two Mokas, Kurumu, and Mizore, and Yusei and Akiza.

It was a rather large and popular restaurant, and she was the only one eating alone.

Feeling somewhat depressed now, she used the force to stir the water in her free drink cup around, observing the ice cubes clatter together.

She wanted...something. Someone, like they had someone.

15.10 (Ash's Broomstick)

"I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan. We meet again, at last. The circle is now complete."

Ahh Crap Obi-Wan blinked, yet again he'd been thrown into the bloody Death Star and into a fight with Anakin or Vader or whatever combined version his old Padawan/Master/Slave/what the hell ever it had been.

"The circle is now complete. When I left you I was but the learner, but now I am the master"

Hmm, same script as the first time. This should be fun.

"I don't have time for this." Kenobi said out loud instead. "Anakin, you have made a critical mistake this time around and right now I'm half tempted to kill you, but as I'm feeling generous I'm just going to make you hurt and then leave."

"That name means nothing to me." Vader replied "Your powers are weak old man."

*Yup same script... well almost."

"Oh I don't know, I know a few tricks you don't my young Padawan. Even your slave master doesn't know some of the things I'm capable of, but then again I don't really need to use them." Obi-Wan smirked at Vader, "Now you can let us go peacefully especially considering that little tracking device on that ship won't be of any use to you."

"You should not have come." Vader growled growing angrier.

Either Anakin didn't jump into this one or he's having fun with this.

"Possibly not, but I am here and I'm going to be leaving very soon." Obi-Wan pulled a short sword with a jewel in its center from his side, "This is your last chance Anakin, this is really going to hurt if you don't."

Vader watched as the short sword came into view, it seemed to be made of metal and honed to a razor point. It must have been something powerful if his former master was using it instead of a lightsaber, pulling his own blade he activated the weapon and lunged at the Jedi Master taking advantage of his longer reach.

"HO!" The Sword in Obi-Wan's hand quadrupled in length as the hilt curled out with a black cats head bursting from the stone in its core, the energy of the Eye of Thundera sending Vader hurtling through the air and down a hole cut into the hanger bay crashing to the bottom of the lift shaft in a tumble of broken armour and electronic limbs.

The last thing to go through the Dark Lord's mind before the impact cracked his skull was "Where am I this time..."

15.11 (Detective Ethan of the fields of Red)

Anakin shivered a bit as he stepped into his son's training room. Ysalamiri, a creature capable of creating a force nullifying bubble, were disturbing, though fascinating, creatures. Luke tended to keep a couple in his subspace pocket, but for him to pull it out when not facing down Palpatine or another Sith Lord baffled him. He came in to see Luke standing on one hand, his hand held out as he slowly shifted to three fingers. Luke spoke, "You're wondering why I brought out the Ysalamiri?"

Anakin smirked as well as he could for someone who felt like he had one of his limbs cut off, "You found a way to circumvent the Ysalamiri's powers?"

Luke twisted his body around to face his father, "No, I often run into Talon Karrde over Myrkr during the Katana fleet Crisis. I've learned it best to sometimes to train without the Force. It could be especially useful if I face Dio or if one of the loopers goes berserk, like Naoki."

Anakin nodded. He then drew a wooden sword and swung it, only for Luke to reach into and pull out his lightsaber and parry the blade apart. With a spring of his wrist, the New Jedi Order grandmaster flipped onto his feet and held his saber out. Anakin pulled out his own blade, "I could use some training in pure swordsmanship. Without the force to call on, I feel a bit off balance, admittedly. This would be a good chance to train under poor fighting conditions."

15.12 (Levitcus Wilkes)

Aboard the Death Star, Darth Sidious pointed at Luke. "Attack!"

"Hello my honey, hello my baby, hello my heart gone wild," sang the frog troopers as they danced along the flight deck. One of them then exploded.

"It was me! I was the turkey all along!"

"Yes, yes... let the bullshit flow through you..." Darth Sidious intoned.

Luke stared at Darth Sidious and Darth Pink Vadar. "...what the...?"

Honestly, the fact that is was Darth Pink Vadar, and not Darth Pink *Vader* , with an E, was what confused him the most.

15.13 (Oath to Oblivion, Lord of Pocket Monsters, Lawyers, and Spiky Haired Sword Users [and Lightning])

"Vader."

"Luigi."

If one were to come across Darth Vader staring down Luigi of the Mario Bros., doubtless one would be confused. Even rarer would be the fact that Obi-Wan Kenobi was standing behind Vader, facepalming. In addition, the 501st was standing behind both of them in a parade rest.

Behind Luigi was Mario, Princess Peach, as well as Bowser and his troops. Who were really only there because Bowser didn't like competition.

"We're not going to just let you invade the planet," Luigi said neutrally.

"I wouldn't expect you to," Vader said in the exact same tone.

"There's really only one thing we can do right now."

"I agree. We're going to have to resort to it."

"A DANCE-OFF!" the two declared in unison. The 501st stumbled in place for a second, and Obi-Wan just outright fell over at the sheer...out-there...thing...ness. The Mushroom Planet side was more restrained, but even Mario placed his head in his palm at that.

Ignoring them, Luigi brought out a giant audio system. Music started playing, and the two proceeded to bust a move. The fact that Vader was able to do so while in his suit was truly astonishing.

15.14 (Myself, Lord of the Stars, Protectorate of Kyubey's victims, and generally swell guy.)

5 different holographic T-Shirts, each featuring a looper and a phrase related to said looper floated around the golden protocol droid and the white unicorn, who was eyeing them with the eyes of someone who specialized in fashion.

"So, Mistress Rarity tell me what you think of the first of my Looper inspired T-Shirt line? I think they will sell marvelously!" the Droid inquired as the blue-shaded shirts were scrutinized.

Kamina: Just who the hell do you think I am!?

R2-D2: Beep Beep Beep

Kirito: Rules of the Game? Ha, I leveled past those!

Ramna: I am the Original Original 7 looper. Your argument is invalid.

Twilight and Rarity: Twilight? Yes? Why are we custom T-Shirts?

Rarity eyed them with growing uncertainty "I'm not sure how well they'll sell darling. Perhaps you should instead try and design T-Shirts after fictional characters, and by that I mean not including what the Hub thinks are fictional characters of course".

"Oh, I tried, but Rainbow Dash won't give me the rights for making T-Shirts based off her books, and Rohan charges too much on royalties."

15.15 (Scorntex, Lord of DC, friend of Marvel, and expert on Doctor Who Mark 8)

Another Loop, another visit to Dagohbah, Luke thought. Still, if Yoda was Looping, it'd be nice to meet up with him and plan something out.

His X-Wing dropped out of hyperspace above the planet. And then Luke saw it, both through the window of the cockpit and his scanners.

It didn't make sense. The entire planet was a nice mix of blues and greens, barring a few places of brown, or grey or white. The scanners confirmed what he was looking at was genuine.

{ *A massive hologram* } Artoo chimed in. { *A really good one. Capable of fooling sensors.* }

"Yeah..." Luke said, unconvinced. "Hold on..."

They entered the planet's atmosphere, and were greeted with the traditional bumpy ride, until it almost as suddenly stopped.

Not believing what he was seeing now, Luke set the X-Wing down, in a pleasant green field. Carefully, he set a foot down. He felt solid earth beneath him. He quickly reached into his pocket and brought out a tricorder. It confirmed the same thing.

{ *Hallucinogens.* } Artoo declared. { *Which can apparently fool... yeah, okay, that's never going to fly.* }

Luke looked about. There was nothing to suggest even the vaguest hint of swampland around. The sun was shining pleasantly, the sky was a shade of blue artists would've murdered for, with puffy white clouds wafting lazily in a gentle yet warm breeze.

"Hey!" Someone called out. Luke turned, readying his lightsaber just in case. He saw a stark white protocal droid marching towards him, arm outstretched.

"The visitor's parking lot is over there, *sir* ." It said, pointing into the distance. Luke looked on the X-Wing's scanners. It showed a signal beacon in the direction the droid was pointing.

"Artoo?" He asked.

{ *I ignored it. It could've been a trap!* } The astromech unit protested. Luke turned to look at the protocal droid, which had by now folded its arms.

"Sorry." He grinned. "I'll just move this, shall I?"

"Please do." The droid suddenly jerked. "By the way, sir, are you visiting someone?"

"... someone?" Luke asked.

"Well, unless sir is admitting himself, which I *very much doubt* , that would be why you are here, yes?"

{ *Yep.* }" Artoo declared. { *Old guy. Yoda. Green and small, talks funny.* }

"Very good, sirs." The protocal droid said. "If you would simply move your vehicle, I can take you to him."

In as much as it was possible, Luke and Artoo shared confused looks. Once done, Luke climbed into his X-Wing, and promptly moved it the half-mile over to a large parking lot.

Then, and only then, did Luke see the large complex, with the accompanying sign at the front.

It read " **Dagobah Retirement Home.** "

{... *huh. That's new.* } Artoo finally declared.

15.16

"Foolish mammal! Stand down and let me obtain your power, or die"

Of all the various things that had tried to kill him so far in the loops, a talking Dinosaur was not what he was expecting, but Eren found himself being stared down by a golden eyed Raptor and cornered in a back alley.

He really should have suspected that strange, hunch backed salesperson was not actually going to give him those shoes. When did you ever trust hunch-backed back alley shoe salesmen?!

"You know, killing loopers doesn't give you their power" Eren told the beast as it laughed maniacally.

That was just creepy, a evil laughing Dinosaur. That just didn't sound right, what was next a maniacally laughing Armored Titan?

"I am not after a looping power, I am after what you carry in the baseline. Your Coordinate will be mine" The Raptor told him, as the thought of a sentient, evil, talking Raptor who was aware of loopers (and quite possibly one himself), gaining his own Coordinate.

Memory crushing could be the new poison when it came to hunting, and humanity would be on the menu (Memory crushes did not hurt Cattle like they did man).

There was only one responsible thing to do here...

"Avada Kedarva!"

The green spell flew right at the Reptile, who jumped over it and landed on the roof to his right, before making a choking motion with his hands.

Eren began to levitate, as he felt a lack of breath, as if he was being choked.

A Force Using Raptor? A Dark Side Raptor? A Sith Raptor?!

He thought that was only a rumor!

Thankfully though, he managed to bite his tongue.

KRAKBOOM!

Sure, Trost would panic a bit, but one Titan was better than a Sith Raptor if you asked Eren .

Flicking it's tail in shock as the giant Titan rose up from where the boy had been, the Raptor hissed, before his body began to shimmer.

And from that, Raptor became a Bishonen human form with raptor esc features. A power-upgrade to be sure, if naked.

"Very well..." the Raptor spoke in a more human tone as it used the force in the direction of a nearby guard post: yanking away a Garrison trooper's 3DMG and blades to itself and garbing them "Your Coordinate will be mine, Mammal!"

And so began the first fight between Titan and Man where one probably should cheer for the Titan.

15.17

Yoda popped his head out of the tall grass, looking around for a moment.

Another universe? How peculiar...

The old Jedi Master wondered what would be in this world: would it be another world in which one fought to the death with that 'rock, paper, scissors' game?

"Go Pokeball!"

Yoda got his answer when some twerp hit him on the head with a red and white sphere of some sorts the child threw at him.

15.18 (Ash's Broomstick)

Obi-Wan shook his head in exasperation, once again he was on the Death Star, once again on his way back to that damn ship, and so once again...

"I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan. We meet again, at last. The circle is now complete."

"Ahh Crap."

"What do you mean ahh crap?"

Well that's new. "I mean I don't have time for this." Surreptitiously he checked his lightsaber finding the solid shape of the Sword of Omens instead. *Hmm why would I be redoing this again.*

"You can stand aside Darth or I can make you, you might survive it or you might not depends a hell of a lot on how I feel."

"When I left you, I was but the learner; *now* *I* *am the master* ." *That's better*

"Only a master of Evil Darth."

As before he pulled the short sword and shouted "HO!"

As before the sword in Obi-Wan's hand grew as the black cats head burst from the stone in its core, the Eye of Thundera screaming across the corridor. Obi-Wan's eyes widened as the other man pulled a sword of his own, larger and heavier than his own and looking very familiar as the red and black energy field was deflected into the wall blowing a hole through the durasteel armour and throwing two stormtroopers on the other side against another wall knocking them out.

Dropping the sword point down Obi-Wan's mouth dropped as Vader's weapon likewise lowered from its guard position. "Dammit Anakin why didn't you let me know you looped?"

"I've been here over a year Obi-Wan, why didn't you let me know."

"I've been here about three minutes."

"Oh that explains that one." Anakin looked at him. "Wait, did you use that thing against me before?"

"Once a while ago."

"You bastard, I ended up with busted limbs. Snapped spine and a skull fracture when I fell down that damned lift shaft, I saw the footage afterwards."

"Huh?" The Jedi master said intelligently.

"I woke up in this body two seconds before hitting the floor."

"Oh, I see." Kenobi nodded, "Umm Sorry?"

"It hurt you know."

"Wait as second how the hell did you get the Power Sword?"

"Ah you recognise this?"

"I've used it once or twice."

"I borrowed it."

"How the hell did you borrow it, it doesn't work for evil."

"Technically I'm not evil just bored. Plus the sword remembers every loop it's as much as we do, so it's pretty bored as well. So it came with me this time, no don't worry I didn't kill Adam this time."

"This time?"

"Well there was that time when we met Shredder and..."

"No, just NO. I do not want to know whatever it was."

"You asked."

"I wish I hadn't." Kenobi brought his sword up once again, "So run with this one as usual, or just beat the hell out of each other?"

"Beat the hell out of each other, you run, take Luke to Yavin and I'll steal this station and meet you there?"

"That's a new one."

"Yeah thought of it the last run, the Rebellion gets all the toys we have aboard and the Death Star for whatever they use it for."

"That's a scary thought."

"Yeah, on three?"

"Ok." Obi-Wan nodded. "Three."

With that both men slashed their swords crashing as energy exploded around them, both men with huge grins on their faces. It was good to have friends.

15.19

1865

Luke Skywalker, Union Navy Commander who had been out on naval maneuvers away from the 'action' that had been ongoing for the last few years, landed in Galveston.

Or, to be more accurate, the burning pile of debris that had once been Galveston.

His eyebrow twitching, Luke sent a very, very loud ping out for a certain father of his who had a very, very big bone to pick with a certain 11 odd rebellious states.

The ping hit something, and Luke got his culprit, though it was for once not his father.

Instead, it was a certain R2 unit, who looked like a Union Army General in paint scheme. In his little mechanical manipulators sticking out of him right now was some sort of beating jewel that Luke had the oddest and most disturbing feeling was somehow the 'Heart of Tallahassee' or something potentially disturbing like that.

"Why?" Luke demanded of the droid.

"Beep Beep"

"I don't care that Cartoon Network cancelled The Clone Wars and Young Justice, but depopulation is never the answer! Nor is stealing the hearts of 99 Southern Towns...what in the name of Lucas do you even need with Crystallized Town Hearts!?"

"Beep Beep"

"I'd almost rather you'd try a Xehanort or Xehanort offshoot" Luke stated in a horrified tone.

15.20

A fuming Leia all but stomped her way onto the Falcon, her costume getting her stuck in the entrance a few times.

And no, it was not because there was a Anti-Vader magnet set up on the door that caught her slave outfit. Han had already gotten into trouble for that one.

Lando opened his mouth to speak, only to stare in sheer befuddlement.

"Don't. Say. Anything" Leia, dressed in a giant pizza costume, growled with so much venom that even a Wampa would be unnerved. Dropping the carbonite bound form of her husband onto the ground, having dragged it along with her, she immediately went towards a changing room.

THUMP!

Only to be blocked from entry by her suit, which could not fit through the door.

15.21

"Precious, precious..."

Yoda took one look at the deformed creature holding onto the ring that was radiating the dark side as if it was Palpatine himself, and decided it was best he simply leave.

15.22

"Due to the recent increase in tension in the galaxy, as well as the increasingly thinly spread state of the Jedi, I have decided to entertain the notion of having droids be made based on the brain patterns of select Jedi and use them as supplementary forces" Mace Windu offered up in the Council Chambers.

As several of the venerated masters voiced their approval, unease, or disapproval of the idea, a certain stealth looping Master was deep in thought.

'Familiar, this feels.' he thought to himself. But why was this familiar?

Who had done this idea before, and why did it feel like it had gone very, very badly.

"Oh my stars! Ultron Jedi are everywhere! Run R2, run why you still can! Run!"

"Mesa have no idea what a Ultron is, but I'll panic too!"

As a R2 unit, a Protocol Droid, and an non-looping Gungan ran around in a panicked circle as metallic androids flew through the sky, each of their faces resembling a number of Jedi Masters, if twisted

horribly, a recently knighted Jedi and looper felt he had to state the following.

"This is not my fault in any way!"

His wife, thankfully, wasn't here to ask what he meant by that, and the Gungan was too busy screaming in fear to respond.

15.23

Click

Click

Beep

Nut took a deep breath, a galaxy or two shifting as she did so.

The paperwork was finally getting somewhere, even when she had to stop for a time to explain exactly how she missed Yoda (Read, confess she had no real idea). The data isolation could begin soon.

Well, maybe not soon. Soon to most people was measured in days or weeks. Admin soon was a bit longer than that.

It was...bureaucratic soon.

Click

Click

She typed her name for a electronic signature

Click

Click

Ding

A strange sound in the looping terminals was never a good thing. In fact, it generally led to problems.

New Looper Accepted

A star went out in one of Nut's galaxies as the message blared across her screen.

Oh dear...she didn't just click yes to a certain Chancellor looping by mistake, did...

Looper Candidate Shev Palpatine (Darth Sidious) applicable for looping status, please confirm, Yes or No?

A supernova of joy covered Nut's features as she realized she did not just mess up that badly, and seeing as she managed to fix that bug for Tenebrae fixed, that meant that those two weren't the new looper.

Idly, she typed in a certain long overdue name.

ERROR! PADME AMIDALA IS NOT LOOPING!

A dismayed frown formed as a result. If not Padme...

ERROR! JAR JAR BINKS IS NOT LOOPING!

Perhaps...

ERROR! JABBA THE HUTT IS NOT LOOPING!

Why did she even type that one in...

ERROR! MACE WINDU IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! MITTH'RAW'NURUODO/THRAWN IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! BAIL ORGANA IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! BOBA FETT IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! CHAM SYNDULLA IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! HEGO DEMASK ll/DARTH PLAGUEIS IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! DARTH MAUL IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! GALEN MAREK IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! THRACKAN SAL-SOLO IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! ALEK/MALEK IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! BEN SKYWALKER IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! SATINE KRYZE IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! ROAN FEL IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! TX-20 IS NOT LOOPING!

ERROR! TRICLOPS IS NOT LOOPING!

Nut probably was not going to get anywhere just throwing up random guesses like that.

ERROR! $ B!NE W&EN IS ERROR!

...She wasn't even sure who she had even typed in there. Probably something she should take a look at when she had a bit of free time.

With a shake of her head, Nut decided to just leave the identity of the mystery looper to simple observation. She was too close to get distracted now.

Note, as of now, the mystery looper activated is probably Dooku. If anyone wants to have fun and make it someone not listed above, you are free to, as I did not specify it was in fact Dooku. He is just the placeholder if no one decides to have fun with any of the characters not named above, or covered by the error message. I think you can tell who that is...

15.1 So, Ridley is Dumbledore? Well, that fits more than a few bash fics….

15.2 The Galaxy Far Far Away probably should just stop electing people, it never works out well.

15.3 Kyle Katarn. That is all.

15.4 ?

15.5 Sparkles!

15.6 Pogostick until you die! I swear that should be a song one day.

15.7 A Sith Hulk. If they ever write Marvel vs Star Wars, that is a must.

15.8 The scream made the response to this snippet indecipherable.

15.9 Sadly I am not allowed to pull off Barissoka unless it is canon.

15.10 He has no luck with redo's of Eps 4, does he?

15.11 Old EU forever! The new EU isn't that bad though.

15.12 Vadar?

15.13 Oath is one of the loops executives, holding a lot of influence and well respected loops. See his other works in the hints provided in his loop title

15.14 T-Shirts are buyable, don't you agree

15.15 Why am I making those declarations?

15.16 The Sith Raptor probably belongs here, right?

15.17 Yoda is Uber Tier

15. 18 The Guy's a mod, and he writes well. Good thing, if he was a mod and he wrote poorly….

15.19 What does he want with town hearts?

15.20 It was a Pizza the Hutt loop.

15.21 Fun fact, never seen or read the story

15.22 All Yoda Snippets in this chapter take place before he came out of hiding. Oh, and Age of Ultron was excellent!

15.23 The World Tour approaches. Until then, who is the mystery looper?

Chapter 17

Yeah, been awhile hasn't it. You might be in the same boat as Reset Bloodlines in that regard.

Read it.

Anyway, snips were piling up so I decided to go ahead and take a few and create a compilation.

Oh, and no Snips in this comp. Sorry about that. I do need to write more with her don't I?

16.1

"...Whata you want? I'm very busy" A rough looking Toydarian complained, looking up at the human female who had come to bother him "You want to buy something, or are you just staring at me? Yeah, I'm a Toydarian, what of it!?"

The female pursed her lips at him "Well, aren't you charming" she said in a sarcastic core accent.

The Toydarian glared right back at the bun haired, oh so high and mighty core dwelling human "Yeah, what of it? We can't all be a bunch of rich and well off Coruscant top cats, now can we? Now, what do you want?"

"You owned a slave named Anakin Skywalker" The core dweller seemed to be more saying a statement than asking a question.

"Yeah, I owned the little rugrat before some Jedi bought him off me, what of it..."

The woman slapped him harshly across the face.

"You sir, royally screwed up the universe" the Core Dweller with anger issues stated.

"It was already screwed up, I don't see what me owning a little human boy could possibly do to make it worse?!"

"Take it from a girl from the future" the bun-haired human glared at him in a manner that was rather like how the boy would.

Girl who hated him...the Rugrat's eyes...

Damn, time-traveling Skywalker daughter. His horoscope was right

16.2

Byss. Home to Darth Sidious's private little clone lab. Where everyone's least favorite Supreme Chancellor worked to perfect his immortality by cloning bodies for himself.

All the concentrated Dark Side energy hung everywhere in this blueish-green lighted world, corrupting everything on it. In fact, one could argue the planet Byss itself was as much a Dark Sider as Ventress or Oppress.

However, the Dark Side was not a corrupting fact for Droids. That was 4-Chan's role.

Seeing test tube after test tube of floating Palpatines, HK-47 removed a Chainsaw from his subspace pocket and revved it up. As it revved up, a pair of smaller, more unstable saws came out just above its handle.

"Observation: I will find amusement out of what will come next" the Assassin droid quipped as it went to work dealing with the floating Sheevs.

16.3 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The streets of Canterlot hustled and bustled as it always has, with many different but familiar ponies going about doing their business. One pony, however, was different this time around. Fancy Pants had been replaced by a chocolate coated earth pony with a stylish mustache and a small afro style mane. The pony was an oddity, always seen wearing his trademark blue shirt, navy cape and pants, as most ponies usually forewent clothes except on formal occasions. He practically oozed charm as he showed her into his business establishment. He held out a single hoof at the three floored building and declared, "Welcome, princess Sparkle, to Bespin Mining and Transportation."

Twilight gave a nod, "Thank you High Roller...or should I call you Lando, or Mr. Calrissian?"

Lando held up a hoof in placation, "I have most calling me Lando here. And Mr. Calrissian sounds like this one eyed commander of the Imperial Dreadnaught I knew at home. Let me show you around."

The building had a grand foyer along with two stairways, one leading upward and the other down. He pointed at the downward one, "This leads to the underside of Canterlot, where we mine rare minerals used in construction of the guard's armor and equipment. We released the formula for crafting durasteel to the local blacksmiths. Sometimes, we run across rare gas deposits, which we siphon off and deliver to pegasi to reinforce their cloud cities in case of inopportune squalls escape the local weather teams over the oceans or Everfree Forest."

He looked at the princess and gave a knowing grin, "I understand it that your friend, Miss Dash, has purchased some for improving her own home."

They strolled through the mines while showing his safety regulations he follows. After completing the tour of the mines, she was lead back up the stairs and into the foyer, where he went out one of the back doors. Several Earth Ponies stood, hitched up to their loads, which was floating via anti-gravity technology, "I borrowed the designs from

my universe back home, reinventing the hover technology for pony use. The carts weigh practically nothing. Even a filly could transport this to Ponyville, though that would be highly irresponsible for a respectable businesspony like myself."

Twilight quirked her eyes, "If it weighs nothing, then why don't you have larger loads."

The business Pony gave a knowing grin, "Supply and demand, my dear. We usually only get small orders outside Canterlot, except for the Pegasi. But there, our supply is limited, since we don't know when we'll run across gas pockets."

Lando issued her back into the building and towards another room filled with unicorns, "I have several of the brightest minds in Canterlot crafting a surveying spell, that will map the entirety of Canterlot Mountain. Perhaps, you'd be willing to lend us your services."

Twilight gave him a smirk, "I would like that, except that your less reputable side to your company prevents me from doing so."

Lando's quirked an eye. His smile didn't even twitch, showing that he was very good, "I don't know what you mean."

Twilight shrugged, "I'm sure there was a very good reason for a highly valuable bust of King Sombra being found at the border to griffon lands in a Bespin Crate."

"I have many shipments sent to the griffon lands, and all of them are scanned by one of Captain Armor's Lieutenants. If there was a smuggled artifact found in one of my shipments, it happened after it had left Canterlot."

It was Twilight's turn to quirk an eyebrow, "And the fact that you hire quite a few former black marketeers?"

"I believe in giving people second chances, a fresh start at life. You yourself have given quite a few former rebels a second chance yourself, with Nightmare Moon, Discord, Trixie and many more."

Twilight gave a small, "Hmm..." but said nothing further. Lando lead her to the roofs, where he showed Twilight the third portion of his business, "And here, we prove that we do not discriminate against anyone. We have Pegasi also handling the aerial transportation aspect."

Twilight nodded, "This is all very impressive."

She then gave him a serious expression, causing the mood to shift slightly, though Lando was largely unphased, "Supposing you were in the business of transporting relics in a...shall we say, less than legal way, remember to check your artifacts. Some of them can destroy Equestria after all."

Lando shook his head, never losing that cocky smirk, "I don't know what you mean, Miss Sparkle. Here at Bespin Mining, we believe that safety is the number one priority. Without Equestria, we couldn't turn a profit. Besides, I would *never* participate in such a shady venture."

The businessman showed her down the stairs and asked, "Since the tour is over, how about a game of Sabacc?"

Twilight was led into a small room off to the side where a table and a deck were set up. It even had a card dealer. The Princess smirked, "My Sabacc is a little rusty. You mind going a bit easy on me?"

Lando chuckled, "Commander Shepard already tried that one awhile ago, it didn't work then and it won't work now."

Twilight pouted a bit, but the two played well into the afternoon. Fortunes and oddities from many loops were won and lost in that game, but Twilight had still made a new friend. Life was good.

6.4 (Lord Circe)

"Oi, pipsqueak, yur in my seat!"

Yoda blinked and looked up from the fizzing drink he was nursing at the owner of the voice. It was a large bulldog, who seemed vaguely familiar. Had he been in one of Mickey's stories?

"Knew it was your seat, I did not. Not have taken it, I would have."

The large dog, ' *Pete* ' Yoda's mind supplied, looked confused. "What's with the weird jibbery jabbery?"

"Know what you mean, I do not. Speaking clearly, I am." Yoda suppressed a smile and maintained a politely curious look on his face.

Somehow, Pete still realized he was being mocked. "Yer' making fun of me, aren't ya? Why I oughta..."

"Is there a problem here, fellas?" Yoda and Pete both looked over to see Mickey in his suit and bowtie, raising an eyebrow at both of them.

Pete grinned. "Nah, no problems here. I was just, uh," he glanced around the House of Mouse, then spotted the open dance floor, "I was just challenging my friend here to a little dance-off, yeah, that's right. A little frivolous fun."

Mickey blinked and glanced at Yoda, who was now rising to his feet, leaning on his cane. "Um, I don't know if that..."

Yoda smiled at him. "Sound like fun, that does."

Pete chuckled maliciously behind him.

Mickey glanced between the two of competitors. "Alright now, are you both sure you still want to do this?"

Yoda simply nodded, while Pete waved his arm. "Yeah, yeah, let's get on with it. We're not getting any younger." He guffawed at his joke.

Mickey sighed, then nodded to the band, which struck up a lively tune.

Pete grinned, before flexing his arms and launching into fist pumping routine that led to him spinning around, kicking up his feet, and ended with a halfway decent moonwalk impression. He then struck a pose, sneering over at Yoda. "Beat that."

Yoda bobbed his head to the beat. "Impressive, that was. However, my turn, it now is."

He paused for only a moment, as the music fell to a lull for a moment, then burst into motion. In a single, smooth gesture, he hurled his cane upward, spinning it end over end. As it flew up, Yoda spun down, spinning into a breakdance routine that left half the club cheering, and led to Pete's jaw hitting the floor as well. Yoda finished his rotation and pushed up onto one hand into a stall, just in time to catch his cane on his foot, balancing it for a moment. The crowd began to applaud, as Yoda pushed off, knocking his cane skyward again, and performed a quick double back flip, before landing in the exact position where he had started, his cane falling into his grip a moment later.

"Served, you just got."

Off to the side, Mickey shrugged. "I tried to warn him."

16.5 (Lord Circe)

"So, you're saying this guy was a "Sith", and that made it ok for you to kill him and dump him down a power core shaft?"

Obi-Wan groaned, mentally, but verbally simply confirmed, "Yes, he was a Sith, and he also had attacked the Queen and our group when

we on Tatooine, and almost killed my Master in front of me." He really wished he could reveal his status as a Looper and check to see if this man was a Looper as well, but he had lasted through 42 Loops with this Stealth Looper Bet with Anakin, and he was not going to lose now. It had been very difficult to set up a believable set of variant circumstances to keep Qui-Gon from dying, and he wasn't going to let that effort go to waste now.

"Right...well, pal, your story checks out with what Captain Panaka has told me, but he didn't mention all this Sith nonsense. We going to have to worry about some of those Sith showing up here, pal?"

Obi-Wan shrugged. "I doubt it. There are only ever two Sith around at a time, so this one's master is still at large...or his apprentice", he hurriedly added, as he had just noted Anakin peering in from around the corner.

"Hmm," Inspector Gumshoe, of the Royal Naboo Security Forces, tapped his datapad against his chin, inadvertently sending three unfinished copies of his report. "Well, I'll have to look into tracking down this other Sith character, just to make sure there aren't any more issues. They'd probably also count as next-of-kin for the victim in this case, so I should let them know about their death. Two birds, one stone, and everything. Thanks for your time, pal."

16.6 (Lord Circe)

"Mara Jade can be *resourceful* in ways you are not, Lord Vader. Her methods are somewhat more... *delicate* ...than yours. Is that not so, Mara?"

Mara shared a glance with Darth Vader, noting the tiny nod and flicker of a Ping, and beamed broadly at Palpatine, who looked startled by the sudden display of emotion. "That's true, but some times, a girl does like to be a bit... *harsher* ."

As she spoke, Mara pulled a photon torpedo warhead out of her Pocket, arming it with a pulse of the Force. Before Palpatine could

react, she pushed the warhead at him, and then teleported away.

Mara arrived on the platform she had been aiming for at just about the same moment as the sound of the detonation. She smirked as she felt the Force rippling with Palpatine's death. After several seconds passed, Vader appeared from a corridor of shadows.

"A bit more warning would be appreciated next time." Mara stifled a laugh as she noticed the smoke curling up around him from where his cape had almost entirely burned away.

"Did you manage to stop his specter from escaping, or are we going clone hunting?"

Vader sighed. "I managed, he is not a concern, for now. I have not felt any further Pings, though I was *rather* distracted." Mara shrugged off his glare. "What do you plan to do with the remainder of this Loop?"

Mara glanced upward. "Well, I think I'm going to go see if the Vong still exist in this Loop, then see about keeping them from being an issue. You?"

"I'm going to open a bakery."

Mara stumbled, staring at him in confusion. "A bakery?"

Vader shrugged. "I spent a boring Loop looking at all the recipes I know, and I actually have a rather tremendous knowledge of baking bread. So, I figure why not?"

Mara nodded slowly. "Are you planning to get out of the suit first?"

Vader tilted his head. "Why, do you think it would be bad for business?"

Mara just rolled her eyes.

Leia was rather confused a year later when she Awoke facing Vader over a counter, asking her "What...would you like...with those scones?"

16.7

"Oh my stars..." C-3PO was backing away in terror as a horde of Zombies approached him, the horde slowly climbing out of the bowels of Coruscant "A Zombie outbreak, and I'm the only looper here, we are doomed, doomed...!"

C-3PO realized the horde was walking past him, not seeming to pay him any mind.

"Oh right, I am a droid. I'm perfectly safe from these things..." tapping into one of his Looping Personality Programs, the Protocol Droid quickly swapped out his feet and arms for something more, appropriate.

"Objective" the reinstated C3-47 commented in a monotone over his now jet roller bladed feet and chainsaw arms "Murdering the Undead, initiate"

The slaughter quickly began as it became apparent zombies had no social bonds that made them help one another in times of bladed (in more than one way) murder droids.

16.8

A Jedi was a peacekeeper first, and a warrior second.

The self that Bariss had seen in the memories of Anakin Skywalker believed this just as she did, and trying to deal with a war in which the philosophy was turned on its head broke her.

She was not going down that path that fateful day Anakin barged into her quarters, but she could certainly see how such events could have come to past.

In the universe she had traveled, she had found herself rendered a warrior more times than she had cared to admit. There were in fact times that a peacekeeper had to be a warrior.

However...

A horde of aliens the likes she had never seen before had surrounded her. With cylindrical skulls, segmented and pointed tails, and no visible eyes, they were quite clearly hostile and were not reacting to The Force.

...There were times that the peacekeeper part of her was first and foremost.

Drawing a red device from her subspace pocket, Bariss fired it, sending out a spinning blue and white top. The top began to spin around the aliens, forming a pale white ring around them all.

The ring began to retract into the aliens. As the ring vanished, they visible relaxed and did not seem to wish her harm anymore.

The top bounced back into the red device in her hands as the green skinned looper gave a triumphant smile.

"Capture, complete"

The power of a Ranger.

Rings surrounded the hordes of the living undead that were trying to eat the innocent.

When the Force itself did not seem to be enough, against beings that straddled the living and the dead for instance, it was quite sufficient.

The giant humanoid titan before her stopped in it's tracks as the top returned to Bariss.

From a world of glorified cockfights, it was the tool of the peacekeeper, using the positive emotions of the user to calm down even the most belligerent of beings.

Giant beings, mostly made of darkness but with white masks for faces, stopped their hunt for the spirits around them as Bariss held her Capture Styler in one hand, and the other outstretched, the Force flowing through it.

However, like the Force, it did have it's limitations.

Having come to France to request the return of their Boy-Who-Lived, Dolores Umbridge was briefly surrounded by a blue ring, but it broke the moment it got near her.

The toad-like woman just stared at the French Auror who was responsible for it with annoyance "What the hell was that supposed to be?" the woman said without bothering to pretend she was a decent being.

"Worth a try" Bariss admitted to herself, before drawing out a wand "Stupefy!"

Sometimes though, you could only calm threats by knocking them out. But they were the exceptions.

16.9 (me with some Purrs betaing)

Gasping for breath, Count Dooku rose up from the metallic floor he had been laying on as if he [as if he what?] from the dead.

Given his last memories involved his master ordering Skywalker to behead him, it might as well have been.

Ceasing his neck-feeling, he put his right hand in line with his eyes, looking for any indication his hands had been replaced with prosthetics like Skywalker's - but there wasno indication of it.

He idly poked said hand, noting the fleshy feel of it and the sensation of touch.

A result of a bad luncheon with Neomodian bankers?

Closing his eyes, the Sith Lord extended his senses with the Force, seeking truth for his predicament... and got a strange sense back.

It was like nothing he had ever sensed previously, as if the Force itself had been altered just as he had had Grievous altered.

The Count also did not like the fact that his lightsaber was missing.

Of all the things to lose... He still had his cape, his suit, and his beard in perfectly immaculate condition, yet he didn't have his blade?

Dooku liked being choked about as much as the next non-masochist, and being Force choked even less.

He sensed civilization nearby, so hopefully they had some form of transportation or at least communications. He had subtle channels he was quite sure Sidious did not listeninto, after all.

The center was dominated by what looked like a yellow radio tower (Radio... damn, he was stuck here. Primitives) with large statues of a white and black mammal of some sorts to either side of it.

They were dressed mostly in clothing the former Jedi could not even comprehend as a fashion choice or even a purchase (or even see Skywalker wear, they were so... unorthodox), and had various primitive and childish looking weapons on hand that seemed to be filled with some inky liquid.

And a few with primitive-looking and very large paint rollers. Were they some sort of artisan caste?

"Wow...you are so Fresh!" one of the creatures, a orange-tentacled female, shouted in joy.

"Where did you get those clothes!?"

Oh Force, he had just met a bunch of Gungan-like primitives! If this was the afterlife, this must be Chaos, or Hell, or the Void, or whatever it was people called it!

16.1 How many things could have changed in Watto had never bought Anakin?

16.2 The Emperor Reborn, prevented

16.3 We need more Lando….could do with less Bronies

16.4 Next up, Dancing with the Star (Wars)

16.5 What exactly is a Gumshoe?

16.6 Torpedos and Scones…..about as lethal I think.

16.7 Zombies zombies zombies, how I fear you.

16.8 Wondering why Bariss sees Trainers that way. It's a bit of borrowed thought process from Reset. And yes, Umbridge does have less of a soul than a Xenomorph, Titan, or the Undead.

16.9 And here is our newest looper. R.I.P Christopher Lee, by the way. And yes, he's in Splatoon. Current bets are he will go homicidal in it either 2 days, or 7 hours. That ain't fresh.

Supreme Chancellor Special Short

Hello!

Yes, the loops have been empty recently. In fact, as far as I can tell few of the loops have updated recently.

For that you can blame some stuff involving the Spacebattles admins. They had a hissy fit that led to a bit of a loop writer civil war that…well it basically killed a lot of momentum.

Heck from that time I had a compilation that would show the Padme stuff, since lost somewhere and I don't know where, and the World Tour project was lost to editorial ruins.

Still, thought I'd try and give you all something while we figure things out: hmm, I have a lot of these things up and about, and they shouldn't cause trouble if put up…

Okay let's try it. While the loops are hammered back into shape, let's do a special loop devoted to Supreme Chancellor short loops!

Note that some future loopers will be appearing, so enjoy some cameos you may not expect.

…

1

Elect me as Supreme Chancellor, and I shall bring the Galaxy Eternal Night!" the nightmarish pony with a florescent mane bellowed from her podium.

"I know your going to elect me" the Q sounding amalagram creature pitched, "So just save yourselves the trouble and let us begin the age of glorious Chaos!"

"As Supreme Chancellor, I will restore love to the Galaxy" the horse who looked like she had some trouble with getting herself riddled with bullets spoke in what was probably the sanest sounding of them all "I'm sure it will be a wonderfully beneficial banqu...benevolent chance of pace".

"Crystals!"

"My election to the post of the Supreme Chancellor will see the problem that is the Jedi...dealt with" the red skinned, horned centaur spoke in a tone that sounded like he had taken acting lessons from Shev "But do not worry, for their power shall be put to...better use".

"For all those in the Galaxy who strive for true Equality and Friendship, there is no better Supreme Chancellor than I" the unicorn spoke more as if she had taken the Noatak led course on public speaking.

Yoda blinked at the group a few times, before turning to the protocol droid in confusion "Loopers, are they?"

The droid shivered "Oh no no no...oh, well technically the first three are, but not those thems. The Alicorn is perfectly nice, but a little loud at times. The one that sounds like Q" Yoda shivered at the reminder of that particular fellow "is technically reformed, but I personally think he's about as trustworthy as Master Annie with a 'Blow up the Hutts' button".

"So, not at all is what you are saying?"

"Exactly. The Changeling (Related to Garfield of the Titans who are Teens, is she?) once threatened to disassemble me with a Hydrospanner. It was very traumatizing!"

"Night is the natural state of being!"

"No, Chaos is!"

"Equality is what the natural state of things should be!"

"Crystals!"

"Now, as to the other three..." C-3PO put a finger to his metallic chin "I am pretty sure they aren't loopers, though Equestria has so many it's hard to really tell. Maybe Sombra started looping when I wasn't looking, I have been pretty busy setting up my Bar after all. The test runs went perfectly well, though Lina broke my Karoke floor".

"Sombra, the crystal obsessed one is he, right?"

"Yes, yes he is. I think he has something more to him, but I never really visited the Crystal Empire in my times in Equestria".

"Security!" they absently heard Jar Jar call out as the 'Candidates' began to fight each other to the death for power.

"Ah, my leg!" Orn Free Taa was also heard crying out.

"No, my bribery money!" shouted a Gran.

"Equestria?" Yoda said in confusion as the Protocol Droid's eyes lit up.

"Oh!? You've never been to Equestria at all!? That's terrible!" the droid shouted as the two stepped apart to let a yet unseen seventh villain, a orange horned pony with a fire like mane, get thrown right passed them and into the Quarren Senator below the two of them "We should try and fix that".

Meanwhile in Adminspace

"Process cannot be computed. Please move two data files via Fused Loop protocols and try again"

The Error message that popped up caused Nut to glare.

For as it turned out, having your loops having to cover the events of history from not only 100,000 years before the Battle of Yavin 4 (While the events before that were generally pretty solid, the presence of the Celestial related Ones and their loop aware status made this period of time take up processing power), but also another 140 years after that (It was as far as history would go really. It was as if once Ania Solo's adventures came to an end, brief as they were, the story just...ended. But that was a question she could ponder after she got this set up thing), made for a lot of data pileup.

It didn't help that the two branches she started off with began so close together. As bad as the Crash was, creating the Revan branch made things run more smoothly. It almost made her wish for another Crash, for all the problems of stability more branches could cause, the flow from having Cade and Satele anchor their points in time would be somewhat worth it.

Noting the current loop going on (she would have to figure out why the Supreme Chancellor chair had that quirk one day), an eyebrow rose.

"Computer, dial Slep..."

LOOPER CANDIDATE DESSEL (DARTH BANE) APPLICABLE FOR...

Hitting no to this most recent pop up problem, Nut coughed to resume "Computer, dial Sle..."

LOOPER CANDIDATE SORA BULQ APPLICABLE...

Hitting no, and sure she had solved that particular little pop up ages ago, she growled in annoyance "Get that Spider-Horse on the line!"

"Well then, as your Supreme Chancellor, I hereby declare that all of the Republic's public resources be shifted towards the building of the Lancelot Galaxia. Like my platform said, why should be spending

money on Hutt welfare and maintaining some temple filled with Monks when we could instead be building a Seventieth-Generation Knightmare Frame capable of using Geonosis for kick ball!"

As the Galactic Senators gave the white haired, self admitted sociopathic engineer a rousing ovation for his speech, R2 turned to his temporary owner for the loop with a curious beep.

The dark skinned, blond haired Indian woman smirked as she reclined back on the couch that, for some odd reason, was behind her in this most formal of locations "So, the Lord of Pudding thinks he has finally had me beat...tell me droid, do you still have that morphing cube?"

"Beep" the beep sounded rather enthusiastic about that one.

"And you have encountered the Tengen Toppa Gurren Laggan, as well as the Guren I created back home?"

"Beep!" the Astromech really liked where this was going, even if he probably could not get to Galaxy Boomerang size levels.

Coming soon to the Galaxy Far Far Away: Lancelot Galaxia vs Tengan Toppa Guren Seiten!

3.

"Me Grimlock think you all are a bunch of idiots for voting for Grimlock. When did me Grimlock even get nominated!?"

As the giant, firebreathing robotic T-Rex questioned how he ended up in this predicament, Obi-Wan just pointed to his left.

Turning, the Autobot saw a sulking Joker, Norman Osborn, Andrew Jackson, Maleficent, and Makoto Itou, and growled.

Damn galactic democracy! Grimlock was really the only viable option!

4 (Awesomedude 17)

"I thank ye... All..." The black Scottish cyclops known as Supreme Chancellor Tavish DeGroot belched, right before passing out.

"Compared to the other candidates, he's the best one. That's how bad we have it, Dell." Anakin Skywalker said.

"...Darn." Dell Conagher muttered.

5

"I like you! I like this podium! I like your head, it has chew toys!" the yellow winged dog cheered, before floating up and started nibbling on the Chagrian's tentacle horns.

"That's...good Chancellor Sparky, now can we please start working on the tax codes?" Mas Amedda tried to steer things back on track, even as R2 beeped darkly and ejected a muffin from within himself, which Obi-Wan promptly took a hold of.

"Oh Force this is going to be unpleasant."

6 (Scyblade)

"I would like to thank everyone for electing me Chancellor." started Vergil. "I assure you, your decision was wise."

"Well, he's probably better than Old Palpy." Dante considered.

"And to think, he pulled this off UnAwake." Anakin noted.

7

The large, muscular, vaguely humanoid figure in a loincloth appeared behind a stunned looking Palpatine, before leaning over the man.

His screams echoed the chamber as the giant figure sucked the lame duck chancellor into himself.

"...Is that Kars, or Wammu, or ACDC or..." Anakin questioned in disdain as he watched the horrible yet deserved fate of Palpatine.

"Who cares, A Pillar Man is now Supreme Chancellor!" Obi-Wan complained loudly.

"I personally blame the Anti-Human trends that flared up. Why else would they elect a human predator to lead the Galaxy?"

8 (Wildrook)

"Of all the people to choose as Chancellor," he muttered, "why me?"

"Don't look at me," Anakin replied. "You're probably a safer choice than the rest of the nutjobs."

Ash, Pikachu, and N looked at each other, but really...he had a point. Giovanni would have to give up a lot of power in order to become Chancellor, Maxie and Archie's ideas would probably screw with planetary orbit, Cyrus would have become God of a galaxy without emotions, Ghestis...dropped out once N was put in power and offered to become his cabinet (Ash and Pikachu had to fight in order to prevent that from happening), Lysandre would have probably gone the Palpatine Route, and they weren't exactly sure what Lusamine would do, but when they saw some kind of jellyfish thing hovering over her head, it probably involved that.

Then they stared at the man who actually became N's adviser, a man with asymmetrical sunglasses and a jacket with an S on it.

"Don't look at me," he said. "I voted for Zinnia."

Anakin had no idea where this guy came from, but he had a feeling that this guy didn't run for a reason.

9

A cartoony tune began to play from the Senate room, a theme that sent shivers down Yoda's spine.

"A disturbance Master Yoda?" the unawake Ob-Wan questioned.

"No, undisturbed, the Force is. No, something else..."

"Well I'm sorry to hear about poor Sheevy-Boy's unfortunate fate, but rest assure my Galactic Senators. I, Maximilion Pegasus, will be the Galaxy's Supreme Chancellor for as long as I need to be." A loud voice rang from the chamber.

"...Loud isn't he? I have no idea how a gaming corporation got a senate seat, though hopefully it will only be temporary. I'm sure someone will find Chancellor Palpatine."

Unless one was to look in the Shadow Realm, Yoda highly doubted it.

10 (Awesomedude17)

ROOAAAAAAAR

"A fucking Cyberdemon?" Doomguy asked as he was escorted out of the building by the Jedi.

"It was either him or the Spider Mastermind." Anakin said in a displeased tone.

"...Shit, you have a point."

"Ar Ar Ar Ar Ar...I'm so glad that my budget campaign to become the new Supreme Chancellor went well. Now, I have some great ideas for financial reform..." the red crab with the water helmet began to lecture as a bearded man gave Squidward a look.

"Yes, well now the Jedi have to fight the Sith, and budget cuts. Good going you."

"I voted for Bitters." Squidward defended himself.

12(Awesomedude17)

"I thank you all for electing me as Supreme Chancellor. I hope that this is the beginning of a long and prosperous era."

"Kinda surprised that Princess Celestia's Supreme Chancellor now." Anakin scratched his head.

"Well... I kinda pulled some strings so that everyone else got caught in some... scandalous situations."

"Twilight, you sly devil, you." Anakin smiled.

"Thank you. Hopefully she doesn't Awaken and shirk her duties to go sun surfing."

Both Anchors felt a ping, and turned to see a sly grin on Celestia's face.

"Awwww, Firs!" Twilight moaned.

"You said it, not me."

"Anakin... shut up."

13

"Thank you, thank you! As your Supreme Chancellor, I am glad to help you all. Just, know I'm going to destroy the galaxy in several months" a Yellow squid being in the Chancellor's chair stated humbly and matter of factly.

"...Is he..." Padme really was starting to wonder about this trend in loops.

"Surprisingly a nice guy" Anakin added "Just...keep him away from Aayla Secura and find a way to kill him before he blows up

14 (Awesomedude17)

"Hold on, I'm Supreme Chancellor now?" A clueless Pokemon trainer said as his Gyarados looked like it was both bored and annoyed, but really wasn't.

"That person, who is?" Yoda asked.

"That's Jared." Commander Badass said as he lit up a cigar. "Good kid but is pretty clueless at a few things. He'd probably not know what t' do an' ask me t' help. Wouldn't mind really."

Yoda hummed in concern as Jared continued to look in bemusement.

"At least he's not actively malicious, y'know." The Commander capped it off.

15:

"I...I..I cannot translate what that man just said!" C-3PO cried out in horror as Yoda eyed the new Supreme Chancellor, who was now playing a victory tune on his bagpipes.

"Convey his emotions, the Scotsman did. Though talk slower, I would hope he strives for."

16: Garnet Fox

"GROOOOOOOWWWWAAAAR!"

"...Master did they really vote the Indominus into power?" Roxanne sighed, Anakin nodded as they watched the genetic nightmare started devouring the other politicians.

"Yup."

"...Well least it wasn't a fucking troodon."

17

"Yes well as your new Supreme Chancellor, I, Serena Joy, will endeavor in restoring to the galaxy proper roles for all female..."

Droping from above in a face concealing cloak and armed with a *Liberalis Circulum* approved knife, C-3PO stabbed the new Supreme Chancellor.

The woman fell off the floating pedestal, quite dead.

"Yay for Runner Up! Runner Up forever!" Doofemsmirtz loudly cheered in response to the killing.

18: Awesomedude17)

"Thank you for the job of Supreme Chancellor, boys! I'm going to make sure that we're going to have a great time."

"Who's idea was it to elect Kano?! Not only does he have a criminal record long enough to wrap around a Death Star, but he's also Awake!" Sonya Blade yelled out.

"Because at least out of all the criminals that are called politicians, Kano's pretty obvious about what he wants, and he said so himself. He'll keep his promises." Obi-Wan said.

"Uh, really?"

"No, everyone here's either corrupt or a bloody idiot. Take a look at who's second place." Obi-Wan pointed at a fuming Shao Khan, who obviously wanted the job of Supreme Chancellor.

"On second thought, I can tolerate Kano." Sonya quickly ran off.

19

"Grrrrrrrrr..." the blackened form of Supreme Chancellor Palpatine growled from his podium, as Obi-Wan Kenobi checked his wrist for a

Command Seal or something.

If Berserker-Class Servant Palpatine had been elected Supreme Chancellor, there obviously had to be something going on involving a magic grail that was better at corrupting the innocent than even some Sith Lords, possibly most Sith Lords, floating about somewhere.

And with that...

"...Is this an improvement?" Arturia, Saber-Class Servant who was probably about to start fighting the Berserker Chancellor in a few moments questioned the older Jedi, who honestly wasn't sure if it was or not.1: A long one to get it started.

2: Pudding, pudding for everyone. Also R3. Let's see what R3 has in store.

3: Andrew Jackson sucks, and robot dinosaurs do not suck

4: I have no idea

5: Heard the guy got retconned out of the show. Which may have actually been cancelled. Poor pup..

6: Hope Dante's hair is the right color. You know what color

7: The fourth one is not mentioned because he was given a name by Nazis and did not say his own. Also Toonami is a wonderful place

8: Did you know this guy has a JJBA avatar? Now you know.

9: Have you heard Konami has new rules and summoning mechanics out? I can dig the mechanic, but the rules make me shake my head.

10: It's that series from the 90's PC that got a new game recently, right? I'm a Nintendo fan, shooters are alien to me.

11: I actually write a few Spongebob loops, no one else seems to for some reason.

12: I think those loops got updated, but honestly I don't follow those.

13: I need to watch that series. Wonder if it'll show up on Toonami?

14: I don't think Jared can loop, sorry. Either way it's OathtoOblivion's issue, so if you want him go bug the guy.

15: Thank you Toonami. Adult Swim should really defer to you more as it mostly sucks

16: They've done a surprising lot with the Jurassic Park loops.

17: Blame the Superbowl add.

18: Mortal Kombat right?

19: I need to finish Fate/Zero.

…

Okay, assuming I haven't just done something horrible, I'll see if I can get Star Wars loops up again. I might have to track down a lot of things again, and might never get to tell the stories I wanted to tell, but we'll see some stories.

In case you do want more, might I recommend to Pokemon fans the Resetverse I am writing. The holiday special has several loop style segments to it, and overall I like to think it's pretty funny and interesting.

Speaking of which any concurrent readers should know that Chapter 24 is now off to the Beta Reader. Expect it sometime soon.

Unless you enjoy this format, the chancellor oneshots will not be their own format again. They will just appear in regular updates.